

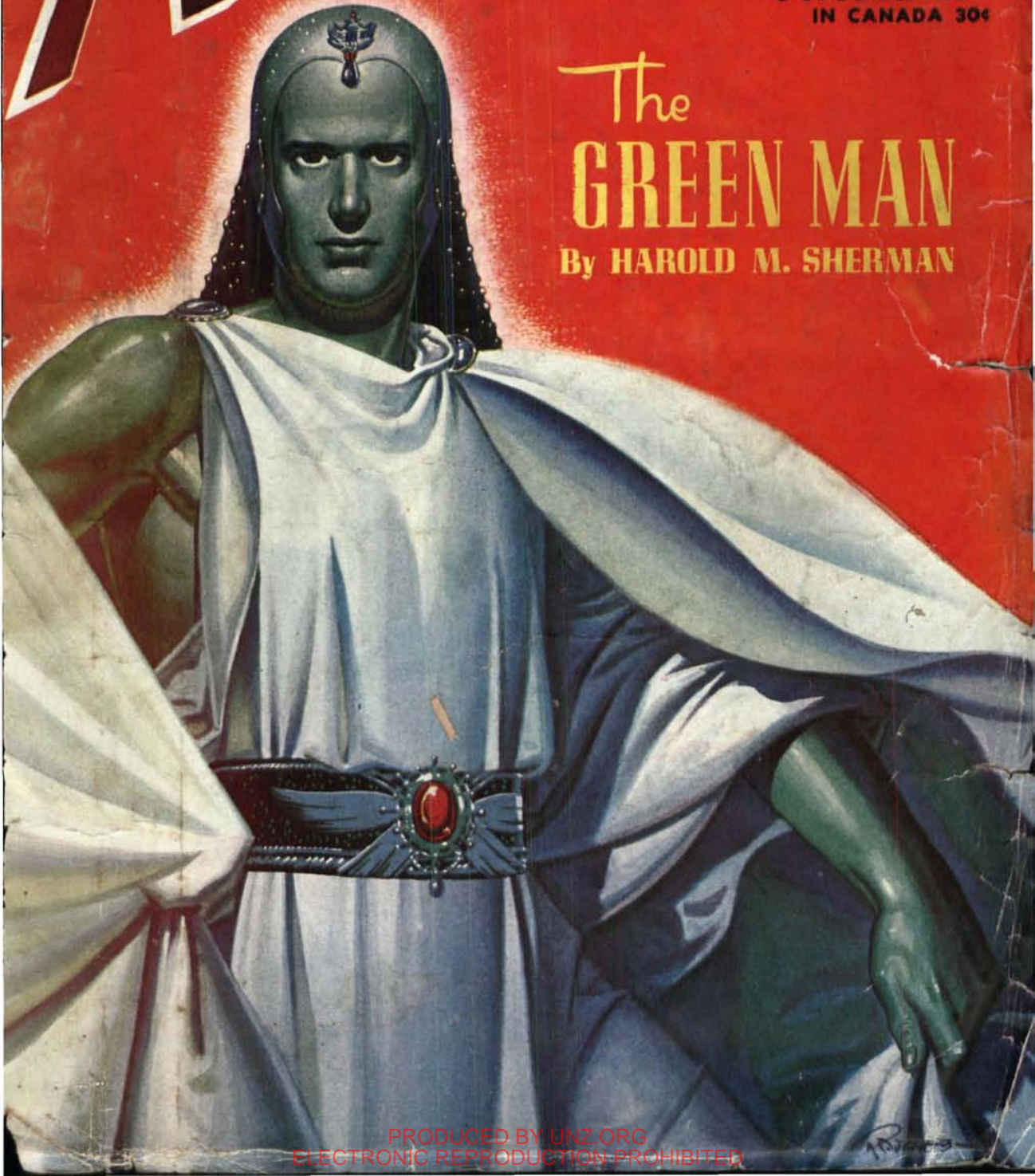
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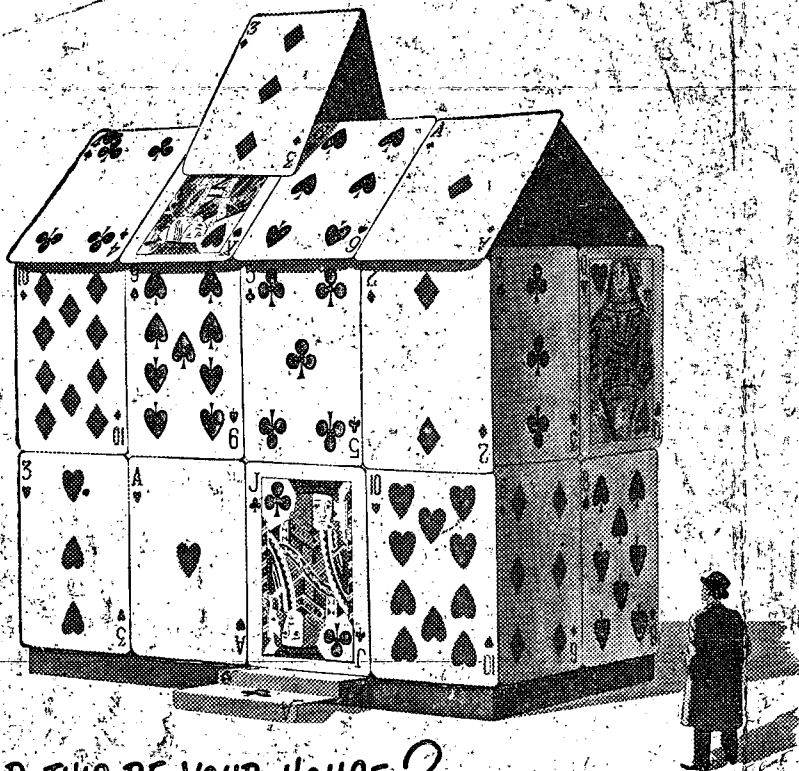
STORIES

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The GREEN MAN

By HAROLD M. SHERMAN





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Front cover painting by Robert Gibson Jones illustrating a scene in "The Green Man"

AMAZING
STORIES

★
OCTOBER
1946

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Volume 20
Number 7

The

OBSERVATORY

..... by the Editor

THE Green Man is here! This issue brings you one of the most hilarious and at the same time significant novels that has been written in years. It is sheer fantasy; there isn't a word of fact in it—so we don't ask you to believe it. We ask you only to enjoy it, and we know you will.

WE WANT also to pay tribute to those great Americans (and citizens of other countries) who have unwittingly aided Harold M. Sherman in his attempt to portray, as nearly as is humanly possible, the answer to a question that has become a very real one: "What would happen if a being came to Earth from another planet?" We all know that space travel, now that rockets and atom power have come out of the pages of AMAZING STORIES and into the pages of our daily papers, is only a matter of time. The question Sherman answers in *The Green Man* is in the minds of all. The answer is portrayed in what we frankly admit is fantasy from the first word to the last, occurring in a world of people we all know intimately in the light of public appearance and influence on our daily lives. To those people we apologize for the words we put in their mouths, and for the reactions we imagine they present to the "fact" of a man from another planet—if such were imagined to be a fact. It is all in the spirit of fun, and in the delicate satire that characterizes a true and worthwhile fantasy. Mr. Sherman has made this story so "real" to us that we can almost feel the "shock" as the Green Man shakes our hand, and our ears tingle as he gives us his inspiring message.

GEORGE TASHMAN helps Mr. Sherman make this a memorable issue by giving us a delightful short called "The Caduceus of Hermes," which is a story of a man who actually found the famed caduceus of legend, and found that the legends around it were not the fiction he had assumed them to be.

CHESTER S. GEIER is always a favorite and we think you'll like his "Getaway." It has some neatly placed punches in it that will cause you to remember the story for a long time.

TO ROUND out the issue, Millen Cooke presents a story which has one of the most unusual titles we have ever presented. Briefly, it's what you say when you see a beautiful girl walk down the street—or what the beautiful girl says when she is twenty-one and is just now being kissed for the first time! M-m-m-m-m-m!

SOMETIMES we wonder about this civilization of ours, and when we consider certain things, we get the answer—and it comes out atom bombs! Let's analyze the points in favor of dropping atom bombs all over the place. Take, for instance, our vaunted "science." Almost every day it pops up with a brand new and fantastically efficient way of killing people. We no longer can keep track of the new weapons. Atom bombs, rocket ships, molten metal projectiles traveling 24,000 feet a second, disease germs, radioactive dust sprayers, red-blood corpuscle destroyers—ad infinitum. But how about a really fine wash machine; or a cure for tuberculosis? Next, how the recent revelation that 59% of all crimes are committed by *children*? The children's fault? Nonsense; it is their parent's fault. That's the way these young "criminals" were brought up, or the way they were "not brought up." What about the peace conferences, failing one after the other to do anything except lay the foundations for more war? What about the war talk? If we aren't going to have a war by natural process of events, by gum we'll talk ourselves into it! How about our big cities? Cesspools of filth, smoke, noxious gases, noise, competitive selfishness, surly, hateful people. How about our streets and highways, with 38,000 people slain on them yearly? How about the three biggest industries in the country, liquor, tobacco, and narcotics? How about the hundreds of thousands of the insane, the percentage leaping upward like a jackrabbit, to say nothing of the neurotics who aren't known to be insane?

AND you 41% of the children of today—what do you think about it? How do you like the legacy "the old folks" are fixing up for you to inherit? Nice legacy, isn't it? At the best it will be a mass of smoking ruins from atom bombs—at the worst, keep on in its present trend until civilization becomes complete savagery such as the savage could never attain.

Rap



THOUGHTS HAVE WINGS

*You Can Influence Others
With Your Thinking!*

TRY IT SOME TIME. Concentrate intently upon another person seated in a room with you, without his noticing it. Observe him gradually become restless and finally turn and look in your direction. Simple—yet it is a *positive demonstration* that thought generates a mental energy which can be projected from your mind to the consciousness of another. Do you realize how much of your success and happiness in life depend upon your influencing others? Is it not important to you to have others understand your point of view—to be receptive to your proposals?

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How many times have you wished there were some way you could impress another favorably—get across to him or her your ideas? That thoughts can be transmitted, received, and understood by others is now scientifically demonstrable. The tales of miraculous accomplishments of mind by the ancients are now known to be fact—not fable. The method whereby these things can be *intentionally*, not accidentally, accomplished has been a secret long cherished by the Rosicrucians—one of the schools of ancient wisdom existing throughout the world. To thousands everywhere, for centuries, the Rosicrucians have

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The figure advanced toward Professor Bailey, and he saw that it was not exactly human

The GREEN MAN

By HAROLD M. SHERMAN

How would we actually receive a man from another planet? Let's imagine one came to Earth during 1943!

THEY say anything can happen in California.

But Professor William Roscoe Bailey did not think it could happen to him—not to a world-renowned astronomer who had spent a life-time with his feet on the ground and his head in the stars!

These stars were far removed, by cosmic distances, from those of the Hollywood variety. Millions of them

could be seen only through the great telescope at Mount Wilson Observatory. To Professor Bailey they outshone in brilliance and glamour the entire constellation of stars and starlets which could be seen through the eye of a movie camera.

That was one of the troubles with the people of this earth—they were enamoured of the wrong kind of stars! One look at the heavens on a clear, cool



The strange being smiled and said: "I am Numar, from the planet Talamaya"

night like this, held more thrills for the Professor than an unobstructed view of Dorothy Lamour in her sarong.

Tonight, for instance, September 15, 1943, had been the Annual Meeting of his astronomical society at which the good professor had read a paper entitled, "Are Other Planets Inhabited?" It had proved to be the sensation of the evening.

"I contend," the Professor had stated, "that there may be millions of other worlds containing forms of life and intelligent creatures far beyond our present evolution. In time to come, through our development of rockets and control of atomic energy, we may be able to build space ships and explore, not only the moon, but planets like Mars and Venus. This will no doubt lead to the discovery that conditions necessary to life here may not be required for the type of life evolving on other worlds. You gentlemen of science must then be prepared to revolu-

tionize or to scrap your previous theories."

The Professor's address had led to spirited controversy and the furor he had caused was still on his mind as he drove down the mountain in his car with his wife, Nellie.

"What do you think, dear?" he asked, a bit timidly.

"About what?" said Mrs. Bailey.

"About the possibility of life on other planets?"

"I don't think much of it," said his down-to-earth spouse. "If you want my frank opinion, I don't think you helped your reputation, giving a talk like that! They probably think you're 'bats'."

Professor Bailey almost steered his car off the road.

"But, Nellie, I'm as certain that other planets have life on them as I am that I am sitting here beside you!"

The car motor suddenly coughed, sputtered and stopped. They were

rounding a steep decline on the road to the valley below. Professor Bailey applied the foot brake and grabbed the emergency. The car lurched and came to a stand-still on a precipice overlooking the twinkling lights of the entire San Fernando Valley.

"William! For goodness sake!" said Mrs. Bailey. "Get your mind off those stars and pay attention to what you're doing or we won't even inhabit *this* planet!"

PROFESSOR BAILEY had no mechanical inclinations. He fussed with the starter but the motor wouldn't respond. He got out of the car, lifted up the hood and gazed helplessly at the inert mass of metal.

"It's no use," he announced. "I wouldn't know what's gone wrong in a million years. You sit right there, Dear, and I'll find some place along here with a telephone. I only hope there's a garage open this time of night."

Professor Bailey put the hood down and took a pocket flashlight from the car compartment. The night air was chilly.

"Better turn your coat collar up," admonished Mrs. Bailey, "and don't get off the road. You know what a poor sense of direction you have."

The Professor nodded and looked up at the stars. They seemed to be laughing at him.

"I don't know why this had to happen to me," he said, ruefully. "Just make yourself comfortable. I'll get back as soon as I can."

Playing his flashlight before him, the Professor continued down the winding and perilous road which led from Mount Wilson Observatory to the towns far below.

Ah! There was a light—a kind of luminosity—but it was off the road

quite a distance. The Professor hesitated. Should he venture that far off the highway? He peered about him. This was the only light in evidence, the only sign of habitation. There seemed only one thing to do and Professor Bailey did it. He found himself pushing through underbrush and clambering around shadowy cliffs, keeping his eyes, the while, on this spot of light ahead.

"Heavenly days!" he said. "It's further away than I thought. I doubt if these people will have a telephone line after I get there. Now where am I and how can I get back to the road?"

The Professor looked about him, squinting through his eye glasses. He was not far from a clearing of some sort but he was turned around. Let's see—the road was over here? No—it was over there! Hold on—that couldn't be right! Now, wasn't this distressing!

There wasn't any sense in standing still. It was too cold for that. If he could only retrace his steps, get down this embankment.

A stone turned under the Professor's heel and he got down—head first!

HE LAY on his back and saw all the stars of the universe. He felt strangely dazed and tried hard to get his bearings.

There was the North Star in its same old place. Very reassuring, or was it? What in the name of the spiral nebula, Andromeda, was this? That huge silver cigar, glowing at both ends, which was coming down out of the sky!

It was just above the tree tops now—and it was going to settle in that clearing. The thing was making a strange humming sound. It was about the size of a small submarine.

"What won't those airplane companies build next?" the Professor won-

dered. "I never saw anything like this before—not even in Buck Rogers!"

The silver cigar was making a vertical descent now, like an elevator. If he wanted to see it land, he'd have to climb up on that rise of ground. There she was—hovering over the clearing as daintily as a humming bird. Her motors—if that's what they were—gave forth a musical sound—a kind of a singing whirl.

Oh, oh! Now that was stopped. The thing had come to rest so easily and quietly, he couldn't detect the slightest jar.

"Must be some secret testing place," thought the professor. "Guess I wasn't supposed to see this. Well, I'm here anyhow and I'm just going to get a closer look."

He pressed forward toward the clearing, picking his way by flashlight.

Yes, there it was—there was that big silver thing. But its sides were quivering and pulsating as though it was alive—and breathing! Or perhaps it was the perspiration on the good professor's glasses. No, he'd wiped them off and looked again—and the thing was still inhaling and exhaling. Funny business! No flying crew in evidence. No sound. Just a silver monster, relaxing on the ground, gasping for breath after her flight through space.

"Well, this beats me!" said the professor, "I thought I'd seen everything but . . .!"

He *hadn't* seen everything. The under-belly of this silver spindle opened as though some unseen force had pulled a zipper—and a white-robed figure stepped out.

"Greetings!" said this presence, in a voice as mellow-toned as any radio announcer's.

"How do you do?" said the Professor, a bit doubtfully. "Who are you?"

The figure advanced toward him and

now he saw that it did not appear to be exactly human. The face was long, with an abnormally high forehead, and the skin seemed to be a pale green in color!

"I—I'm sorry," said the Professor, backing away. "I—I mean—*what* are you?"

The strange being smiled. "I travel from planet to planet. They call me Numar!"

Professor Bailey rubbed his chin nervously and glanced about him.

"If you don't mind, I—I think I'll be going!"

"And I," said this presence, "am going *with* you!"

THE tone of voice was still mellow but persuasive. On closer examination, this being *could* be a member of the human family—a circus freak of some sort. But what should he be doing out here on a mountain side, dressed in a white robe, and coming to earth in a new-fangled airship . . .?

"You won't want to be going with me," said the Professor. "My car—it's broken down . . ."

"Yes, I know," smiled the figure. "I observed you as I was nearing the earth and a little ray from my aerial vessel stopped your motor. You see, my friend—while you have been studying the stars, you, yourself, have been studied,—and, from afar. I'm sure that you'll now be pleased to learn you've been selected to help me perform my mission on this earth!"

A sudden feeling of panic seized Professor Bailey. To think that a little matter of star-gazing would get him into anything like this!

"There must be some mistake!" he expostulated. "I haven't done anything to deserve this. I don't even believe this is possible. You're really somebody from the Douglas Airplane Fac-

tory, aren't you? Please take off that mask and tell me what's going on here!"

An expression of tolerant amusement brought a brighter green glow to the face of the strange personage.

"I have been enroute to your planet for the past three months of your earth time," he announced. "This is but a day where I came from—straight through what you call 'the Milky Way.' I am a resident of the planet, which sounds in your tongue something like 'Tal-a-May-a' . . ."

"Incredible!" said the Professor. "I must have fallen off a cliff and knocked myself unconscious. My poor wife—she's sitting in the car, waiting for me to return. I fear I'm lost and out of my mind—and if I ever return to consciousness I still won't know where I am."

"You *are* a bit bewildered," said the Voice. A pale green hand reached out and took the Professor reassuringly by the arm. "But I know the way back to your car. Come, let us go together."

The Professor gave a last look toward the clearing. Yes, it was still there—that silver-cigar shaped thing—only it wasn't breathing any longer. It hadn't been, since this being had stepped out of it.

"See here!" demanded the Professor, getting a sudden thought of great penetration, "if you actually came from another planet—how is it that you speak our language?"

"On my planet of Talamaya, we have a record of all your languages here—and I mastered your tongue before I set forth on this little journey."

"*Little journey?*"

"Yes, a mere trifle of a trillion or so miles. I'm enroute to planets much farther distant."

"Please," begged the Professor. "I'm used to astronomical figures but if you're who you say you are—what aid

can a poor mortal like me be to you?"

"PROFESSOR BAILEY," said the white-robed figure, as they walked along. "You may consider yourself a poor mortal but in the eyes of the people on this earth and your fellow scientists, you are accepted as a man of science—a world authority—and you are to act as my host during the time I remain on your planet."

The Professor gasped. "You mean—I'm to introduce you to my friends—and even—to my *wife*?"

"Your wife by all means! We're approaching your car now. It's just around the next bend."

"Now, hold on—I've been pretty good-humored about this so far—but I still can't . . . well, it's unbelievable! It isn't happening! . . . I don't know what's the matter with me—but if you think my wife will fall for this . . . !"

They stepped out onto the highway and into the glare of the car headlights. Professor Bailey now had his first good opportunity to examine the being who had taken him in tow.

Yes, the texture of his skin was certainly green and his features, except for the elongated head, might have been that of any man's. A head-dress was drawn so tightly about the face that one could not see the color of the hair, if any. Eyes were exceedingly dark, almost black—hypnotic in expression. The figure of this being was perhaps six feet tall, well-proportioned and powerful.

"With a physique like that he could be a football player," thought the Professor. "And the way he grips my arm—he's *real* all right. But, if he's who he says he is—what am I going to do with him?"

As if in answer to these thoughts, the Professor's white-robed escort spoke.

"I perceive you still doubt. But I

am able to offer you proof. Do you recall that I told you I had stopped the motor of your car?"

The Professor gulped and nodded.

"Well, you'll find that it will operate all right now."

"If it does," said the Professor, "that'll be proof enough for me!" Then, after a moment's reflection, "Only I hope it *doesn't*!"

When they reached the car, a startled Mrs. Bailey looked questioningly at her husband.

"Hello, dear!" said the Professor, interested in checking his motor, "I couldn't find a telephone but, I—well, this is Mister . . . a . . . Mister . . .?"

"Numar," obliged the white-robed figure

"Numar," repeated the Professor, opening the rear car door and gesturing. "Here—climb in—you can have the back seat to yourself." Then, to his wife, as he hurried around and slid in behind the wheel, "Mister Numar says he's from the planet Talamaya—wherever that is—but I told him I wouldn't believe that unless . . .!"

The Professor put his foot on the car starter. The motor instantly responded.

"Oh, good heavens! He *is* from the planet Talamaya!"

"WHAT on earth are you talking about?" demanded Mrs. Bailey, finding her voice for the first time. "Who is this Hollywood actor and what's he doing so far from the lots?"

"He's not a Hollywood actor," said the Professor, in hushed, awestruck tones. "And don't let him hear you say that. You see how this motor's running? Well, there wasn't anything wrong with it. He just stopped it from miles up in the air, so I'd get out of the car and go for help and come to the place where he was landing in his space ship! It's all very extraordinary!"

"Yes, *very*!" said Mrs. Bailey, "and if you expect me to believe that, *you* must be Mr. Ripley!"

"Dear, you've just *got* to believe it!" The Professor set the car in gear and resumed his trip down the mountain. "You're a witness to the fact that I didn't get the car fixed—and yet—here we go!"

"The motor was probably overheated. It would have started up just the same if you'd never met this man. Where are you taking him?"

"Darling—he's to be our house guest!"

"Who says so?"

"*He* does—he told me we were picked out of all the humans on this earth to sponsor him. It's supposed to be our mission or something . . ."

"Well, of course—now I understand everything. He's some ismic leader or cultist who's escaped from an institution. We'll have to find out which one—and return him!"

Professor Bailey drove in silence for some distance. What could he say? He stole apprehensive glances through the rear view mirror to see if his "other world companion" was still with them. He was. What to do? . . . What to do?

"If I'd come from another planet, I'd certainly wish to be treated right," thought the Professor. And then the enormity of this situation began to crowd in upon him.

If Mister Numar had really come from the planet of Talamaya—or ANY planet—it was the biggest news story in the history of the world! Why, it was much more important and exciting than if he, Professor William Roscoe Bailey, had discovered a new planet or galaxy! This news would chase the world war off the front pages and give everybody something big and sensational to think about! He must have

been dazed, actually stupefied, not to have realized this at once. Here he was, Professor Bailey, world-renowned astronomer, most favored among men! Fate had selected him to play a tremendous role and now it was clear to the Professor why he had been selected. When a man of his reputation introduced this heavenly visitor to the world, Numar would be accepted for what he was. No doubt Numar had come to earth for some great and, as yet, unrevealed purpose. Beings of his stature didn't go shooting a trillion miles through space on a whim.

"Darling," said the Professor, as he reached their home, "you've had complete faith in me for the past thirty years and you must not lose it now. We're in on the ground floor of one of the greatest things that's ever happened on this earth."

"Oh, stop talking like a Hollywood ad!"

"But, my dear!" he expostulated, "don't you see—if I present this space traveler as my discovery to the world—it will make me more famous than having a star named after me!"

THE Bailey home was a modest bungalow type with a spare bedroom overlooking a little rose garden, and the mountains beyond.

"This is your room and the bathroom's right off here," pointed Mrs. Bailey, in her best frigidaire manner. "No doubt you'll want to freshen up a bit after your trip!"

Numar nodded and smiled.

"And I wish you'd remove that green paint or dye and stop pretending you're somebody from out of this world," she continued, in spite of rib-jabbings from her husband. "I'm onto you, even if Mr. Bailey isn't!"

"Please pay no attention to her!" begged the Professor. "My wife's al-

ways been a skeptic. When I wrote my paper on the size and frequency of sun spots, she told me I ought to be examined by a lunacy commission. Even when my theories were accepted by the Astronomical Society she said that most astronomers were just a bunch of near-sighted old bags."

"Now, William—I didn't say 'bags'."

"Well, whatever it was, dear—it wasn't very complimentary. And the way you're acting, what do you suppose Mr. Numar is going to think of our civilization?"

Mrs. Bailey wasn't in the mood to uphold the dignity of the human race.

"I don't care what he thinks. As for me—I'm tired and I'm going to bed."

Professor Bailey coughed apologetically.

"That's a woman for you," he said. "I presume you have them where you came from?"

Numar bowed. "Oh, yes—woman is everywhere in the universe!"

The Professor looked a trifle disappointed.

"But on our planet," Numar added, "we have nothing you would recognize as sex."

"Oh, bosh and tither!" snorted Mrs. Bailey. "You'd be just as much a man as my husband if you'd take off that flowing robe and put on pants!"

The mysterious visitor eyed Mrs. Bailey with an expression of infinite patience.

"Pants," he explained, "have not evolved on our planet. Both sexes dress as I am attired!"

"You see, William—it's just as I surmised. This masquerader is some fanatic who's trying to start a new cult. He's attached himself to you because he feels, with your scientific endorsement, he can attract a big following. If you sponsor him, you'll be ruined!"

The Professor wore a pained expres-

sion.

"I'm sorry to have to take issue with you dear—but I believe in Mister Numar—and so long as I do, I'm willing to risk my reputation. You go to bed and let me worry about this matter."

"All right—but don't say I didn't warn you!"

Mrs. Bailey stepped inside her room and slammed the door.

PROFESSOR BAILEY didn't sleep well that night. He tossed and turned on the couch in the living room. No use in going to bed with his wife and continuing the argument. Besides, it had been a fatiguing and nerve-shocking evening. But what was he to do on the morrow? How would he best to break the news of this momentous event to an unsuspecting world? The professor dreamed and saw thousands of skeptical, scoffing fellow humans, each of whose faces resembled that of Nellie, his wife! He was trying to get away from them all when he was awakened by someone pounding on the front door.

"Who is it?" he asked, half asleep, fumbling with the lock.

"Jamison," said a voice.

"Oh, good morning, Ed . . . I got to bed late last night, I . . ."

"Say, Will—do you know what's going on in your backyard? There's a funny looking geek out there parading around in a white robe—and he's absolutely green!"

"What? Oh! Oh, yes, I know . . .!"

"Did you hear what I said? The man is *green*!"

Professor Bailey's tone was slightly irritable. He never liked being waked up. "Certainly he's green. That's his natural color!"

"His *natural color*! What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. He's from another

planet. Just arrived last night. They're *all* green up there!"

"Oh, now, come off! Don't be handing me anything like that, Professor! I've lived next door to you too long! What kind of a scientific experiment is this?"

Professor Bailey was shivering in his pajamas.

"No experiment—no experiment at all. Do you mind if I slip into my bathrobe?"

Mr. Jamison stepped in the door, leaving it ajar.

"Listen, Will, my kids are out talking to that man now. They've been asking him what movie outfit he's with. I think myself he's some kind of a Yogi. But his green skin—that's what gets me. Never saw anything like it. How'd he get colored up like that?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Professor, fastening the bathrobe around him. "Some difference, most likely, in his skin pigment. You'll have to ask him."

"Now, just a minute, Will—just a minute! Are you expecting me to swallow your story that this guy's from another planet?"

A look of defiance came into Professor Bailey's face.

"I don't care whether you swallow it or not—it's the truth!"

"Well, I like that!" Mr. Jamison towered over the Professor. "I came over here as a friend to find out what's going on and you try to tell me this green man is from another world! Well, I don't believe it. This is too early in the morning for me to let anyone spoof me—and if you've turned into a practical joker at your age, you ought to be locked up. Good day!"

A CONCERNED Professor Bailey now started for the rear of the house but collided with his wife as she

came down the stairs.

"What on earth is all the commotion?" she demanded, pulling on her dressing gown. "I've just looked out the back window and there's a crowd gathering. Most all the neighbors in the block and people I never saw before."

"It's Mister Numar," said the Professor. "He's out there."

"William! . . . You've got to get rid of that man! If you don't, he'll get you in terrible trouble!"

Mrs. Bailey's eyes flashed something akin to fire. Professor Bailey saw that it was hopeless to remonstrate with her.

"Nellie," he said, persuasively. "There's too much at stake here for us to be in disagreement. I've just had a most distressing thought. Perhaps the reason Mister Numar is up early and pacing about in our yard is because he's hungry. I stupidly neglected to offer him any food last night."

"But how would I know how to feed a man from Mars?" retorted Mrs. Bailey.

"He's not from Mars—it's Talamaya!"

"Well, wherever he's from. I don't suppose they ever heard of toasted cornflakes up there. You'd better go out and ask him what he wants. It's hard enough getting a meal for a mortal man like you!"

"Oh, stop it!" said the Professor, but he softened when he saw a twinkle in his wife's eye.

BY NOW, every foot of the Bailey backyard fence was taken up by spectators—men, women and children of all ages. They were standing on each other's toes and stretching their necks to get a better view of this figure in white with the skin of green. The personage, himself, did not seem to mind onlookers. He had stopped his

pacing and was seated on a bright red garden chair, idly examining a rose bush.

"I tell you, he's not human!" a scholarly appearing man was insisting. "I studied anthropology in school and there just isn't any Homo sapiens with a head shaped like that!"

"Oh, they can make a man up to look like anything in Hollywood!" said a woman. "But I can't understand what this freak's doing on Professor Bailey's premises!"

"I know what he's doing," spoke up Ed Jamison, who had just rejoined the throng. "I've been in to see the Professor and he claims that bird arrived here last night from another planet!"

"Oh, yeah?"

"How'd he get here?"

"The Professor didn't say. He got peeved when I doubted his word. I'll have to admit, though, I've never before seen a human being who was *green*!"

"Me, either! . . . He does look *different*! . . . Can he talk?"

"I don't know. Let's find out." Mr. Jamison put one hand to the side of his mouth. "Hey, Mister! . . . Hey, you!"

The white-robed figure looked in the direction of the voice.

At this moment, the rear door of the Bailey house opened and the Professor appeared. He had his tie in hand and was just fastening his collar. The size of the curious multitude stunned him.

"My goodness me!" he exclaimed.

"Come on, Professor—tell us what it's all about!" shouted someone.

A chorus of voices joined in the demand. The Professor hesitated as the white-robed figure walked over and stood beside him. Finally, as everyone waited expectantly, he cleared his throat.

"Well, there's very little to say, at present—except that Mrs. Bailey and I

are happy to have, as our house guest, this distinguished personage from a far off planet. Mr. Numar arrived unexpectedly last night. I haven't, as yet, had a chance to find out just why he came but I hope to be able to make an announcement to the press on his behalf soon. Just now I imagine Mr. Numar is terribly hungry because he hasn't eaten a mouthful of food since he landed, so if you'll please excuse us . . . !"

The Professor took his celestial visitor by the arm.

"I shall be glad to join Mrs. Bailey and yourself for what you call breakfast," smiled Numar, "but, as for me, I never eat."

"You never eat?" gasped the Professor.

"Did you hear that?" cried a voice in the crowd.

"Never," repeated Numar. And then, for the information of all within ear range, he explained: "On my planet, we derive such nourishment as we need from the air and water. That's why I've been out here in the garden since your sun rise—getting my fill of air for the day. And now, if I may have a glass of water, I'll not require anything more for the next twenty-four hours."

A hum of surprised comment went the rounds.

"Can you imagine that! A guy who can live on air and water!"

"Not me—I'll take fried chicken!"

The white-robed figure with the green complexion turned toward the house with Professor Bailey.

"How did you sleep last night?" the Professor was asking.

"Sleep?" said Numar. "I never sleep!"

This was enough to set tongues wagging furiously. Was this strange being who he claimed to be or was Professor Bailey the unwitting victim of a clever hoax?

"DARLING," said the Professor, as they placed Numar in the guest chair at the breakfast table. "It's not going to be difficult to feed Mr. Numar. All we've got to supply him is plenty of air and water!"

"After I've prepared ham and eggs and toast and coffee and rolled oats?" said Mrs. Bailey.

"It's all completely lost on him," said the Professor. "He's just informed me. They don't eat on his planet."

"I suppose the next thing he'll be trying to tell you is that he hasn't any stomach at all!"

Numar smiled. "That is correct, Mrs. Bailey. We Talamayans possess an organ more resembling a generator. It takes the elements from the air and water and converts them into electrical energy which furnishes us with all the power we need to sustain life."

Mrs. Bailey sniffed her incredulity.

"William, how much longer are you going to stand for this kind of nonsense? Mr. Numar was up early this morning. He probably went down the alley to the Hamburger Tavern and had his fill. But no man is going to be my house guest and turn his nose up at my food!"

Professor Bailey controlled himself with difficulty.

"My dear," he said. "Don't be ridiculous! You can't feed a man food who has no stomach. It just isn't being done!"

"I desire only a glass of water," said the mysterious visitor.

"Oh, very well!" snapped Mrs. Bailey. She got up from the table and flounced into the kitchen, turning on the water tap.

"You mustn't mind my wife," apologized the Professor. "She doesn't even like relatives dropping in unexpectedly. As it is, I'll have to eat your share of ham and eggs and toast, even if it kills

me."

Numar's green countenance expressed amusement. "It must be an odd sensation to have a stomach," he said.

"Not nearly so odd as *not* having one," said the Professor. "I don't see how you're going to get very far on a mere glass of water."

Numar patted his host's arm reassuringly and the Professor jumped.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "what was *that*?"

"I'm sorry," said Numar. "I forgot for a moment where I was. You see, I'm charged with electrical energy. I must remember to insulate myself before touching anyone."

Professor Bailey nodded, his eyes agleam with scientific interest. "That's amazing, Mister Numar! You must let me take you to the University—put you under tests—let my fellow scientists see you demonstrate your powers."

Before Numar could answer, Mrs. Bailey appeared with a pitcher of water in one hand and a glass in the other.

"If water is all you'll have," she said, "you don't need to stop with a glass full. This is fresh from the city reservoir and there's plenty more where it came from!"

She filled the glass with a flourish and set pitcher and tumbler before her green-complexioned house guest.

Numar raised the glass to his lips. "You are very kind, Mrs. Bailey. But you creatures on this planet have not yet discovered the enormous power in a drop of water. When you do, you will eat less and drink more."

"I thought so," said Mrs. Bailey. "Now it commences to come out. You're one of those food cultists who travels around getting people to go on special fasts and diets. You're pretty clever alright, but I can see through you."

Numar made no reply but took a long draught of the water. A sudden look of revulsion came over his face. He began to choke and reached for a napkin.

PROFESSOR BAILEY, alarmed, jumped up and whacked him on the back. He found himself catapulted against the wall, in a sitting position. "What on earth . . .!" his wife was exclaiming.

"My dear Madam!" said Numar, his countenance a paler shade of green. "What did you put in this water?"

"Nothing!" said Mrs. Bailey. "William! Get up off the floor! What's the matter with you two, anyway?"

"Nellie," said Professor Bailey, getting shakily to his feet. "I've just been struck by lightning. Don't ever touch that Mister Numar or you may be *electrocuted*!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" denounced Mrs. Bailey, now thoroughly aroused. "What's the matter, Mister Impostor? Did that water go down your wind-pipe?"

"That water," said her unwelcome visitor, "is not pure!"

"Of course it's pure!" retorted Mrs. Bailey. "What do you suppose the city puts chlorine in it for?"

"Chlorine!" said Numar. "So *that's* what it is!"

"You don't need to worry, Mister Numar—that chlorine's killed all the bacteria . . .!"

"And -it almost killed *me*," said Numar. "We have no bacteria on our planet. My organism will not assimilate chlorine. I'm sorry to trouble you but I'll have to have spring water."

"You appear to operate much like a battery," observed the Professor, helpfully. "How about distilled water?"

"I believe that would be just the thing," said Numar.

"Good," said the Professor. "I'll have our drug store send over some bottles." He left the dining room to telephone the order.

Mrs. Bailey sat studying her strange house guest. "If you're putting up a front, it's a mighty slick one," she admitted. "I can't figure out what your game is just yet—but I'm warning you not to carry this thing too far!" As Numār sat, saying nothing, she eyed him with growing suspicion. "This could be a Hollywood stunt to advertise a new picture. But if you take advantage of my poor husband this way, you'll regret it the rest of your born days."

"Mrs. Bailey," said the personage in green. "You must believe me when I tell you I was *not* born on this planet. I came here for a purpose, as your distinguished husband has informed you, and he has been chosen, of all humans on earth, to assist me. You can make it easier for him and for yourself if you will be good enough to co-operate."

Mrs. Bailey took hold of the arms of her chair as a feeling of uncertainty and bewilderment assailed her. "No," she said, more to herself than to anyone else. "I mustn't let myself come under his spell. He's hypnotized William and now he's trying his wiles on me. Oh, this is terrible! What am I going to do?"

PROFESSOR BAILEY came hurrying back into the room. "Your distilled water is coming right over," he announced. "I ordered an extra bottle for the battery in my car. It's run down, too."

"Thank you, Professor," said Numār. "Now, please take care of your own organism. That extra supply of ham and eggs will give you the energy you need because we have a strenuous day ahead of us."

Professor Bailey took up his knife and fork as dutifully as a small boy acting on orders of a parent. His wife poured twice too much sugar in her coffee and sat stirring it, with her cheek muscles twitching.

"Of course, Mister Numār," she said, "you can change your mind and eat any time you wish. I should think you'd get tired posing like that. And if you really intend drinking that distilled water, I think you ought to have your head examined."

Her unwelcome house guest bestowed a tolerant look upon her. "I think you would do well to get some nourishment, too," he suggested. "I can foresee that this is not going to be an easy day for you, either."

Mrs. Bailey gasped in exasperation. She felt momentarily squelched. How was she going to save her husband and herself from this self-assured impostor? The Professor had been religiously attacking his ham and eggs. The two ate in uncomfortable silence, feeling the eyes of their visitor upon them.

"Here, Mister Numār," said the Professor, finally. "So stupid of me. Wouldn't you like to read our morning paper?" He picked up a copy of the Los Angeles Times.

"No, thank you. I know all the essential things that are taking place on your planet. Very few of them are reported in the paper. The rest do not matter."

Mrs. Bailey gagged on a swallow of coffee. "I suppose you know what's going to happen next," she taunted.

"I do," said Numār. "Your door bell's going to ring!"

He had no sooner spoken than the doorbell *did* ring—a long, vigorous, continued ringing. Professor Bailey jumped up.

"It's the boy from the drug store with your distilled water," he said. "He

should know better. I'll give him a good piece of my mind!"

The bell kept on ringing.

"For mercy's sake!" said Mrs. Bailey, getting to her feet. "He must think someone is dying for that water!"

The Baileys rushed to the door together. It was *not* the boy from the drug store. It was a bundle of feminine dynamite, one hundred twenty pounds of blonde beauty, exploding joyously in their faces.

"Hello, Uncle William! . . . Hello, Aunt Nellie! . . . Surprise! . . . I knew you'd be glad to see me! I just flew in this morning from New York. Warner Brothers have promised me a screen test. Isn't that swell?"

UNCLE and aunt were almost too dumbfounded to speak.

"Why, Betty Annabel Bracken!" exclaimed Mrs. Bailey.

"Yes, it's . . . er . . . swell about the screen test," said Professor Bailey, eyeing his stunning niece apprehensively. "But your arrival here, at this time, is a trifle awkward . . . I might even say—*unfortunate* . . .!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I think, Nellie—you'd better explain," said Professor Bailey, "while I get back to our guest."

"Oh, my goodness!" said Betty. "Do you have other relatives or friends visiting? If that's the case, I'll go to a hotel!"

"No, dear," said Mrs. Bailey. "We've got something worse than that. We've got a gentleman here from another planet . . . or, at least, so he says!"

"Why, Aunt—you're *spoofing*!"

"No, I'm *not*, dear! . . . Oh, excuse me, that must be his distilled water!"

A young man was coming up on the porch with a package.

"Whose distilled water?"

"The man from Mars . . .!"

"Package for Professor Bailey," said the boy, edging in between the niece and the door. "Six bottles of . . ."

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Bailey. "Just take them in the dining room to Mr. Bailey."

"Okay!" The boy passed through between the two women but came out again almost immediately, eyes bulging.

"Gee, Mrs. Bailey—I never seen a guy like that before. Is he *real*?"

"That's what *I* want to know," said the professor's wife.

A cloud of dust marked the delivery boy's path from the house.

"Why, Aunty—this is utterly fantastic!" said Betty, stepping in and depositing her suitcase. "I'm bursting with curiosity. When did this *space traveler* arrive—and how come—and everything?"

"Well, Betty," said Mrs. Bailey, "it happened like this. Our car broke down last night in the mountains. Your uncle went to get help and came back with this mysterious character who calls himself 'Numar'."

"You don't say! What's he look like?"

"You'll see for yourself in just a minute. I've a strong suspicion he's a humbug!"

"But, Aunty—how could a man like Uncle William—one of the world's greatest astronomers—be taken in?"

"Oh, Betty—it's always easy to fool a scientist. They're looking so hard for the truth that they can't ever see anything false!"

"You mean—Uncle actually believes this man is from where he says he is?"

"I'm afraid he does. And if he goes on record publicly—he'll be the laughing stock of this world!"

Betty's big blue eyes became even bigger. "Why, Aunty—we can't permit this! Isn't there something we can

do?"

Mrs. Bailey bit her under lip and considered. "Yes, there is!" she said, suddenly. "Something *you* can do! . . . Betty—you're an actress. You can help me expose this fakir!"

"Oh, Auntie, I'd love to! But how?"

Mrs. Bailey took her niece confidentially by the arm and whispered in her ear. "Most every man, whether he's a fake or not, is susceptible to sex appeal. If you could only pretend to fall in love with this Mister Numar and lead him on—I think it wouldn't take long to solve his mystery!"

"I don't think so, either," said Betty. "This'll be fun. Lead me to him!"

THE arrival of the distilled water had relieved Professor Bailey a great deal. It was quite a responsibility caring for his unearthly visitor, especially since some of his internal workings were so at variance from the human.

"Feeling better, now?" he asked, solicitously, after Numar had imbibed a full glass of the distilled liquid.

"Very much," smiled the green man. "I'll function perfectly now for the remainder of the day. By the way—your niece is a most charming and attractive young woman!"

Professor Bailey stared. "How do *you* know? You haven't seen her yet!"

"Oh, yes—I intercepted her thought as she was coming here from the airport, intent on surprising you. I took a good look at her then. She's a very clever girl—*very!*"

"Well, I—I'm glad you think so," said the Professor. "I was a little afraid . . . you see . . . we only have one guest room."

"Oh, I can just as well stay in your study. In fact, I'd prefer it. A bedroom is entirely lost on me. I can read some of your books of science while

you sleep."

The Professor regarded Numar, wondering. "Do you really mean it when you say you don't sleep?"

"I wish I could, sometimes," said Numar. "It seems to me it would be a delightful experience."

"You don't eat and you don't sleep," pondered the Professor. "You live on air and water. You look almost like a human and yet you're not human. Your body stores electrical energy like a power-house. You say you've come a trillion miles through space. This is almost too much for my brain cells. I won't feel right until I can have some of my fellow scientists examine you. Do you mind if I call a few of them over?"

"You needn't call them," said Numar. "They'll be over soon enough—and so will a host of others."

The Professor looked alarmed. "Oh, I hope not! My home is so small and I've always lived here so quietly. I confess, Mister Numar, that I'm kind of at a loss exactly as to how to entertain you."

Numar reached out his hand to give his host another reassuring pat but the Professor pulled back just in time. "If you don't mind," he said, "I've already been shocked enough."

Numar smiled. "You would have felt nothing," he said. "I had remembered to insulate myself."

There was a slight commotion at the door. It was Mrs. Bailey.

"Mister Numar," she said, "My niece has just arrived from New York."

"Yes, dear," said the Professor. "He already knows it."

"Oh! Then you've told him," surmised Mrs. Bailey. "She would like to meet you, Mister Numar." Then, with a touch of sarcasm, "She says she's never met anyone from another planet before. May I bring her in?"

NUMAR arose from the table and stood his full six feet. But for the exceedingly high forehead, he made a striking figure, his countenance and long tapering fingers appearing almost as though they had been cut from green marble.

"I should be delighted."

"That's most gracious of you," said Mrs. Bailey. "Then may I present Miss Betty Annabel Bracken?"

Making a dazzling entrance on cue, Mrs. Bailey's niece swept into the room. She stopped short in front of the white-robed figure, a bit taken aback by his poise and presence. "How do you do!" she finally managed, and held out her hand.

Professor Bailey got to his feet, almost knocking over a chair. "Now, now, Betty! I wouldn't, if I were you!"

But it had already happened. Numar had taken her hand in his and was holding it.

"Well, I never!" said the Professor, and sat down again.

"Aunt's been telling me about you," said Betty, as Numar said nothing, only looking at her from the depth of his black eyes. "Have a nice trip here?"

"Quite uneventful, thank you."

"You call traveling billions of miles uneventful?"

"One gets accustomed to it, in time."

Betty squirmed, uncomfortably, and withdrew her hand. "My, I don't think I ever would! Why, I just finished flying from coast to coast . . . that's three thousand miles, you know!"

"Yes, I know—and it took you twelve hours. Can you compute how long it would take me, traveling as I do, with the speed of light?"

"Whew! That's a sixty-four dollar question for Uncle William!" laughed Betty. "I'm no good at figures!"

"I think you *are*," said Numar, eyeing her. "Very much so!"

"Why, Mister Numar!" gasped Betty. "You sound almost *human*!"

The tension was broken, or perhaps increased, by the ringing of the door-bell.

"Well, who do you suppose *that* is?" said the Professor. "Excuse me, please." He left the room, looking a trifle annoyed.

"Won't you sit down?" invited Numar, gesturing toward a chair as Betty remained standing staring at him.

"That's the most remarkable make-up!" she exclaimed. "I don't see how you did it!"

"Me, either," said Mrs. Bailey.

"Make-up?" repeated Numar. "What do you mean by *make-up*?"

"Why, your face, your eyes, your long head line, those hands—everything. It's wonderful! And that shade of green. I've never seen anything like it. It's even uncanny!"

"You earth people are so amusing," said Numar. "Everything you can't understand you think is unreal or artificial. I am not made up. This is the way I really am."

Betty's eyes widened. "You mean you're *green* like that all over?"

"Why, certainly! Aren't you *white* all over?"

Mrs. Bailey hurriedly got up to clear the breakfast dishes. "I think we'd better change the subject," she said.

PROFESSOR BAILEY was having his troubles at the door. He was confronted by the chief of police and two burly officers of the law.

"Professor," said the chief. "I can hardly believe this about you. But I've had several reports that you are harboring a suspicious looking character here."

The Professor's indignation rose like the mercury in a thermometer. "Who told you?"

"Several neighborhood complaints. See that crowd gathering outside?" The chief thumbed over his shoulder. "Somebody said we should look for a green man in a white bathrobe. Is anyone answering that description here?"

Professor Bailey nodded. "I'm afraid there is!"

"Well, lead us to him!"

"Now, Chief—don't be too hasty! There're a few things I should tell you about this . . . er . . . personage. In the first place, he's not human . . ."

"He's not *what*?"

"He doesn't belong to our species. He's not of this world!"

"So that's what *he* thinks. I get you! Then it's the *nut house* for him!"

"Oh, no!" The Professor was horrified. "You don't understand. Mister Numar arrived here last night by space ship from the planet Talamaya."

"Talamaya! . . . Never heard of it. *Space ship*? . . . Say—what're you talking about?"

"Talamaya's a trillion or so miles from here," said the Professor, helpfully. "Mister Numar can tell you more about it. I haven't had time yet to . . ."

"Professor, if I didn't know you, I'd say *you* were headed for the *nut house*. Let me smell your breath. Have you gone off on an astronomical bender?"

"I'm perfectly sober—and sane—I hope," said the Professor.

"Well, show us this fugitive from a distant planet and we'll soon tell you!" ordered the chief.

"Follow me, gentlemen. Oh, you don't need to draw your guns. He's not dangerous . . . at least, he hasn't been . . . up to now."

Mrs. Bailey and Betty had been trying to trick the mysterious visitor into some statement which would reveal him to be what they presumed him to be—

an ingeniously camouflaged human being, but, thus far, no luck. They were certainly not prepared for the dramatic entrance of this blue-coated trio.

"Stand where you are! Don't move! We've got you covered!" said the chief.

Numar stood looking into the muzzles of three revolvers.

"Whom do I have the honor of addressing?" he asked.

"Chief of Police Andrews and two officers of the law," introduced the Professor.

"The law," said Numar, and smiled. "Quaint custom—upholders of the law. On my planet, we haven't had a police force for the last ten millions years."

"**C**UT out that kind of talk!" barked the chief. "Where do you come from and what are you doing here?"

"Talamaya is my home planet but I'm on an extended tour of the universe. I've stopped here to deliver a message to you earth people. When I've done that, I'll be on my way!"

"This all sounds like double-talk to me. Professor—I'm going to have to take this gent to the station-house for a questioning. We'll wash that green paint off him, too! . . . Don't worry! We'll get onto his skin game!"

"If you do," said Mrs. Bailey, "I wish you'd let us know what it is. We haven't been able to find out."

Numar, apparently undisturbed, turned aside to Professor Bailey. "You still believe in me?" he asked.

"Well, yes," said the Professor. "After what I've seen—unless my senses are tricking me . . .!"

"That's fine," said Numar. "Then, if I'm to accompany these courageous representatives of law and order, would you mind coming along and bringing a bottle of distilled water? It might be a bit difficult for me to convince these gentlemen that I really need it. And

I shouldn't like to have to cause them any trouble or inconvenience."

The Professor picked up a quart bottle which the chief immediately snatched from him.

"So that's what this guy has been drinking!" he said. "Looks like wood alcohol to me! Sure, we'll take this along—for evidence!"

"Well, Mister Numar," said Mrs. Bailey. "I can't exactly say I'm sorry to see you go. You've certainly upset this household no end since you attached yourself to the Professor last night. But I must say, you seem to be a gentleman. I hope things don't go too hard for you."

"Oh, Auntie!" said Betty. "We're going to the station-house *with* Mister Numar. I wouldn't miss this for the world!"

"*You're* going, I'm not," said Mrs. Bailey. "I've got these dishes to do and the day's marketing. We've still got to eat whether Mister Numar does or not."

"All right, *you!*" said the chief. "Get moving!"

"You first, gentlemen," said Numar, nodding toward the door.

"What do you mean '*us first*'?" snapped the chief. "You're under arrest. Lay hands to him, boys!"

The blue-coats advanced upon Numar who raised his hands. "I'd advise you not to touch me," he said, quietly.

"So would I!" said the Professor.

"Oh, you would, would you!" roared the chief. "Well, just for that, put the handcuffs on him!"

Each officer grabbed an arm and each officer, just as quickly, turned a backward somersault.

"You see what I mean?" said the Professor.

"What's the matter with you men?" demanded the chief.

"*You* handcuff him!" said the first officer to regain his feet. "I feel like I'd been kicked by a mule!"

"Now, gentlemen," said Mrs. Bailey. "I've had enough of this kind of business. If you want to wrestle with Mister Numar, please take him outside to do it!"

The chief held the handcuffs and looked testily at the green man. Numar smiled and extended his hands, with wrists together.

"You would like to try?" he asked.

"Now, that's more like it," said the chief and touched the handcuffs to Numar's wrists.

THERE was a blinding flash, like a short circuit, and the chief of police of La Canada, suburb of Los Angeles, in the state of California, came down on the top of the Bailey breakfast table.

Only Numar remained unmoved.

"You see what I mean?" said the Professor, again.

"You *first*, gentlemen," said Numar, and nodded toward the door.

The chief and his two police officers needed no further invitation. They were only too glad to precede their prisoner who walked serenely after them, but turned at the doorway to extend his apologies to a speechless Mrs. Bailey.

"I regret very much this had to happen," he said. "But, fortunately, you had gotten your nourishment out of the meal. I suggest you rest up while we are gone. There is still a strenuous time ahead."

"Good heavens!" moaned Mrs. Bailey. "Don't tell me you have any intention of coming back!"

PROFESSOR BAILEY was proud of his little house and yard. He had spent much time fussing with the front lawn. There was a young avocado

tree which he counted on for shade in his declining years. Then there was a lemon tree which had three green lemons on it at this very minute. The hedge which lined the walk was the professor's pet. He trimmed it himself once a month and chased stray dogs from it.

Now, as Professor Bailey stepped out onto the front porch behind the three police officers and Numar, he suffered his greatest shock of the day. It looked as though every man, woman and child in town was parked in his front yard. Boys had shinned up his avocado tree and were hanging to the groaning limbs.

"Look!" they shouted. "There he comes! There's the green man!"

The crowd pressed forward, straddling the hedge in many places and trampling it. The turf of the lawn had already been scuffed up. The patrol car by the curb had proved a strong magnet. But the word-of-mouth of the neighbors had done the most damage.

"Stand back, everyone!" ordered the Chief. "This man is a dangerous character. Don't anyone touch him. He's got some kind of an infernal machine on him. It's liable to kill you outright!"

The curious mob backed away and tramped the hedge some more.

"Please, my good people!" appealed the Professor. "Watch what you're doing! . . . Boys, get down out of that tree!"

"Aw, gee, then we can't see!" said the smallest. "Gosh, is he gonna explode or somethin'?"

It was no use. The only way to disperse the crowd was to get Numar away from there as quickly as possible. The police had made a lane for him down the sidewalk to the car and were waiting for Numar to join them. Betty appeared on the porch and took the Professor's arm.

"Uncle William," she said. "I'm going with you!"

"No, dear," said the Professor. "Police stations are no place for a girl like you!"

"Just the same, I'm going," declared Betty. "You're not going to face this ordeal alone."

Professor Bailey had learned through years of experience not to argue very much with a woman. Besides, he had more pressing things on his mind. Numar was descending the steps and walking with an undeniable majesty toward the patrol car. People pressed as close to him as they dared and the bigger boy in the tree reached down to touch him as he passed. This was his instant undoing. He let loose a surprised howl and landed in the crowd, taking three elders to earth with him.

"Good work!" said the Professor, in an undertone to Numar. "He shouldn't have been up in my tree, anyway!" Then to the awe-struck crowd, "Keep away, everybody! Didn't you hear what the Chief said? This man is dangerous!"

THE way the spectators began to leave the Professor's yard brought joy to his heart until he saw the ruin they left behind. Mrs. Bailey was standing on the porch surveying the same sorry spectacle.

"You people ought to be ashamed of yourselves," she called after them. "You can see better freaks than this at any dime museum. Now go on home!"

But no one paid any attention. They were all in the street, jamming around the patrol car and trying to look through the small high windows.

"Goodbye, Auntie!" cried Betty, as Chief Andrews helped her into the car. "Don't worry about Uncle. I'll take care of him for you!"

The siren sounded a warning and the car scattered the crowd in front of it. Then those who had autos of their own ran to them to follow the police car to the station.

Ed Jamison, next door neighbor, ambled up the sidewalk, kicking crumpled empty cigarette packages and chewing gum wrappers out of his way. He stooped to pick up a broken piece of the hedge and eyed Mrs. Bailey who had sunk down upon the porch railing, her head against a post.

"Well, Mrs. Bailey," said the man most responsible for this impromptu gathering. "What do *you* think?"

"I think," said Mrs. Bailey, eyes blazing, "it's a *hell* of a note!"

With that she got up, choked back an angry sob and went into the house, slamming the door.

THE hangers-on at the police station, the idly curious, the court attendants, the police captain and his aides were accustomed to the usual routine happenings of an average day. There was the constant parade of drunks, wife-beaters, sneak thieves, Tom-the-peepers, con men, street walkers, vagrants and traffic violators. But never in the history of this or any other police station had an officer ever brought in a man who claimed to have come from another planet! Here was one case where a man didn't have to bite a dog to make news. The moment Numar was arraigned before the incredulous magistrate on charges of disturbing the peace and misrepresentation, the police reporters ran for the telephone booths to call their papers.

"Gimme the managing editor's desk, quick! . . . Hey, Chief! Send your feature writers! Send photographers! Send everybody There's a guy been picked up out here who claims he came a trillion miles through space to visit

this earth! . . . No, I'm not kiddin'! . . . Well, how can *I* tell? Sure, he looks different! . . . He's *green*! . . . And besides, Professor Bailey claims he's the real article . . . Yeah, the astronomer! He's not going to go off the deep end for nothin'! . . . Well, if it *isn't* true, it's great! You get the pitch, Chief! He's a cosmic globe-trotter!"

The stampede was on! Every staff man and woman the Los Angeles newspaper offices could spare jumped into a car and went speeding to the modest La Canada police station to take part in perhaps one of the greatest interviews of all time. If it was a hoax, it still had immense news value.

The court room was packed. "Where is he? . . . Where's Professor Bailey? . . . Who's got the dope? . . . What's the low-down? . . . Let's see this super man!" they shouted.

The magistrate had lost all the hair on his head, otherwise it would have been standing on end. He was a nervous little man and he had just come from the ante-room where this visitor from space was being examined. His face was wet with perspiration.

"Now, just a minute! Be calm, everybody! . . . This doesn't happen every day. I confess I'm in quite a daze myself. The Chief's getting his story now!"

"Is he on the level?" asked a man from the Herald-Express.

"He says he is," replied the magistrate. "I wouldn't know. But if he is, he doesn't belong in this police court. He ought to be in the mayor's office, getting an official welcome!"

"That's right!" laughed a woman feature writer from the Times. "This is a *swell* place to welcome a visitor from another world!"

THE door to the ante-room suddenly opened and Chief Andrews came

out, followed by the court stenographer, Professor Bailey and Betty Annabel Bracken.

"Hello!" cried a photographer. "What's that dame doing in this set-up? Did this guy from another planet come to see her?"

"Oh, no!" denied Betty, impulsively. "I'm just Professor Bailey's niece. I came out here for a screen test and found that my uncle was entertaining this Mister Numar!"

"That's swell, Baby!" called a reporter. "That gives us a great sex angle!"

"Oh, but I don't want . . .!" said Betty.

Professor Bailey squeezed her arm. "Betty, dear, you'd better let *me* do the talking. I've had to deal with newspapermen before. They're a bad lot!"

"Yes, uncle," she acquiesced. "But I can't help it if I'm *photogenic*!"

"Now, ladies and gentlemen of the press," the Chief of police of La Canada, Charlton K. Andrews, was saying. "I'm about to produce for you what *may* be the sensation of the ages. I wouldn't exactly want to go on record as stating that I believe this man's story but I haven't been able to shake it yet. This is the most baffling case in my long history of crime detection as head of the police department in this great city . . .!"

"Bring on the green man! Cut out the introduction! Let us judge him for ourselves!" came a chorus of shouts.

But Chief Andrews was not to be denied his big moment. He had been a *flatfoot* for many years and some citizens had even accused him of having a *flathead* but he was smart enough to sense that this might be his one chance for immortality. Never before had he been honored by such a distinguished representation of newspaper people. He intended to make the most of it.

"As I said before, I'm going to let you see this person who calls himself 'Mister Numar.' I'm going to let you talk to him and see what you can get out of him. But I'm warning you, he's got some electrical apparatus hidden on him and he's refused so far to let me search him. . . . No, don't laugh! . . . This gentleman may be a fakir but we can't be too sure. That's why we've got to go slow. I'm here to testify that I just touched this man and it knocked me down. So don't any of you people get too near him. I'm holding him on suspicion till I find out more about him."

"You ought to be a spieler in a side-show!" joshed a reporter. "Trot out your electrical robot!"

The Chief stepped to the door and motioned inside. "Okay, Mister Numar. You can come out now."

THE Professor and Betty were standing on the raised platform near the magistrate's bench. Beneath them every seat was filled in the little court room and newspaper men and women and photographers packed the aisles. Outside a crowd lined the corridors and extended into the street. There was a moment of curious suspense as all awaited the appearance of this purported being from another planet.

Numar's entrance was impressively slow and stately. He was met by a popping barrage of exploding light bulbs as photographers took their first pictures. He advanced to the edge of the platform and smiled down at this earth's most skeptical, sensation-sated type of audience.

"My greetings to you," he said, and stopped. They waited expectantly for him to say more, eyeing him critically the while—but he did not speak.

"Well, how about it?" called a reporter. "What you got to say for your-

self? What's your racket?"

Professor Bailey stepped forward. "If I may suggest, this is not the right procedure to use in interviewing such a rare and distinguished personage. It is ignominious enough for Mister Numar to be held here in a police station when he should be associating with the finest men and women of our earth and receiving the highest honors within our power to bestow."

"Can we quote you on that, Professor?" fired a reporter.

"Yes," said Professor Bailey, with a staunchness which surprised himself. "You may!"

Numar was studying the array of faces before him with the interest a scientist takes in guinea pigs. He did not seem to mind the air of jocular skepticism which prevailed. They had come with the evident intention of putting him on the spot. Now that they were in his presence, they quite obviously didn't know how to do it.

"I will answer ten questions at this time," said Numar, graciously. "Perhaps you newspaper people would like to get together and decide what you would most prefer to ask me."

There was an immediate hubbub, much cussing and discussing among those assembled. Finally, a group of reporters emerged, a representative of each Los Angeles paper and the news services.

"I've been appointed spokesman," announced veteran reporter Steve Hines of the Herald-Express. "We've got a list of questions here we'd like to fire at you."

Numar fixed his black eyes upon the interviewer and smiled pleasantly. "You may proceed."

REPORTER HINES opened his collar at the neck and got ready for action. His colleagues had their pen-

cils and notepads ready to record their impressions of whatever might be said.

"Let's see now—the first thing we'd like to know, Mr. Numar, is this—where is your planet of Talamaya located?"

"Beyond the reach of your present telescopes," Numar answered. "Up in what you call the 'Milky Way.'"

A boisterous laugh boomed out from somewhere in the back of the courtroom. Numar looked soberly in that direction. The laughter ceased.

"Well, of course, that's not so very definite," said the interviewer. "And there's no way we can really check up."

"Yes, that is unfortunate that your scientific instruments should be so undeveloped on this earth. However, I can hardly be held responsible for that."

"Well, tell us—how did you get here?"

"By space ship."

"Space ship, eh? What was the motive power used?"

"Electro-stellar-magnetic."

Someone whistled and a murmur ran through the court-room as pencils scribbled.

"Where did you land upon arrival?" continued reporter Hines.

"In the mountains—not far from Wilson Observatory."

"That's quite unusual," speculated the interviewer. "Why did you choose this remote place for landing rather than one of our airports?"

Numar was standing erect on the platform, his arms folded across his chest, looking down at his interrogator.

"Because there were magnetic properties in the mountains which I needed for landing purposes." Then, with a friendly glance toward the professor, Numar added: "And because I wished to make contact with Professor Bailey who was nearby."

All eyes sought out the Professor who bowed, a bit self-consciously. Betty took his arm and put her head against his shoulder, with a "my hero" expression. It impressed one of the photographers who snapped a picture. Betty acted annoyed in a pleasant sort of way. But Numar easily held the center of the stage.

"Where is your space ship now?" the veteran Hines was asking.

"In the mountains, where I landed," said Numar, simply, "awaiting my return."

This caused a ripple of comment and an excited woman reporter jumped up on her chair. "Oh, Mister Numar—that's thrilling! Will you let us see and examine this aerial vessel?"

Numar, amused, turned to reporter Hines and inquired: "Was this one of the ten questions you wished to ask me?" His quiet authority and demeanor was something a hardboiled newspaper fraternity had not, heretofore, encountered.

"Why, yes, it was I mean—it *is*!" stammered Hines, as everyone nodded in assent.

"I am sorry," said Numar. "You will not be permitted to see or examine my space-ship. Its construction is beyond your comprehension. Inspection of it would only confuse and discourage you in your evolution. For this reason, it has been rendered invisible."

CHIEF OF POLICE ANDREWS had been sitting on the arm of the magistrate's chair. "Can you imagine that?" he whispered. "If that guy's a fake, he's got the world's greatest *line*!"

"He certainly knows all the answers," said the magistrate. "It will take a pack of Philadelphia lawyers to pin anything on him!"

It was apparent that the newspaper people did not like Numar's evasive re-

marks about his space ship. They had been given some fancy run-arounds before but this was being done so smoothly and easily that over half their allotted questions had been asked and they had gotten nowhere.

"Do you expect us to believe your last statement?" demanded interviewer Hines, in a tone of exasperation.

"No," smiled Numar, "but I'm just as confident you can't refute it!"

Hines jerked off his tie and threw it on the floor. "Come on, now, Mister Numar! Let's quit shadow-boxing and get down to cases. We're all hard working people. We didn't come out here on a wild goose chase—or *did* we? . . . If you're *really* a bird from another planet, what is your purpose in coming here?"

"That's the first sensible and significant question you've asked me," said Numar. "I came here to deliver a message of great importance to you earth people. At the proper time I intend to present this message over every radio station in the land and from Chicago."

"*Chicago!*" Every person in the room rose up at this. "Why *Chicago*? . . . What's the matter with Los Angeles? why can't you deliver your message right here?"

"Because," said Numar, and now he had everyone hanging on his words and what he was saying was being relayed out into the corridors and down into the street. "Because," he repeated, "Chicago is destined to be the new capital of the United States and the commercial center of your world. It will eventually be the headquarters for the Peace League of All Nations. I'm interested in the future of your planet, not its past. Therefore I shall address you earth people from Chicago!"

AT last, this mysterious personage had said something specific. At

last he had given these self-exalted members of the press something they could hang their hats on. To be sure, there was no proof whatsoever that he was who he said he was or that he had come from where he said he had. But, if this green man, fake or not, really intended to say something to the human race from Chicago or Timbuctoo, this was a story worth headlines in any newspaper. After all, the scientists would probably get hold of this Numar person soon enough. Let *them* worry about whether he was genuine or not.

"I believe," said Numar, as pencils scratched furiously, "that you are entitled to one more question."

Interviewer Hines excitedly consulted his notes. "Oh!" he said, "oh, yes! Here it is, Mr. Numar. Can you answer this? How long do you intend to stay on earth?"

Numar smiled. "That," he said, quietly, "will be determined by developments."

It is a wonder that some reporters were not killed in the rush to grab all available telephones and call their stories in to their papers. A few remained behind with photographers to pose Numar in company with different individuals.

"Chief Andrews," directed one camera man. "We'd like to get a shot of you putting the handcuffs on Mister Numar. We want to run a picture with the heading, 'Police Chief Captures Man From Another Planet' . . ."

"It's a cute idea," said the Chief, "but I'm not going to put any handcuffs on that man. I'm not even going to *stand* too close to him. Not after the shock I got today!"

The magistrate stood up. "Oh, now Charlie. I don't think Mister Numar would object. Let me get in this picture with you." He reached out and took Numar by the arm.

"Look out!" cried the Chief.

But nothing happened.

"I'd be delighted to pose with you gentlemen," said Numar.

The magistrate chummily retained his hold of Numar's arm but Chief Andrews kept his distance.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he said. "I can't understand this!"

PROFESSOR BAILEY and Betty stood off at one side watching proceedings.

"Uncle, this is terrible!" said Betty, "taking Mister Numar's picture with people like that! *You're* the one who ought to be photographed with him!"

"Hush, dear," said Professor Bailey. "I'm not seeking any notoriety. My front yard is ruined now! I'm just afraid of what's going to happen next!"

"*I'm* not," said Betty. "And I think you're just plain foolish if you don't take every advantage of this great opportunity. I would, if I were in your place. Why, just think, Uncle! Whoever is photographed with Mister Numar will get his picture all over the world!"

"Yes, I've thought of all that," said the Professor. "But I'm not so sure now that I . . .!"

"All right, Professor, you're next!" called the camera men. "That's all, Chief! . . . Move over, Judge. Give the Professor a break!"

Professor Bailey raised his hand, protestingly. "Now, gentlemen, I appreciate this but, if it's just the same to you . . ."

"Go on, Uncle!" said Betty, giving him a push.

"Snap it up, Professor!" directed the camera man. "We gotta be getting back to town with these to catch the first editions. We want a shot of you shaking hands with that guy!"

Professor Bailey looked up at Numar

apprehensively. "Is the . . . er . . . current turned off?" he whispered.

Numar nodded, amused wrinkles showing in his face, and held out his hand. The Professor took it, gingerly, an awesome expression on his face. Flash light bulbs exploded.

"That's great!" said a camera man. "That's a honey! Professor, you looked then like you'd just discovered a new star!"

"I hope you don't use it," said the Professor, uneasily. "I never take a good picture, anyway, not even when I'm posing with Nellie."

The photographers consulted one another. Betty tried to catch their eyes. She didn't have much trouble because they were just getting ready to turn their attention to her.

"Now, Baby, it's your turn. You know the newspapers can't get along without *sex appeal*. We can always get the picture of a pretty girl in the paper when we can't get anything else. So we want a shot of you kissing this man from the Milky Way."

THIS was more than Betty had bargained for. Numar's face remained green but hers turned red.

"Why, the very idea!" she exclaimed.

"Come on, Baby! You don't object, do you, Mister Numar? Don't they kiss on your planet?"

"No, they do not. This is going to be a new experience for me."

Betty felt her knees go weak. Professor Bailey gave her a little shove. "Go ahead, dear," he said, a bit impishly. "Remember—you said this was a 'great opportunity!'"

"Gee! Gosh!" said Betty, under her breath. Then, to Numar: "Do you—a—really want to try it?"

Numar nodded and held out his arms. The Professor had a moment of sudden panic.

"On second thought," he said, "I guess you'd better . . .!"

But Betty was advancing toward Numar, her eyes fixed upon his, like someone walking a tight rope. Numar's arms clasped about her.

"You—you don't have to do this if you don't want to," she said, uncertainly.

"I think this will be very interesting," said Numar.

The photographers pointed their cameras and lifted their flash bulbs.

"That's the way!" directed one of them. "Pucker up your lips, Mister Numar! . . . What's it gonna be—a Clark Gable or a Charles Boyer?"

Numar looked aside, inquiringly. "I don't understand," he said.

"Oh, those names are movie actors," explained Betty, nervously. "They've each got a technique all their own."

Numar smiled down at her. "I suppose, after all, this is quite an individual proposition."

"Yes, I—I suppose so!" said Betty.

Chief Andrews nudged the perspiring magistrate. "I wouldn't be in that guy's arms for a million dollars!"

Professor Bailey moaned to himself: "I don't know what possessed me. What will Nellie say to this?"

The camera men were growing impatient.

"Hey, you two! Cut the conversation and give us some osculation! Come on, Baby! Relax! Don't act like you're taking poison! Let's see some love-light in your eyes! Act like you meant it! Maybe this'll get you your screen test!"

This was all Betty needed. She shut her eyes as the green lips of Numar descended upon hers.

The room had filled with other spectators and some reporters who had returned from phoning in their flash stories. They broke into whistles of ap-

plause as the clinch was held and camera shutters clicked.

"Okay, you can break now," called the camera men. But Numar's lips were still pressed against Betty's. "Hey, break it up! *Cut!* Will Hays won't like this!"

BETTY disengaged one arm and began to gesture frantically in the direction of Professor Bailey.

"Oh, dear! Oh, my!" said the Professor, dancing around the two. "Something must have happened! Chief! Somebody! Do something! . . . Maybe she's being *electrocuted!*"

"Don't touch 'em!" warned the Chief.

Betty's imploring gestures continued. Photographers hastily reloaded their cameras and shot more pictures.

"This is the hottest thing since Rudolph Valentino!" said one.

"Pretty good for a first kiss!" said another.

"Mister Numar!" begged Professor Bailey. "Perhaps you don't know, but on this planet, there's a limit to such things!"

Betty was now growing wild. She had gotten both arms free and was waving them behind her.

"Phone the electric light company!" yelled the Chief. "Something's gone wrong with this guy's electrical apparatus! He's got a hold of her and he can't let go!"

There was pandemonium in the court-room. This wasn't funny any longer. It was a field day only for the photographers who kept on shooting.

"My, God, how she can take it!" said one of them.

"You mean—how *he* can dish it out!" said another.

"Get a pulmotor!" cried the Chief, now beside himself.

"Get an ambulance!" shouted some-

body else.

The clock on the wall had been ticking off not seconds, but minutes. All marathon osculation records had long since been broken.

The officer in charge of the police radio came rushing upstairs. "Chief!" he cried, "there's been a bank robbery and my radio set's gone bad! I'm getting powerful interference!"

"There it is!" said the Chief, pointing at the embraced couple. "That's what's doing it! We daren't touch them till the circuit's broken!"

"Well, how'm I going to contact our radio cars?" demanded the officer.

"One thing at a time!" said the Chief. "We're in worse trouble here!"

Professor Bailey had waited, praying ardently that this greatest of all clinches would be broken without injury to either party. But now it was high time something was being done.

"I'll just have to risk it!" he decided. "It may be the death of me but those electrical forces have got to be grounded!"

SO saying, he courageously took hold of a radiator pipe with one hand and grasped one of Betty's hands with the other. There was a crackling flash of blue flame and Numar and Betty shot apart. The Professor landed in a sitting position on the platform, with Betty on top of him. Numar staggered back, almost fell, and leaned against the bench for support. The magistrate had tipped over in his swivel chair trying to get out of the way, and Chief Andrews only escaped by a mad leap in the opposite direction.

"Betty, are you all right?" asked the Professor.

Betty was looking dazedly around. "My, how that man can *kiss!*" she said. "It was just like an electric shock. I felt millions of little needles running all

through me. I just couldn't get away. And right there at the last, when you grabbed my hand, that photographer should have been more careful. His flash light bulb went off right in my face!"

"That wasn't a flash light bulb," said the Professor. "That was a flash of electricity when I broke the circuit. I can feel it in my joints yet!"

The two were still sitting on the floor, surrounded by a pop-eyed crowd.

Numar, looking a pale green, came over to them. "I'm sorry," he said. "I had no idea my system would react this way. I temporarily lost control of my magnetic forces. I hope, Miss Bracken, it was not too great an ordeal for you."

"Well," said Betty. "It was one I'll never forget!"

"Nor shall I," said Numar. "I now have a new custom to take back to my planet."

"If you feel like standing," the Professor suggested to Betty, "I believe I would like to get up off the floor."

Numar extended his hand to help Betty to her feet. "No, thank you!" she said, and scrambled up by herself.

"Don't you touch anybody else!" ordered Chief Andrews. "I'm going to put you under lock and key and have some electricians search your person. You must have yourself all rigged up with electrical gadgets. As long as you're walking around like this, you're a menace to society!"

"A search will avail you nothing," said Numar. "Besides, I will not permit it."

"We'll see about that!" snapped the Chief. "You're not going to make a sucker out of *me* after all my years in this department!"

ment in the room below. Now he excitedly reappeared. "Say, Chief—the radio—it's working all right again. Car Number Ten has picked up the trail of the bandits. They're in a high-powered car going east on Highway 66!"

"That's good," said the Chief.

"No, it's bad," said the officer. "They're being out-distanced. But they've got the license number. It's 9W-7448!"

"Would you like me to stop the bandits' car for you?" asked Numar, showing sudden interest.

Chief Andrews was startled. "What was that? . . . What did you say?"

"I said," repeated Numar, "that I'd be glad to stop the bandits' car if you like. I feel somewhat responsible for the bandits getting away since I interfered with your radio."

"But how can you stop their car?" demanded the Chief.

"He can do it," assured Professor Bailey. "He stopped *my* car when he was coming in for a landing in his space ship!"

"May we go downstairs to the radio room?" requested Numar.

"Sure, sure!" said the Chief. "Make way, everybody! Clear the room! How did all of you people get in here, anyhow!"

There was a general rush for the stairs and the same crowd tried to jam into the small radio room as the officer in charge sought to make contact with Car Number Ten.

"Car Ten," he called. "Hello, Jake! Are you still on their tail? Come in!"

There was a slight sputter of static and then Jake's voice was heard. "Yeah! But they're gaining on us. We can't keep 'em in sight much longer!"

THE officer in charge of the police radio had run back to his instru-

NUMAR was standing just behind the radio operator. He faced the

east and a distant look came into his eyes. Professor Bailey and Betty were nearby in company with the Chief. A small coterie of reporters and photographers had attached themselves to Numar on regular assignment. They were competing now with every member of the police department on duty at the station, including the janitor, for an opportunity to witness this mystery man's latest gyration.

"Don't press too close" warned the Chief. "This guy's as full of juice as a high voltage line. If that secret apparatus he's carrying stops that car, I'm going to turn him over to the F.B.I. as a dangerous alien!"

Numar was apparently concentrating. "9W-7448," he was repeating, under his breath. His green eyelids were closed, concealing his piercing black eyes: "Oh, yes," he said, suddenly. "I see the car now. Three men in it. One in the back seat has two satchels full of bank money. Speedometer reading is 78 miles per hour!" Numar stopped talking, eyes still closed, and put out his right arm with pointer finger extending as though touching something.

The radio officer was keeping contact with Car Number Ten. "Hello, Jake! How you making out now?"

"They're slowing down," Jake reported. "Something's happened! Maybe they're running out of gas. They're pulling up beside the road. Now they're jumping the car. Looks like they're going to shoot it out. Stand by! We're closing in!"

Numar remained motionless but his face wore an interested expression as though he were seeing what was taking place. His features relaxed into a smile. He opened his eyes. "The bandits threw down their guns," he informed.

"We've got 'em!" came Jake's voice by short wave. "It was a cinch! They tossed their guns in the ditch. We've

recovered the loot, too. . . !"

"Just a minute!" broke in Chief Andrews. "Ask Jake, 'how come the bandits stopped their car and gave up?'"

This question was repeated and there was a temporary silence on the radio.

"Tell the chief," said Jake's voice, "the motor went dead. They don't know what the hell went wrong with it. They've got a tank full of gas."

"Well, that's the dangedest coincidence," said Chief Andrews, "that I ever ran into. At least I *hope* it's a coincidence! . . . If it isn't. . . !" The Chief began to look alarmed. "Professor, on second thought, I think I'll release this human dynamo in your custody. You're responsible for him from now on. Take him away with you!"

"But what will I do with him?" asked the Professor.

"That's *your* affair," said the Chief. "You found him, didn't you?"

Numar now stepped forward. "Chief Andrews is right," he said. "We have finished our business here. I have been interviewed by the press and stories of my arrival will soon appear in the papers. I suggest we return to your home and await further developments."

Professor Bailey appeared greatly distressed.

"Just a minute!" said a man in the crowd. "I'm a talent scout for M.G.M. I'd like to put you under contract!"

NUMAR eyed the important appearing gentleman. "What's M.G.M.?" he asked.

The gentleman's face turned purple. "You—an *actor*—and you don't know M.G.M.? Brother, do *you* need an *agent*?"

Numar seemed entirely unimpressed.

"You're kidding, of course," said the man. "Everybody's heard of M.G.M.!"

"I should say they have!" said Betty, "although I came out here to take a

screen test for Warner Brothers!"

The talent scout eyed her up and down. "Well, you might have something at that. I came in on the tail end of your clinch. Are you and your boy friend working together? I'll put you both under option!"

Betty's eyes glistened. "Oh, Mister Numar!" she exclaimed. "Did you hear that? We can be in pictures! Aren't you thrilled?"

Numar shook his head. "I doubt very much," he said, "if my services would prove satisfactory. But I foresee a great future for you!"

"You *do*!" cried Betty, delighted. "I could kiss you for that!" She started impulsively toward him.

"Now, don't start *that* again!" belted Chief Andrews. "Get out of here, the lot of you! What a day! I'm going to make application to retire on a pension!"

The talent scout followed Professor Bailey, Betty and Numar to the street, as did the crowd.

"Your name and address, Miss?" he requested.

"I'm Betty Annabel Bracken, she gave answer. "You can reach me at Professor Bailey's. He's my uncle."

"That's fine," said the man. Then, turning to Numar. "Where are *you* stopping, sir?"

"Where Miss Bracken is," smiled Numar.

"Great grief!" said the Professor, "what am I in for now?"

An empty taxi passed by and the Professor hailed it. Anything to get away from this curious throng which had been dogging their footsteps and growing in size! The taxi driver missed Professor Bailey's signal but Numar raised his hand and pointed toward the cab. It stopped half way down the block, in the middle of the street. The driver jumped out, raised the hood, and

began tinkering with the motor. Traffic piled up behind him and car horns commenced an impatient honking.

"Your cab is waiting," observed Numar.

The Professor, startled, gave Numar a knowing look. "Oh! Oh, yes!" he said, "Come on, Betty!" He took her by the arm and the two with Numar made their way toward the stalled taxi. "Let us through, please!" called the Professor as they proceeded. "Don't touch Mister Numar, anybody, or you'll get shocked! Let us through to that cab!"

THEIR way was barred by an emaciated looking middle-aged man in a wheel chair. He was being pushed by a stout-armed, stout-figured nurse who shouted at Professor Bailey.

"Let us through, yourself! Do you think you're entitled to the whole street?"

The invalid cupped a hand to his ear. "What's that, Miss Pratt? What'd you say?"

The crowd parted and the figure of Numar loomed suddenly in front of him. The sight of a green man in white flowing garments was too much for the wheel chair occupant. He thrust out his hands, instinctively, to fend off this apparition, and thereby received the shock of his life. It was such a shock, in fact, that his body, stimulated as it had not been in years, rose out of the wheel chair. He suddenly found himself standing on the side-walk.

"Look!" he cried, to all around him. "Look! I've been cured! I can walk!" He took a few faltering steps and his nurse collapsed in the wheel chair.

"Holy smoke" shouted an eye-witness. "That green man's a healer!"

"It's a miracle!" the former invalid kept repeating. "I've been paralyzed for eight years—and now, look! I can

walk!"

"For heaven's sake!" gasped the Professor. "Keep moving, Mister Numar! Once this word gets around, everybody will be wanting to touch you! We've got to catch that cab!"

Reaching the taxi, Professor Bailey jerked open the door and pushed Betty inside.

"Hurry, Mister Numar, hurry!" he begged.

As Numar climbed in, the cab driver looked up from under the hood. His face was smeared with grease and he had a screw driver in one hand.

"I can't take you people!" he shouted, irritably. "Can't you see my car's broke down?"

There was the sound of a police whistle down the block. Chief Andrews and two officers were pushing through the mob to find the cause of the traffic jam.

"I think," said the Professor, in a mild tone to the driver, "if you'll get back in your cab, you'll find it will run all right."

"Oh, you do, do you?" roared the driver, slamming down the hood.

"Push that taxi over against the curb!" yelled the approaching chief of police. "Professor! What are *you* doing out there? . . . Now what are you up to?"

"It's all right!" reassured the Professor, getting in the cab. Then, to the irate driver who had slid into his seat behind the wheel. "Try your starter. See if it works!"

The driver touched the starter with his foot. The motor turned over at once. He shifted into gear and shot off down the street.

"Well, I'm a monkey's uncle!" he said.

But Chief Andrews was using more colorful epithets as he got caught in the back-wash of the crowd and the snarl of

untangling traffic, which was hot on the Professor's trail.

"My, it's almost time for lunch!" said the Professor, drawing a breath of momentary relief. He reached for the bottle in his pocket. "Mister Numar—will you have some more distilled water?"

"I think I will," said Numar, taking the bottle. "After my experience with Miss Bracken, I feel strangely depleted!"

HOME may have been the place of refuge for the common man but the happy, time-worn phrase, "a man's home is his castle" no longer applied to Professor Bailey's domicile. It was a place of siege by all and sundry, for notoriety had descended upon him with the clinging persistency of a California fog. He hadn't built a better mouse-trap, he had hardly opened his trap at all, and yet the world was beating an ever more widening path to his door! Not only the front, but also the back.

As for Mrs. Bailey—she had been brought up to believe that "a woman's place is in the home" but she now fervently wished it might be anywhere else. When Professor Bailey returned home, bringing his white-robed and green complexioned friend with him, Mrs. Bailey took him aside to give him a piece of her mind which he had not had before.

"William Roscoe Bailey!" she said. She never addressed him this way except at such times when the distance between them was astronomical. "What in the name of common sense and sanity do you mean by this? Why didn't you leave this monstrous fraud with the police? You are getting yourself in so deep you can never get out. And what's more, you've gotten Betty involved. That girl's so excited she can hardly talk!"

"I don't agree with you there," said Professor Bailey. "Betty never wants for something to say and she usually says it just when it will do her the most good!"

"Why, how can you talk about my sister's child in that manner?" said Mrs. Bailey.

"My dear," said the Professor, his expression pained and apprehensive. "You don't know your sister's child. She's so movie-struck she will do anything to get in pictures. And that girl knows the value of publicity. I may as well warn you that you're apt to be shocked when you see the afternoon papers. Betty put on what amounted to a kissing exhibition with Mister Numar for the photographers!"

"She did *what*?" asked Mrs. Bailey, unbelievably.

"You see," explained the Professor, "Mister Numar had never kissed anyone before . . ."

"For pity's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Bailey. "How disgusting! And you let her do it?"

"Well, it all happened so suddenly," said the Professor, lamely, neglecting to mention that he, in a weak moment, had urged Betty on. "I really didn't think she'd go through with it."

"You mean to say the papers are going to print pictures of her kissing that green-faced baboon?" demanded Mrs. Bailey.

"I presume they are," said the Professor. "And I might describe them, in advance, as being extremely torrid. In fact, some unfortunate complications developed. This kissing experience almost wrecked Mister Numar. Once he'd started kissing Betty, he couldn't let go."

MRS. BAILEY was getting more horrified by the minute. "Don't tell me! Where was all this going on?"

"In the police station."

"The police station! Of all places! Oh, this gets worse and worse! And to think that I . . . !" She was going to say that she'd encouraged Betty to make love to Numar, but decided it best not to incriminate herself.

"The reason Mister Numar couldn't let go," said the Professor, "was on account of his magnetic forces. They seemed to have a strong affinity for Betty. If it hadn't been for me, the two of them might have been electrocuted!"

"Oh! So *you're* in these pictures, too!" said Mrs. Bailey. "Well, why didn't you say so in the first place! *That's* what you're really worried about. A man in your profession! I don't want to hear any more! The front doorbell is ringing, so is the telephone, and someone's pounding on the back door! I'm not going to answer any of them. I'm going upstairs, lock myself in my room, and leave you to get out of this mess yourself!"

"Now, Nellie!" called the harassed Professor. "Won't you listen to reason?"

"*Reason!*" she said, as she ran upstairs. "Just look at the crowd outside! Try your reasoning out on them!"

The Professor crept to the front window and cautiously peeked out. What he saw was enough to strike fear and concern in many a stout heart. It looked like all the lame, the halt, and the blind in LaCanada and neighboring communities had been assembled in the yard and street! Numar was supposed to be in the study. He could hear his wife upstairs talking in a loud voice to Betty. The ringings and the poundings on doors continued. He could hear feet shuffling about on his porch and faces began to be pressed against window panes.

Seized with a sudden feeling of panic, Professor Bailey rushed to the tele-

phone. He placed the receiver against his ear.

"Hello!" said a voice. "Is this Professor Bailey's residence?"

"Yes it is!" said the Professor. "Please get off the line. I want to call the police!" He jiggled the phone and disconnected the party, then hurriedly dialed the police station. "Give me Chief Andrews! . . . Tell him it's Professor Bailey!" He waited, with growing tension, until the Chief's voice came on the wire.

"What is it now?" said the Chief.

"Send the riot squad!" begged the Professor. "My house is surrounded! I don't dare go to the door. People are trying to get in. I guess they think Numar's a miracle man. Hurry, Chief! I can't hold out much longer!"

"All right!" said Chief Andrews. "We'll get there as fast as we can. But if this keeps up, we'll have to have a bigger police force!"

THE Professor hung up the receiver and began barricading his front and back doors with furniture.

"Hey, Professor Bailey!" insistent voices were calling. "We know you're in there! Answer the door! We want to talk to you! Let us in!"

The Professor retreated to his study, a little room on the first floor on the rear right of the house. There he found Numar seated, in his easy chair, quietly reading one of the Professor's own books, entitled: "Astronomy Made Simple."

Numar looked up and smiled. "This book is properly titled," he said. "Of course you earth people cannot be expected to know much about the universe as yet."

"Mister Numar," said Professor Bailey. "I'm sorry to interrupt your reading but we seem to be facing a serious crisis and it's all because of you!"

"Yes," said Numar, "it always happens this way."

"What do you mean?"

"I always cause a stir when I arrive on any new planet. I can never foretell what kind of a stir. That depends upon the nature of the inhabitants."

The clamor outside was becoming more and more audible and insistent.

"Well, I don't know about life on any other planets," said the Professor. "But I think you should know, Mister Numar, that the human creature is still highly superstitious. I'm afraid even now those people out there have gotten the idea that you're a great healer."

Numar put the book aside and stood up. "But I'm not," he said. "We have no need of healing on my planet. These bodies of ours are constantly replenished by magnetic currents derived from air and water."

"Just come with me and take a look out the front window," said the Professor.

As they stepped into the hall and walked toward the living room, telephone and doorbell were ringing. The Professor took the receiver off the hook as he passed.

"You see how easily our conveniences can become a curse," he remarked.

Numar observed the heavy davenport propped against the front door. Someone was turning the door knob as well as ringing the bell.

"You see what I mean?" said the Professor. "That would be quite disturbing in time."

Numar nodded, with an expression of amused sympathy. But when he stood behind a window curtain and looked out, his face sobered. Pressed to the front of the crowd were men, women and children in pitiable states of physical distress. Some were blind, some were on crutches or canes, some were in wheel chairs, some were in arms,

but all reflected some condition of invalidism or injury. Behind and around these surged a sensation-seeking, curious crowd. But just at this moment the attention of all had been captured by an incredibly frail little man who stood beside an empty wheel chair.

"**A**S GOD is my judge, folks!" he was saying, "I didn't know who this man was. I just saw him coming toward me in his white robes and I reached out and touched him—and look what happened to me!" He lifted each thin leg in turn and raised his equally thin arms. "Anyone want to buy my wheel chair?"

There was a mixture of laughter and applause.

"No," said a man on crutches, "All we want is a chance to *touch* this man like you *did*!"

"That's all!" shouted a chorus of others.

"You say this man's from another planet?" queried a woman who looked to be arthritic. "I'll be willing to believe it if he helps *me*!"

"Sure! He *must* be from another planet!" said a lame woman next to her. "You can't touch any *human* and get cured. Most humans would give you something worse!"

Professor Bailey looked sidewise at Numar. "What are we going to do with these people?" he asked. "Maybe there *is* something to what you did for this man. Our medical science is now curing different types of cases with electrical shock treatments."

"Yes," said Numar. "A few might benefit by contact with the currents which pass through my body—but they would get the same results from the treatments you speak of."

"But how are we going to convince *them* of that?" asked the Professor, pointing out the window. "Just listen

to how they are talking!"

The voices of those outside around the porch could be plainly heard.

"How much does he charge to let you touch him?" a nervous-appearing woman who had elbowed her way forward was asking.

"Nothing, I guess," said a little bent-over man with a crook in his neck. "At least not yet—but he may have to—if people keep coming like this. . .!"

"Well!" said the woman, decisively. "We've got to him first. He ought to let us touch him *free*!"

"Do you hear that?" said the Professor. "You'd better go back in my study and hide till the police come. Get in the closet, if necessary. Please hurry! It sounds like they're going to break the door down!"

"I will do as you request," said Numar, quite calm and undisturbed. "Don't worry too much, Professor. Things always turn out all right."

"That's easy for *you* to say," the Professor called after him. "But you haven't lived on this planet as long as I have. You should see what happens at a bargain sale! And these people have the same look in their eyes right now!"

BETTY came running down the stairs. "Oh, Uncle! You *must* open the door! That M.G.M. talent scout is out there. I just saw him. He's lost his collar and tie trying to get through the crowd!"

"If I ever open that door, I'll lose more than that," said the Professor. "You get back upstairs with your aunt!"

"Oh, Uncle! Isn't this thrilling! I wonder if they saw my pictures in the papers?"

"Yes," said the Professor, irritably. "I suppose this whole crowd's come out here to get a sample of your kisses!"

"Uncle William! You're a horrid old man!" said Betty. "Why this telephone receiver's off the hook! No wonder I didn't get my call from Warner Brothers! How do you expect I'm going to get anywhere in pictures this way?"

"Damn you and the picture industry!" said Professor Bailey. "I'm losing my home and my reputation and my sanity—all at the same time!"

The telephone started ringing. Betty leaped for it.

"Hello! . . . Trouble?" She eyed the Professor. "Yes—*plenty!* . . . Oh—on this *line*, you mean? . . . Well, it's all right now. Thank you, Operator—please do!" Betty turned to her uncle, holding the receiver to her ear. "The operator said she had over fifty calls—some of them very important—and I'll bet at least half a dozen were from Warner Brothers! . . . If I miss my chance getting into pictures just because . . . Oh! . . . Hello! . . . Yes . . . who? . . . *who?* . . . The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce? . . . Are you sure you have the right number? . . . Professor Bailey? . . . Oh, just a minute!" Betty motioned to Professor Bailey and held out the receiver. "It's President Hammond of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce," she said. "Please don't stay on the wire long. Operator says there's another call waiting!"

"You stay away from that door," warned the Professor, as he took the phone, "and keep an eye out for the police."

Betty busied herself with her make-up. "There're photographers out there, too!" she said.

"Hello!" said Professor Bailey into the phone. "Yes? . . . Yes? . . . Oh! You've just seen the papers! . . . *Chicago?* . . . That's right! . . . Mister Numar *did* say he was going to deliver a message in Chicago! . . . Well, now,

Mr. Hammond—I *am* loyal to Los Angeles but there doesn't seem to be anything I can do . . . Yes, I see your point . . . Well, I'll speak to Mister Numar. No, I can't call him to the phone . . . He's very busy just now . . . we're all busy. . . ! Excuse me, Mister Hammond. I hear the police siren. The police are coming! Thank you very much for calling. Goodbye!" The Professor put the receiver down, leaving it off the hook.

CHIEF of police Andrews had arrived in a squad car with three officers. He made a lane through the crowd and delegated his men to get the people off Professor Bailey's front porch.

"What's going on here?" he demanded.

"We're waiting to see the green man," said a self-appointed spokesman who had been ringing the doorbell. "He's got wonderful healing powers. All you have to do is touch him and you're well!"

"I touched him once," said the Chief, "and I haven't felt right since! You people are nuts! Now, go on! Get away from here! Go home—and let Professor Bailey alone!"

"No, no!" came a chorus of shouts from the crowd. "We're not leaving till we see the green man!"

Chief Andrews had a rolled up newspaper in one hand. He left his three officers to hold the crowd in check and banged on the Professor's front door. "Open up! Let me in!"

The door opened to admit him and closed quickly behind as some of the crowd evaded the police officers and dashed up on the porch.

"You see," said Professor Bailey, moving the davenport back across the door. "You just got here in time."

Chief Andrews laughed. "You don't

need that thing blocking the door, now I'm here."

"I'm not so sure," said the Professor.

"Now, Uncle!" said Betty. "I have perfect faith in Chief Andrews." She gave him a commending look. "Chief, did you notice that M.G.M. talent scout? I think you could safely let him in."

"You can't safely let any of that mob in," said the Professor. "Now, Betty, I'll thank you if you'll keep out of the way!"

"Why—I'm only trying to help!" said Betty.

"Like you did at the police station!" said Chief Andrews. "Trying to steal the limelight! Where do you come off at, posing with Mister Numar? You certainly look pretty in the paper, you do!" He slapped the rolled copy of the Herald-Express with the back of his hand.

"Oh!" cried Betty, reaching out and snatching the paper. "Have you got a copy? Oh, let me see it! Thank you very much!" She already had it unrolled and was scanning the front page.

"Oh, Uncle—here it is!" She read the bold headlines. "Mystery man arrives from another planet. Green man, Numar, guest of Astronomer Bailey. Claims to have traveled here in mysterious space ship. Has message for world to deliver from Chicago. Police are investigating claims . . ." Why, there's a two column story about it! And it says here there is a full page of pictures on page six!" Betty was all thumbs as she tried to find this page.

"Now, you're really going to see something!" said Chief Andrews. "You're going to see what an ass you made of yourself—and what we all did, for that matter!"

Professor Bailey looked disturbed and bewildered. "Oh, did the pictures

turn out as badly as that?"

"I'll say they did!" fired the Chief. "Numar's not in any one of 'em!"

"WHAT'S that?" The Professor looked over Betty's shoulder as she reached page six. "Oh, my goodness! . . . Oh, my dear! Well, great heavens! Oh, good grief!"

"Why, Uncle" gasped Betty. "How could *this* happen? Why, there's just blank spaces where Mister Numar's supposed to be! How could he do a thing like that? Why didn't he photograph?"

"That's what we all want to know!" said Chief Andrews. "Look what the paper says about it!" The Chief pointed to the main heading and a paragraph over the pictures. It read:

MAN FROM ANOTHER PLANET —WHERE IS HE???

Our photographers swear they snapped him in all these pictures but the elusive Mister Numar didn't show up on the negatives. Yes, we are doubting our own senses, too. Here's a case where seeing isn't believing. Numar appears to be the most baffling trickster and escape artist since Houdini. The police are investigating but his real identity is still unknown.

"Now look what they say about *this* picture!" said the Chief. He pointed again, and the dazed Professor Bailey and Betty read:

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

LaCanada's Magistrate Taylor and Chief of Police Andrews look as though they are proud and happy to be posing with Mr. Numar—but their distinguished guest from another planet has pulled the good old disappearing act. What a cruel prank to play upon two

unsuspecting upholders of the law.

"Well, I never!" said the Professor. "Never in my born days. This is very unusual. Very!"

"It gives me goose pimples!" said Betty. "Oh, look, Uncle. There you are, standing all alone, with a silly expression on your face, looking at *nothing!*"

Professor Bailey stared at the photograph in utter disbelief. He shook his head from side to side as he read the editorial comment about it.

HELP US SOLVE THE MYSTERY

In this photograph, the eminent astronomer, Professor W. R. Bailey, who would not be party to a hoax (or would he?) is here supposed to be shaking hands with his visitor from the planet Talamaya. But, where is this visitor? From the look on Professor Bailey's face and from the blank space beside him, Mr. Numar is still seemingly millions of miles away—and the good professor is merely shaking hands with himself.

"THIS is all completely beyond me," said Professor Bailey. "I can't comprehend it."

"Nobody can," said the Chief. "But you haven't seen anything yet! Just get a load of little Miss Sex Appeal and what this Numar did to *her!*"

The lower half of the page contained six striking action photographs and when Betty got a glimpse of them she began shrieking.

"Oh! Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Oh, how could he? Why, that's terrible! Just look, Uncle He's ruined me! . . . Simply ruined me! . . . I can never look the world in the face again!"

The Professor *was* looking. He removed his glasses, rubbed them briskly and put them on again. He saw the

same thing, only more of it.

"Just a minute, now, Betty. Don't jiggle the paper so! Let me see what it says. Here—let's read it together."

They scanned the lead comment and the descriptions under each picture.

GENTLE READER—WE CALL UPON YOU TO STUDY THIS SERIES OF AMOROUS CONTORTIONS!

In these pictures, screen aspirant Betty Annabel Bracken is supposed to be introducing the "green" Mr. Numar, visitor from Talamaya, a planet a trillion miles from here, to the good old human art of kissing. The photographers swear that Numar sizzled and burned like an over-done steak and couldn't let go of Miss Bracken until Professor Bailey grounded his electrical charges through an innocent radiator in the room. But again—WHERE is Mr. Numar? And what is Miss Bracken doing—osculatory acrobatics by herself?

LET US ATTEMPT TO INTERPRET THESE PICTURES FOR YOU!

These photographs graphically depict Betty Bracken in what appears to be a romantic embrace.

In picture No. 1, her head is tilted back, lips puckered and eyes closed, with just the proper expression of awe on her face. But do you see anyone kissing her? If you do—please write or wire us at once!

Picture No. 2: Betty's face is registering surprise and fear. She seems to be trying to pull away from something—yes, something apparently shocking!

Picture No. 3: This reveals Betty obviously NOT enjoying herself too much. Her lips looks slightly mashed as though there is some pressure against them. She is bending backward from

the waist—probably about to execute a back-bend!

Picture No. 4: In this shot, Betty is definitely signalling for help with one hand behind her.

Picture No. 5: Betty now has two hands behind her and is waving them semaphore fashion. The letters she is spelling out are undoubtedly S.O.S.!

Picture No. 6: Professor Bailey to the rescue! He has grabbed one of Betty's hands and she and the Professor are sailing through space as though propelled by some invisible force.

QUESTION: Where was the man from that other planet who was supposed to have been kissing Betty all this time??? Was she in reality just kissing the atmosphere and had everyone been hypnotized by the mysterious Numar? COULD BE—say the scientific experts. There MUST be an explanation! Do YOU have one? The eye of the camera doesn't lie—or does it? The camera men swear they hadn't been drinking—but they're probably out drinking NOW!

"I'll never get over this," sobbed Betty, "not as long as I live! These pictures will go all over the world!"

"I thought that's what you wanted," said the Professor.

"This isn't funny, Uncle William. Hollywood won't look at me now. Nobody will!"

"My dear girl," said Professor Bailey, "I'm afraid you don't know human psychology. If these pictures don't attract attention to you—none ever will!"

BETTY stopped crying at once and took another look.

"Well, just the same," she compromised, feelingly. "I think we should sue Mister Numar or something. That

was a very ungentlemanly thing for him to do!"

"I suppose the other papers, when they come out, will be just as bad, if not worse," Professor Bailey said, aside, to Chief Andrews.

"You can count on that," said the Chief. "There's only one explanation for what happened. We were *hypnotized*—the whole gosh-darned bunch of us. And that goes for the photographers, too. We just *thought* we were posing with Numar. He was probably sitting off to one side, just having a big laugh at our expense!"

"That sounds quite likely," said the Professor, greatly pained. "Dear, dear! This is getting more and more complicated."

Professor Bailey," queried the Chief, point-blank. "On the level now, just between us, who is this fellow, Numar, and what are you trying to put over with him?"

"I give you my word," said the Professor. "I don't know any more about him than you do but I *did* see him land in his space ship." He hesitated a moment as a sudden disturbing thought struck him, and then added, "Or at least I *think* I did!"

"That's just the point!" emphasized Chief Andrews. "This nonsense has gone on long enough. It's high time we were getting hold of this Numar and putting the heat on him. I don't enjoy being made a fool of any more than you do!"

Betty had been looking out the window. She now began tapping the pane and gesturing.

"What are you doing?" called the Professor.

"It's the M.G.M. talent scout," explained Betty. "He's arguing with the police officers. He's got his coat off now. Uncle William, if you don't let him in, I'm going out to see him. That's no

way to treat a man of his importance!"

Betty ran to the door and began to tug and push at the davenport.

"Chief," said the Professor. "You have my permission to do your duty!"

"It's a pleasure!" said the Chief. "Now, young lady, you sit down on this davenport with your back to the door and forget Hollywood for five minutes! Your uncle's got enough on his mind without having to worry about you!" He turned Betty around and gave her a compelling push. She sat down and stayed there.

ANGRY shouts now came from outside and it was evident that the crowd, steadily increasing in size, with many newcomers waving newspaper accounts of Numar, was on the verge of getting out of hand.

"Where is Numar?" demanded the Chief. "We'll have to do something and do it quick!"

Professor Bailey rushed to the study and found Numar sitting quietly, eyes fixed on the ceiling, with a trance-like expression in them. The Professor called but got no response. He ran over and reached out his hand to touch this strange house guest but thought better of it.

"Numar!" he shouted. "Wake up! I thought you never slept!"

Numar's eyes moved, the glassiness began to disappear. He straightened up and looked at the Professor.

"I have not been asleep," he said. "I have been in a higher state of consciousness—communicating with my planet, Talamaya. Some important work is awaiting me there when I return from my trip—a hundred years from now."

"Oh, stop it!" said the Professor, greatly perturbed and annoyed. "That kind of talk isn't going to get you anywhere on this earth. There're several

hundred *human* creatures outside and more coming every minute, who want to *communicate* with you right here and now! And they won't take 'no' for an answer!"

"Very well," said Numar, rising. "I'm at your service."

Chief Andrews met them in the hall. "What I could say to you wouldn't look good in print," he flung at Numar. "But we can't go into that now. Your public is calling! They're demanding a personal appearance!" The Chief eyed Numar's figure, suspiciously. "Are you *really* here—or *aren't* you?"

Numar smiled. "I'm very much here."

"Well, you'd better be! And no more shennanigans! Those people out there are expecting to touch you and get cured of everything from falling dandruff to housemaid's knee!"

"I've already explained to Professor Bailey," said Numar, "that I have no healing powers. However, I *do* possess certain magnetic forces."

"I know what you possess," said the Chief. "You possess some new-fangled electrical machine which you've hidden somewhere under those flowing robes. We'd find it soon enough if you'd let us search you. But I'm advising you now to junk that apparatus before you cause any more trouble!"

"I can control these electrical forces, by an effort of will, so no one can feel them," said Numar.

"Then you get busy and *do* it!" ordered the Chief. "Go out there and let some of these fanatics touch you! When they don't get shocked—then maybe they'll go away and leave you alone!"

THERE were sounds of scuffling on the porch and a banging on the door.

"Here they come!" said Betty. "Can I get off the davenport now?"

"Unlock that door, Professor. Give me a hand with this davenport. Yes, Miss Bracken, you can get off. How do you think we can lift this with you on it? . . . Remember, Numar, no funny business! I'll go out first and try to calm 'em. You come after me, and for the love of Pete—*don't turn on the juice!*"

Professor Bailey turned the key in the lock and the door swung inward. One of the police officers who had been guarding it sat down heavily with two men and two women on top of him.

"Hold on, everybody!" called the Chief. "Numar's coming out to see you!"

A cheer went up from the crowd.

"Well, it's about time!" shouted a disgruntled soul.

"But you folks'll have to line up," the Chief directed. "No rushing or stampeding. Clear the porch, everybody! Get back! You'll all get a chance to see him!"

Even with this reassurance, people fought to get some front position or vantage point as the Chief called for Numar. At his appearance, there was a mighty surge forward.

"There he is! Let me touch him first! . . . That's no fair, I've been waiting longer than you have! . . . Stop pushing! . . . Oh, I'm being crushed! . . . Touch me, Mister Numar! . . . Touch *me!* . . . I want to be healed! . . . Let me through to him! I know he'll cure me!" These and many more utterances came from the throats of the frenzied mob.

Numar was caught in the human swirl and carried bodily off the porch despite the herculean efforts of the three police officers and Chief Andrews, who were being badly mauled.

Professor Bailey watched this unbelievable spectacle from his porch, feeling as helpless as an eye-witness of a

tornado. These pent-up feelings and desires of the lame, the halt and the blind had to be satisfied. Each of them feared they would somehow not be given opportunity to make personal contact with this mysterious personage whose curative touch had earlier healed the man in the wheel chair.

Mrs. Bailey watched the scene from her upstairs window and called down, anxiously, to her husband. "William! Don't stand there! Do something! If you don't, there won't be anything left of Mister Numar! Look! They're trying to tear his robe off! Oh! that's awful! They shouldn't treat anybody like that!"

Numar was certainly in the thick of it. He was apparently putting up no defense, permitting himself to be buffeted about. His face, however, had an indescribable expression. One couldn't tell what he must be thinking. After the first mad rush had spent itself, those who had touched him began to compare notes.

"I didn't feel anything, did you?"

"Not a thing. And I've still got my rheumatism!"

"My back isn't any better, either."

"Where's that guy in the wheel chair who said Numar had cured him?"

"I don't believe he did!"

"Hey, you! What kind of a game is this?"

THE frail little man, singer of Numar's praises, who had offered to sell his wheel chair, was now surrounded by angry, disappointed, sick and weary men and women.

"You told us we'd feel an electric shock and be cured! Well, we haven't—and that never happened to you! You've been imagining things!"

"But I *did* feel something!" the frail little man of the wheel chair protested. "You've got to believe me! I *did* feel

it! And it cured me! . . . I couldn't walk and it cured me!"

His statements fell on deaf ears. Disillusionment and bitter disappointment showed darkly in many faces.

"That green man's a faker!" charged a hunchback on crutches. "He's probably paid you to testify for him. He ought to be arrested!"

"Yeah—he's a phony, if I ever saw one! He and Professor Bailey ought to be locked up for perpetrating a fraud!"

Numar had remained standing in the dead center of this human turmoil. His flowing robe was still intact despite the hysterical efforts his former worshippers had made to tear it from him. This, in itself, was unusual but not so much, perhaps, as the fact that he had not yet uttered a word. He faced the wrath of his accusers with a quiet poise and dignity which seemed strangely out of character with their charges.

At this moment an automobile pulled up at the curb and a man and woman jumped out. The woman was carrying a three-year-old daughter in her arms.

"Oh, I hope we're not too late!" she was heard to say.

Her husband took her arm and piloted her through the sullen crowd. They had eyes only for the white-robed figure. As they came into his presence, the anxious mother looked up at him.

"Oh, Mister Numar! We read about you in the paper—that story or how the invalid in the wheel chair touched you and was cured!"

"That's true!" said a voice, nearby. "I'm that man, lady. As God is my judge!"

The woman was oblivious to the murmurs of skepticism and indignation which swept through the group surrounding her.

"Then, Mister Numar," she appealed, "perhaps you would touch my

little girl and make her well again. She hasn't been able to move her right arm or leg since she was taken sick a year ago. My husband and I have taken her everywhere and spent all our money—but it's no use!"

The blue eyes of the little girl were gazing up into Numar's deep black ones. He smiled down at her with a look of great warmth and tenderness.

"You're green!" said the little girl.

Numar put out his hand and stroked her right arm, gently.

"Oh!" exclaimed the child, "That tickles!"

She pulled her arm away.

"John!" cried the mother. "Oh, John—did you see that! She moved her arm! . . . I can't believe it. . . ! She moved her arm!"

The child never took her eyes off Numar's. "Tickle me some more," she said, and laughed.

NUMAR'S green hand passed lightly down, in a stroking motion, over her slender right leg.

"That tickles, too!" said the child. "Oh, my—how it tickles!"

She jerked her leg and kicked it free from Numar's touch.

"You see?" cried the frail little man of the wheel chair, facing his accusers. "You see?"

"You are all right now," said Numar to the little girl. "You will always be all right."

The mother set her daughter's feet upon the ground. Numar knelt on one knee and held out his arms. The child took two tottering steps and threw her arms about his neck.

"I like you," she said.

Numar lifted her up and patted her head and said: "You are going to grow up and be a big girl and make your father and mother very happy." With this, he gave her back to the mother's

arms.

Neither parent could speak but tears of deepest human gratitude shown from their eyes.

A spell had fallen upon all who had witnessed this little miracle but now the spell was broken by a professional appearing man, pushing forward. Numar had just turned away and was walking toward the house when confronted by this gentleman.

"Just a minute, you!" said the man. "I'm from the Medical Society. I just saw your performance. I don't know what kind of treatment you used, but do you have a license to practice medicine?"

Numar's black eyes examined his challenger.

"License?" he repeated.

"Yes," said the man. "You can't treat people for illnesses or physical disability in this state—or any state—unless you're a recognized doctor or practitioner."

"Who says he can't?" said the hunchback on crutches. "I've just seen what he did, too—and if he can heal people by touching them, I say he ought to have a right to do it!"

The man from the Medical Society turned upon Numar's new-found supporter who was now backed by many who had lost faith in him a few minutes before.

"My dear sir! The Medical Society doesn't recognize any such healings as genuine. How do we know this man wasn't just putting on an act? How do we know that little child was actually paralyzed in her right arm and leg? That's the trouble with you invalids. Just because you can't get cured by your doctors, you start running after these quacks. This green man here isn't mysterious to me. I've seen his type before. He's just got a new twist on an old wrinkle, that's all. If any of

you people believe his cock and bull story about coming from another planet, you're crazy!" The man from the medical society paused and gave a curious look at Numar. "Incidentally," he said, "Where *did* you come from?"

Numar did not reply. Instead, he mounted the steps to the porch.

"Hold on, here!" said the man. "I'm not through with you yet!"

He reached out and grabbed Numar by the arm. It was as though he had touched a live wire. He leaped high in the air and let out a yell.

The crowd laughed.

"Serves you right!" taunted a cripple. "You had no *license* to touch him!"

But this humor was totally lost upon the representative of the medical society.

"Arrest this faker!" he demanded of Chief Andrews. "I know how he operates now. He's got an electrical contrivance—and he just tried to kill me!"

"You'll have to swear out a warrant," said the Chief. "But if you'll take my advice, you'll let well enough alone!"

A PERSPIRING gentleman, coat over one arm and tie and collar in hand, dodged past the police and reached Numar on the porch.

"Remember me?" he asked. "My name's Sid Alex. I'm the M.G.M. talent scout. You're terrific, Mister Numar! Absolutely terrific! I've been trying to get to you for the last half hour. You'll go great in pictures!"

"Have you seen the newspapers?" asked Numar, quietly.

The talent scout laughed. "Yeah—that's a good trick! What a publicity stunt! You keep on pulling that and you'll have the whole country ga-ga! Then let us bring out a picture of you so the public can really see you for the first time—and we'll clean up!"

(Continued on page 76)

The CADUCEUS of HERMES

by George Tashman

THE brunette with Commander Rogers looked at him wistfully and said, "Oh, darling, if your sub should be hit—"

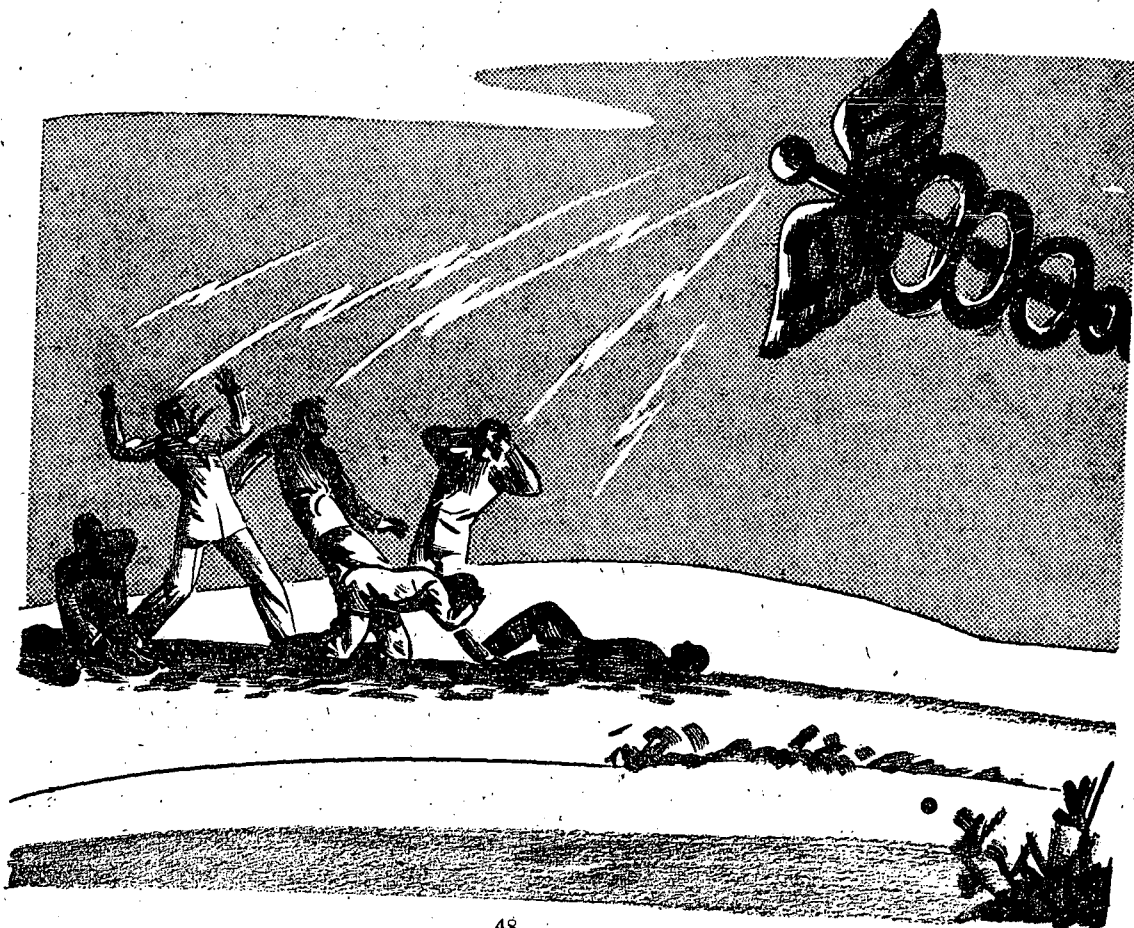
Rogers interrupted with a laugh. "Now, by the Nine Red Gods of Chance, let's not even think of it. That might be pushing my luck a bit too far!"

The blonde with the young lieutenant

sitting across the table said, "Commander, I've noticed that lately you have been swearing by the strangest deities. Is there any reason?"

Rogers did not speak for a moment, then answered. "None in particular, except that I have come to believe in them."

The blonde laughed. "Oh, really now, commander, when did that hap-



***Long ago there was a god named Hermes, who was
a sort of "doctor". Anyway, doctors
today use his staff as a symbol***



Brandon thrust out the caduceus—and the result was spine-chilling

pen?"

"When I was evacuating our agents from Greece. Never thought about them one way or the other before that time. Then—but here, I'll tell you the story just as the fellow told it to me."

* * *

Brandon lifted the old man in his arms and ran for the rude shelter at the base of the precipice. He placed the old man on the bed, went back to the door, and peered anxiously at the sky.

There they were, five of them, flying low enough so that he could make out the German markings on their wings. Brandon followed them with his eyes until they were blotted out by the rocky overhang of the cliff.

The old man groaned and twisted in his sleep. Brandon looked down at the caduceus on his tunic lapel, sighed, and went back to the old man. Gently he took the thin wrist between his thumb and fingers and felt for the pulse. Suddenly he was possessed of a strange feeling, and, looking up, he saw the old man's eyes riveted to his face.

"Well," said Brandon, in his best doctor-to-patient manner, "so you're finally awake."

The old man answered him in English so perfectly enunciated that it seemed almost archaic. "Yes, I am finally awake. But how long have I been this way, and how did I get in this condition?"

"I found you," Brandon began, "when I was fleeing from a Nazi patrol. You had been shot, and you had evidently fallen over the edge of this cliff. The cold and the lack of food had almost done you in, but I found this hut a week ago, and I guess I have a good chance of nursing you back to health."

THE old man looked around for the first time, and said, "How lucky. You have brought me to my home. I trust you have found and used the food and the small supply of fuel I keep here?"

"Yes, I found them," said Brandon, "but I am afraid they are almost gone. However—I suppose we should both consider ourselves lucky to still be alive." He changed the subject abruptly. "Don't you want to know who I am, and what I am doing here?"

"No, my son," said the old man. "You are obviously a British officer—that I can tell from your uniform—and you are just as obviously a doctor. You wear an emblem which is quite sacred and very old. The caduceus, you know, was Hermes' winged staff, and the serpents entwined around the staff were his protectors."

"Of course," laughed Brandon, "it was rather silly of me to think a Greek would not recognize the caduceus."

The Greek went on. "As to what you are doing here—well, that too is rather obvious. You are one of those who were left behind when the British army was forced to evacuate."

"Yes, I was left behind, but it was my own doing. I was caring for wounded civilians, and foolishly went right on caring for them until the German patrols were just a few streets away. Then, when there was nothing more I could do, I fled."

Looking at him thoughtfully, the old man said, "You say foolishly, my son, but I can see that you have great strength of character. You kept an oath made a few years ago—to ancient Gods. An oath that begins—'I swear, by Aesculapius the physician—', the oath of Hippocrates."

"The Hippocratic oath," said Brandon. "Perhaps that did influence my decision somewhat, or perhaps it was

because the ethics of my profession have become so deeply ingrained that I could not forget them."

"Never forget them, my son, and they will never desert you. The Gods take care of their own." The old man moaned and closed his eyes for a few seconds. Again he opened them and looked at Brandon.

"Doctor, I have but a short time to live—no, please don't interrupt me. I know. I too was a doctor at one time—until I broke my oath with the Gods, and they destroyed the skill with which they had once endowed me. However, I do have one gift which is mine to do with as I like, and that gift I am going to give to you. It is the most precious gift a medical man can receive—the caduceus of Hermes."

Brandon could see the shadow of death in the old man's eyes, and he kept silent.

"You may scoff, doctor, but I tell you that this is the actual caduceus which Hermes used in his travels—it has been handed down in our family from father to son for untold generations. Always we have been doctors, but whence came the caduceus first, we cannot tell. Now, if you will reach under the bed and hand me the package you find there, I will show you."

BRANDON reached under the bed, and felt a long object wrapped in burlap. He pulled it out and handed it to the old man, who started unwrapping it with faltering fingers. When the last fold of burlap had been unraveled, he held the object out to Brandon.

It was a caduceus, but it was almost five feet in length. It was made of some metallic substance, but a cursory examination failed to reveal the source of the metal to Brandon. The snakes were amazingly lifelike, and the workmanship on the wings was so realistic

that each feather stood out as do those on the wings of a bird.

"Take it, doctor," pleaded the old man, "take it. I assure you, it is real, it is wonderful. Call it if you will, a gift from the Gods to one who did not break faith."

The old man stiffened, then relaxed suddenly, and for the mere whisper of a second the shadow of death obscured his face. The old man was at peace with the world.

As he covered the shallow grave with rocks, the full enormity of his plight hit Brandon. As far as he knew, he was the only British soldier left on this section of the coast line. He was out of food, and it was impossible to forage in his uniform. On the other hand, if he changed into civilian clothes, he would be shot as a spy if caught.

Shrugging his shoulders with a gesture of finality, Brandon reentered the hut. He sat down on the bed, and picked up the caduceus, again marveling at the exquisite workmanship. Brandon sighed, and spoke aloud. "Now that he's gone, I might as well take a walk. No weapons, so I might as well take Hermes' staff along."

Putting on his battered garrison cap, Brandon moved jauntily down the beach, taking care, however, to stay within the sheltering overhang of the cliff.

The gulls saw him before he saw the gulls. Sooner than he realized it, he was surrounded by thousands of the birds, sitting on the rocky ledges of the cliffs, and along the rocky beach. He stopped in consternation. The gulls would give him away! If any patrol on top of the cliffs saw thousands of gulls suddenly wheeling and screaming, it would immediately suspect that there was something below. But the gulls did not move. They just sat there, looking at him out of their beady

eyes. Quietly Brandon took a step forward. Still the gulls just sat. Again he took a step, and again—and the gulls just watched him. After about three hundred yards, Brandon looked back, and the gulls, all of whom were now behind him, still sat, and still looked at him out of their inscrutable beady eyes.

BRANDON turned and pursued his way down the beach. He could not understand the action of the gulls, but he did not intend to look a gift horse in the mouth. Look a gift horse—! What was it the old man had said? "A gift from the Gods—" But that was absurd. There were no ancient Gods, and even if there were—but there couldn't be—so why even think about it. Brandon was a man of science, and thought scientifically.

The sun had gone over the cliff an hour ago, and dusk was fast gathering. Brandon walked on until the moon came up, then, pillowing his head on the rock, he rested in a crevice at the base of the cliff. The caduceus lay at his side, for he intended to hold on to it for its value as a weapon.

He heard the scrambling as he was waking from a fitful doze. Quickly he sat up, reaching for the staff. It was not there! Ah! there it was, lying not three feet from his side. He must have rolled over a few times as he dozed. But what was that moving next to the staff? A rabbit, in its death throes. It must have fallen off the edge of the cliff. Here was his breakfast—a gift of the Gods! he thought. Then he stood still for a moment. He shrugged his shoulders, and awkwardly, using the sharp edge of the wings of the caduceus as a knife, he went about skinning the rabbit.

It was half raw, as Brandon did not dare build a big fire, but is compared

favorably to anything he had ever tasted at the Carlton. His stomach full, and his mind rested, Brandon once again grasped the staff, and started down the beach. He had gone a half mile, when he heard it! The sharp guttural sounds of German!

It sounded as though there were five or six of them. Brandon turned to the cliff for shelter, and saw that there was no possible hiding place closer than that in which he had spent the night. The Nazis were coming closer. He estimated their distance as not over one hundred yards. The only reason they had not already seen him was because the cliff jutted out just ahead, and masked him.

It was an impossibility to make the crevice, but Brandon decided to try it, rather than be taken without even an attempt to keep his freedom. Gripping the caduceus tightly in his right hand, he took off up the beach. His feet seemed to be going faster, faster, faster, until it seemed to him that they were no longer touching the ground. The cliff was speeding past him, but he managed to slow down in time to keep from overshooting his goal.

BRANDON jumped into the crevice, and flattened himself out against the shadowed wall. Strangely enough, he thought, he was not even winded. No doubt the adrenalin which fear had pumped into his system was the cause of that. Well, where were they? He waited an interminable length of time—and then he thought of the sand over which he had travelled!

When he had come up to the crevice during the night, he had travelled over rock for quite a distance. But when he had left the crevice in the morning, he had travelled over sand. The Nazi patrol could not help but notice his footprints. Now he could hear them

coming. His knuckles showed white where he gripped the caduceus. If they entered the crevice, he was prepared to sell his freedom dearly.

There! He could hear their feet scuffling now—now they were passing so close to his hiding place that he could make out the grim death's heads on their lapels. But they went right on walking and talking, until their sounds faded out in the distance. Brandon waited until he thought he was safe, and then started off down the beach, in the opposite direction from that in which the Nazis had gone.

He looked down at the sand, and there he saw the six sets of footprints which the Nazis had left, but he could not find even one footprint which he had made, going either in the direction in which he was now travelling, or which he might have made when he was running from the patrol! He took a few steps, then turned and looked down. Yes, he was leaving footprints now. But what of before? Brandon looked up at the sky, and a strange chill racked his body. He felt weird, but, still holding the caduceus, he went on.

Rounding the bend which had hidden him from the Nazis, Brandon looked out to sea. What was that? Something bobbing up and down on the waves—so far out that he could hardly make it out.

Brandon climbed the cliff a few feet, so that he would be above the object. Now he could see it more clearly. It was a buoy—a submarine signal—a sub was slated to pick someone up here—probably tonight! The medical officer scrambled down the cliff, and then noticed that he was still holding the staff of Hermes. He tried to place himself on a direct line with the buoy, and then sat down to wait.

The waiting was the worst part of it.

Time crept by, and Brandon tried to amuse himself a closer examination of the staff he was holding. But try as he might, he could find no maker's name on it, no clue to its origin. The sun went down over the cliff, and once again dusk fell.

BRANDON, his eyes glued to the sea, began scanning the horizon. He was sure the sub would surface in the interval between dusk and the rising of the moon. He wondered who the other passenger would be, but that did not stop his search. Now! He seemed certain that a faint silhouette had risen from the sea, not over a mile out. Brandon decided to wait a few more minutes, in case the appointed passenger should arrive. He was sure that the sub would wait at least thirty minutes.

Brandon waited as long as he dared, then stripped off his tunic and shirt, transferring all his papers to his long empty oilskin tobacco pouch. Holding the caduceus, slowly he walked to the water's edge.

"*Achtung! Halt!*" The patrol had returned! Just his luck to be so near to freedom, and yet so far. As the six Nazis rushed him, Brandon began sweeping a wide swath about him with the caduceus. Brandon did not hear the report, but he did see the flame, and he was conscious at the last of a burning sensation in his chest.

The light hurt his eyes, but he forced them open. He was aware of an overpowering throbbing vibration. A voice said, "Coming around all right, old man? You really had a rum go."

Brandon turned to the speaker, and saw that he was attired in a British naval officer's uniform.

"Am I—am I—?" He struggled to speak, but for a minute the words would not come out.

"Yes, you're back with the Empire.

This is a British submarine, heading for Blighty. We were supposed to pick up an espionage agent, but I guess he didn't quite make it. That's when we found you."

"Last I remember," said Brandon, "I had been shot."

"Right. Chest wound. We removed the bullet. No complications. Our rubber boat was just a few hundred feet off shore when we heard the shouts and saw the flash of the shot. Landed and found you there, with your queer looking walking stick at your side. Brought it along, incidentally.

"But we can't quite understand about those Nazis. There must have been six of them, alive and healthy, when we heard those shouts. All dead when we landed. Only marks of violence were two small punctures on their necks, right over the jugular."

Brandon closed his eyes, and lay there, thinking.

THE blonde looked at Commander Rogers, eyes wide, and laughed. "That's one of the most remarkable stories I've ever heard. But you're only pulling my leg, of course. No one in his right mind would believe such a story, now, would he?"

Commander Rogers smiled, and said, "Take it for what it is worth, darling."

The young lieutenant facing the entrance exclaimed sharply, "I say, sir, there's nothing in regulations about walking sticks, is there? Because an officer carrying the largest walking stick I've ever seen just blew in."

The blonde looked in the direction of the entrance, and her mouth dropped open. "It's—it's—"

Commander Rogers turned in his chair for a look, started, said, "Damn!" Then, "Hullo, Brandon! Come on over for a whiskey!"

THE END

UNTAMED, FERTILE ACRES

BY CARTER T. WAINWRIGHT

THE trumpets of the white men blew west all down through the last twenty-five centuries. A blind, somehow mystic urge has impelled the Western Aryans to abandon field and forest for new and trackless wilderness, again and again.

Sometimes the pressure of groups like the Huns or the hordes of the Great Khan have brought this about, but more often than he will desert a possession, the white man will die for it. The desolations of war and the scourges of politics do not destroy man's love for "home" and stability.

The white man's way of life (exclusive of the Aryans of India) has always been wild, and heedless of life and the resources of environment. The vaster the resources surrounding him the more extravagant he becomes. In American history this is particularly true. The fields would scarcely be turned a dozen years before the ancient Aryan urge would start the wagon wheels again toward the setting sun. The entire pioneering phase of

American life might be fittingly termed a vast agrarian search—the search for soil which would not "farm out" in a few years and require endless replenishment. Everywhere the white man has been he has abused the soil. (The overwhelming population of Asia could not even have begun if the Orientals had not carefully returned everything they could to the soil.)

So, as the paltry minerals were extracted too rapidly from the earth and their replacement neglected, so, as the Great Tiller (the earthworm) died, so, as the food of the white man began to make him neurotic, the wagon wheels rolled west through the blue foothills, past the sporadic forest to the virgin land that men so wanted that they died for it, sometimes one death, sometimes more.

Today the white man stands at land's end. Today he must listen to the needs of the blind earth from whence he sprung. It is the white man's burden today to rewrite the song of the soil. It is today or never!—John McCabe Moore.

NEXT MONTH: "THE RETURN OF SATHANAS"

WHO ARE THE IRISH?

By H. C. GOBLE

THE early history of Ireland presents some of the most remarkable and neglected mysteries in the history of our planet . . . and a study of their language and legends brings to light some fascinating overtones of fantasy. This is true, in fact, of the British Isles throughout, but their investigation has been long shoved into the background by the supposedly more productive archaeological study of the near and far east.

A Christian missionary who visited Ireland about 500 A.D., leaves us the following comment.

"Irish legend is more truly accurate Irish history than the myths of other pagan nations. Their minstrels do not so much embellish their accounts of great deeds."

And what do the legends tell us? The present Irish, dominant on the Island for periods guessed at as between 6,000-10,000 years, are the descendants of a boat-load of dark-skinned, black-haired people, with extremely ungaelic names ending in the Latin "o" or "a" though the Roman Empire itself was probably not founded for a thousand years after the latest date given for the landing on "Innisfail" as the legends call Ireland.

These invaders found on the island a far more ancient defending race . . . the blonde light-skinned people called De Daanans, a name structurally suggesting several root languages, but belonging to none of them. These De Daanans were deeply versed in magic, (science?) and through their powers held off the invaders for centuries. But we find in legend the fact that the invaders also had powers of "magic" though whether these were brought with them or learned later from the De Danaans is problematical.

The ancient legends seem to indicate that eventually a truce of some sort was formed, though sporadic fighting continued for a long time. The blonde and the dark pooled their resources and a civilization was built up, which, if legendary chronology is correct, reached a high peak culturally long before the stirrings of western civilization in Rome and Carthage. These were the golden days of "Tara" the capital city of ancient Ireland, to which every Irishman from the old sod looks back longingly through the eyes of racial memory.

And yet, when the Romans made abortive landings during the period of the British campaigns, they found nothing worth studying or even taking in this land that had once been great. Roads were mudholes, such castles and cities as were left were in advanced ruins, and the people were now but squalid savages, fur-clad degenerates living like animals in the bogs, and totally forgetful of a glorious ancient heritage except for the recurrent legend of Tara, and tales of little people that were their friends and helpers, and giants . . . who usually were not so friendly and helpful. A line

of degenerate kings ruled some provinces, and were later to be subsidized by the expanding empire of the Britons across the Irish Channel. Of the ancient Ireland nothing was left . . . it had been blotted out as though it had never been, except for ruined castles and the legends of the bards.

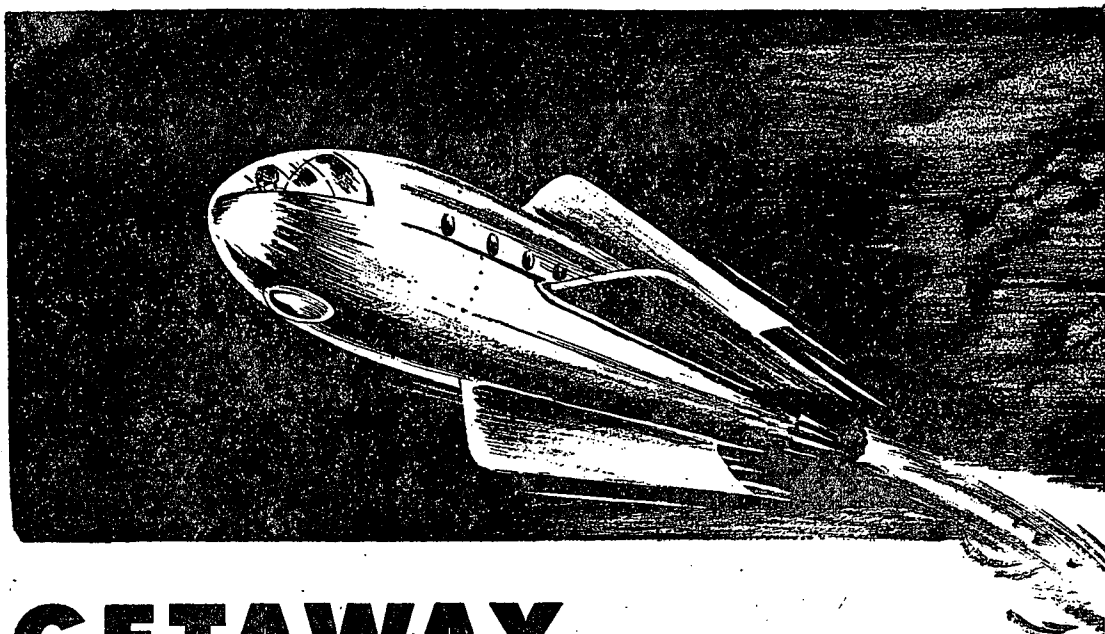
After the Roman's left Britain, the only real contact for the next 1,500 years was the investiture of the Irish King O'Bokane with a grant of land in Scotland in 900 A.D. He fought for some minor British king and for this favor became the first Scotchman of Clan O'Bokane (now Buchanan). Any Scotch Buchanan today can proudly claim Irish ancestry.

AFTER 900 A.D. the island was not again officially visited until the time of Queen Elizabeth in the 1500's. In the period of the Armada, the Spanish set up outposts there. When the British Navigator Drake invested the coast, he found naught but backward savages, lower and dirtier than the Australian bushman, some fighting on the Spanish side, the rest grovelling fear-stricken in the bogs.

Whence came the Irish? What struck their civilization? Whence came that harsh consonantal language so nearly unlinked to every other language in the world that it is a study in itself. Who built the weird marvel of Stonehenge across the channel? From whence comes that psychic sensitiveness that exists in the Irish even today . . . oddly enough more prevalent in the dark-Irish than the red-Irish (whom cynics claim are Scotchmen). Why the recurrent legends, verified by the observation of outsiders even today, of the banshees, the little people, the earth people, the leprechauns, that refuse to settle down to oblivion even in the 20th century.

Whence comes the Doric Scale into Irish music? And why do we find the bagpipes in Scotland and Ireland, when the near east is the only other area in Europe to use them as a national instrument. Only in Greece, Macedonia and the Balkans do we find the bagpipes used . . . and the melodies the Greek shepherd plays bear haunting kinship to ancient Gaelic and Celtic melodies. Why not bagpipes in France, Russia, Germany, and other nations that would logically have come in contact with the pipes had the Celts and Gaels been a European group.

Either the black Irish were an eastern people . . . or else they came to Ireland in the dark dawn before even the eastern people spread out from the Euphrates valley. And before them were the blonde De Danaans . . . who left no trace at all, except in legend, unless it be the remarkable blue eyes of the otherwise dark-pigmented black Irishman. These and many other mysteries of Ireland warrant tremendous further study.



GETAWAY

by Chester S. Geier

**It was either get away, or die at the hands
of the police—but getting away in a space ship
wasn't exactly the way he wanted to escape**

IN THE early afternoon the rain turned to a gray drizzle which filled the barn-like machine shop with a tired-murmuring. Simmons opened the great sliding doors to let in air, and beyond the rain hung like a curtain of dirty cellophane.

Simmons stood for a moment in the machine shop doorway, watching the rain with the look of sly scrutiny with which he looked at everything. He saw without seeming to see.—His narrow bony face was turned toward the cottage some thirty yards away, but he watched the rain out of the corners of lidded eyes. His eyes were the color of greasy brown vest buttons, and held just about as much expression.

Behind Simmons, in the shop, a radio

coughed into sound. It had been on all the time, turned to the police band. This bulletin, Simmons remembered, was the first of the afternoon.

He turned with a movement made sharp by sudden tension and peered into the gloomy interior of the shop. He didn't swing his head around all the way, just enough so that he could see what he wanted to see from the corners of his eyes. A crafty fear shone in his gaze like a furtive light behind a dark window.

The radio was a tiny compact portable that stood on one end of a wide oak desk. Overland was leaning toward the radio with straining eagerness, as though it were about to deliver a message for which he'd been a long time



The ship burst from the open roof with a roar

waiting. His stick-thin body trembled a little, and the white hair which sketchily covered his pink head seemed trying to stand on end.

The voice of the police announcer came crisply into the quiet of the shop. "To all air and land patrols on routes 72, 6, and 45: On the alert for a maroon Nesley coupe, last seen speeding toward route 6. It is believed to have Illinois license plates. Approach carefully. The two men inside have just held up the Warren National Bank in Warren, killing a guard. They are armed and desperate, and will shoot to resist arrest."

The bulletin was repeated. Simmons relaxed, and the breath blew softly through his lips. Just a robbery in town. Nothing in that to worry about.

Simmons' lips tightened into a hard line. The possibility that news of Alfred Overland would turn up on the police radio was remote—but the possibility remained. Simmons decided it was a chance he could no longer continue to take. It wouldn't do to have Overland's son appear before he had everything under control.

Simmons turned his head a little, so that his sidewise glance took in the vast bullet-shaped object which occupied the center of the shop, and all but filled it. The object was a ship. Not a sea-going ship, not an air ship, but a ship that had been built to cross the void between worlds.

IT WAS about fifty feet long and less than half that in diameter. It had a smooth silvery skin freckled in places by slit-like flush-set ports. Thick stubby wings projected from its sides. At the stern a group of wide thick-walled jet tubes bristled like a cluster of cannon barrels. It wasn't slim, sleek, and pretty, the kind of ship shown in pictures where art is more important than

science. It looked mean, tough, and competent, as though it really would do what it had been built for.

A gleam came into Simmons' eyes as he looked at the ship. The hungry gleam of avarice.

To Simmons the ship represented wealth and prestige—and all that stood in his way was a missing kid named Alfred. Overland didn't count. Overland was an obstacle easily got around.

If Alfred Overland were to appear before Overland senior died, he would be given possession of the ship as an inheritance. Simmons knew, being nothing more important than old Overland's assistant, that he could expect only mere crumbs from the feast of the proceeds. Which, he felt, was unfair, considering the fact that he'd spent seven years helping old Overland build the ship. He ignored the fact that he'd served merely as an extra pair of arms and legs, and that it was Overland's engineering genius alone which had made the ship possible.

If, on the other hand, Alfred appeared after his father died, Simmons could claim that the space craft had been built on a partnership basis. Thus it would be Alfred who would get the crumbs. To Simmons would fall a large fortune—and more, the glory of being co-inventor of the first successful space rocket.

The growl of a car motor came through the patter of the rain. Simmons turned back to the doorway, craning his head so that the corners of his eyes could take in the road.

It was the postman. He thrust a number of letters into the rural type mailbox, raised the flag, and got back into his car. It growled into motion and rattled along the road to the north, which would take it out of the valley and toward the next farm almost two miles away.

Overland's reedy voice sounded eagerly. "Was that the postman, Ted?"

"Yes," Simmons answered. "He brought some letters. I'll go out and get them." His tone was one of friendly courtesy. It did not match the stiff hostile set of his face.

"Hurry, then," Overland said. "There might be news of Alfred."

Simmons' lips writhed back from his teeth in a snarl. "Damn the old fool!" he breathed. "Him and his Alfred." He was careful to keep the whisper safely below the murmur of the rain. The blind have sharp ears.

Simmons walked briskly to a spot near the desk, where his raincoat hung from a nail driven into the wall. Still briskly, he donned it, pulled a shapeless discolored brown hat over his lank streaky-gray hair. He was trying to give the impression of a man anxious to please, a good servant conscientious in the performance of his duties. And he knew he was getting it across. Overland's sightless eyes, hideous with puffy pink scar tissue, were turned in his direction with the same trust with which a dog watches its master.

"I'll be right back," Simmons said.

Overland nodded his wispy pate quickly. "Fine, Ted."

Simmons swung out of the shop and down the path that ran along the side of the cottage. He followed this to the mailbox perched precariously on its post at the border of the road. The rain fell like cold tears on his face.

SIMMONS swiveled his head around, darting sharp sidewise glances about him, as though it were important that he miss nothing of his surroundings. There wasn't much to miss. There was just the cottage, dingy and tired-looking, sitting in the rain and hugging its warped gray boards about it like a homeless sick old woman shivering in

a threadbare coat. Directly opposite, and some thirty yards away, was the shop. It had once been a barn. Overland had converted it into a marvelously complete and efficient machine shop. It had cost a lot of money, but Overland—when he'd started building the ship, at least—had had a lot of money. He'd made a small fortune as a designer of stratosphere rockets.

The cottage and the machine shop were enclosed in a shallow valley formed by low hills. The valley had once been a large farm, but under Overland's tenure the soil had been abandoned to weeds, grass, and trees. These had their spring underclothes on, but hadn't got around yet to their summer finery.

There were two letters in the mailbox, both addressed to Simmons. He was anxious to read them, but it would have taken time. According to the game he was playing, these letters weren't for him.

Thrusting the letters beneath his raincoat, Simmons hurried back to the shop. Overland had turned his chair to face the doorway and was leaning forward impatiently. At the sound of Simmons' returning footsteps, he straightened tensely.

"For me, Ted?"

"Yes. Two letters."

"Any from the agencies I hired?"

"Both. One's from Argus Investigations, the other from Parkerton's Confidential Service."

"Hurry, Ted, open them."

Simmons opened the first letter. "This one's from Argus," he told Overland. The letterhead read: "Trans-World Stratolines, Inc." The body:

"Dear Mr. Simmons:

"I was very much interested in the description of the space navigating vessel which you have constructed. Can you call upon me at your earliest con-

venience with plans and details?"

It was signed by the president of the company.

Simmons grinned in satisfaction. This was the third fish that had taken the bait. And so far it added support to the theory which he had held all along—that while a great fuss was being raised over the space rocket research then going on, Overland was the only inventor who had as yet produced a successful model.

Simmons' letters to the head executives of the various stratolines had been cautious and unrevealing, mere feelers. Yet they had drawn immediate interest. They showed that the different stratolines were practically falling over each other in their eagerness to be first to obtain an extra-terrestrial rocket.

SIMMONS' grin became large and wolfish. By clever playing of one firm against the other, he could jack the price of the ship to fabulous heights—become a millionaire dozens of times over.

Overland's piping voice sounded querulously. "What does the letter say, Ted?"

Simmons came back to reality with a scowl. He began a smooth improvisation.

"The Argus agency reports that their operative traced Alfred to Los Angeles. He was registered for a week at a third-rate hotel called The Baldwin Arms. The registration date is from August 15 to August 22, 1956—over a year ago. The trail seems to have ended there."

"Blind alleys!" Overland muttered tiredly. "Always blind alleys."

"There are countless young men who answer Alfred's general description," Simmons pointed out. "And Alfred didn't always use his real name. That makes finding him an almost impossible task."

Overland sighed, then bent almost double in his chair as a fit of coughing convulsed his emaciated body. He straightened again after a moment and waved a thin hand in a kind of weary irritation. He wheezed:

"I know, I know! But if Alfred's alive, he *can* be found. What does Parkerton's report?"

Simmons opened the second letter. It was from a strat-rocket pilot with whom he was acquainted. It was handwritten in an untidy scrawl and full of grammatical mistakes. But Simmons didn't consider this important. What mattered was that the writer was a veteran pilot and willing to take risks.

"Dear Mr. Simmons:

"I got your letter about the new ship okay. Sure, I'll come out there and give it a run for your money any time you say so. I ain't doing nothing right now. Don't worry about me. I tested new tubs before and know what to expect. I ain't afraid of no ship that flies."

Simmons didn't doubt that the ship would fly. During the seven years he'd spent helping Overland build it, he'd become familiar enough with its operating principle and construction to know what it could and couldn't do. But before he went any further with his plans, he had to be absolutely certain about the ship's performance. The inept author of that second letter was not a regular test pilot, but he would pass. The controls of the ship, after all, weren't much different from a stratosphere rocket. The only difference was that the ship had jets powerful enough to take it beyond the stratosphere—beyond the Earth entirely.

Noticing that Overland was becoming impatient, Simmons quickly recited a fake Parkerton report. "The Parkerton agency seems to have a little more information on Alfred. They traced

him to Tucson, Arizona, and from there to nearby Lyttel Rocket Field. On September 14, 1956, he signed on a strat-rocket bound for Australia. He jumped ship in Sydney. Parkerton's beamed the Sydney authorities, but were unable to obtain any further information."

A HAND of coughing took hold of Overland and shook his roughly. He remained bent over in the chair, elbows resting on his knees. His voice was thin and brittle.

"Blind alleys again. It . . . it's maddening." Overland put his hands on his knees and pushed his fragile torso erect. "Ted, you don't think that Argus and Parkerton's are just—fooling me? Just taking my money and giving faked reports?"

"Hardly likely," Simmons replied, through lips suddenly stiff and dry. "They're reputable agencies."

"Then why can't they give me something definite? Why can't they tell me where Alfred is, instead of where he has been?"

"They seem to be trying their best."

"It's not good enough. They've wasted too much time without turning up anything. I can't wait much longer. I haven't much longer to live. Six more months at the most." Overland broke off as another coughing seizure wracked him. "The only thing that keeps me hanging on is Alfred. I want Alfred to pilot the ship. And I want to go up there with him—beyond the Earth. I know the acceleration will kill me, but if I were able to ride the ship, with Alfred at the controls, I'd die content."

Simmons, wisely, said nothing.

"It's been ten years now," Overland went on. "Ten years . . . Alfred was expelled from college because of some trouble he had gotten into. Gambling, I think it was. But he wasn't a

bad boy—adventurous, maybe, but not really bad. I don't know why he never returned home. He probably thought I'd disown him or something equally as foolish." Overland's face was shadowed and sad. He seemed to have become lost in some place of dusty memories. In the silence the falling rain whispered softly.

Overland abruptly straightened in the chair. "Ted, I'm going to make one last try. Argus Investigations can be dispensed with. Parkerton's seems to have done much better, and so I'll keep them on the case. I'm going to dictate a letter to them. I'm going to have them send an investigator to Sydney. But first I'd like to talk to him in person. I have a few ideas that may help. Get your notebook, Ted. I'm going to have Parkerton's send one of their men here immediately."

Simmons walked stiffly to an adjacent desk which had a battered typewriter sitting on it. He pulled open a drawer, took out a shorthand notebook and a pencil, and returned to Overland. He sat down in a nearby chair, moving jerkily in sections, like a jointed figure of wood. He felt cold and trapped. Overland had unwittingly forced his hand. He had never corresponded with Argus Investigations or Parkerton's Confidential Service, and now, whether an investigator arrived or not, Overland would find out.

Overland began to dictate. Simmons scrawled meaningless pothooks in the notebook. It really wasn't necessary to do more than make the ordinary scratching sounds of a pencil moving across paper, for Overland did not know the difference. An accident with a welding torch three years before had blinded him completely.

Simmons' mind was furiously at work. If Overland discovered the deception of long standing which had

been played upon him, Simmons' plans for obtaining possession of the ship would be ruined. Simmons came to the inescapable conclusion that Overland had to die. It would be murder, but it was the only solution.

From the corners of his eyes, Simmons probed the shadows up near the roof of the shop, where a massive block and tackle hung from an overhead runway. He'd thought of murder before, and he'd considered the block and tackle before, too. He knew a method whereby how cleverly to rig the device, balancing it so perfectly, that the merest touch upon the tackle rope would bring the block down with piledriver force upon anyone standing below. It would look just like an accident. None would suspect. Blind men blunder into things. . . .

The sly gleam crept back into Simmons' eyes as his self-confidence was restored. He'd set the trap—soon.

SCHWAB lighted a fresh cigarette with the butt of his last one. He blew a plume of smoke at the windshield of the car, darted a quick glance at Norden, and settled back into his seat. He ran the tips of his thick fingers along the rim of the steering wheel, slowly, caressingly. He tried to keep the expression of sleepy indifference on his heavy whisker-shadowed face, but every so often his eyes wandered to the face of his companion. His eyes were a pale washed-out blue, hard and calculating. Killer's eyes.

Norden was slumped on his spine, knees propped against the dash board. He gazed steadily at the rain. Not once, while Schwab smoked down the cigarette, did he move. There was that about his stillness that suggested a smoldering fire, ready at any instant to burst into flame. His face was something carved from frozen bone, hard,

white, and cold.

The rain hung over the world like a curtain of dirty cellophane. It murmured softly on the roof of the coupe—a maroon Nesley coupe. The car stood beneath a copse of trees, some twenty feet from a narrow dirt road that ran toward and between a line of low hills. The trees were still in bud, but their thickly interlacing branches gave enough protection from searchers above.

Schwab finished the cigarette, lowered the window on his side, and flipped the stub out into the rain. He raised the window again, started to caress the steering wheel again, then instead jerked his short heavy body around to face Norden.

"Look, kid, what's eating on you?"

Norden spoke flatly, without turning his head. "I don't like the way you fogged that guard, Mugger."

"But, the hell, kid, it was him or me!"

"He wasn't using his gun," Norden said, still flatly. "You could have hit him over the head when he tried to grab you, instead of plugging him through the guts."

Schwab shrugged heavily. "What's a guard? They come a dime a dozen. The John Laws got enough to burn us anyway. One more fogging won't make any difference on the hotseat."

"Maybe not." Norden's voice was suddenly tired. "I just don't like killing for the sake of killing."

"Lot of things you don't like all of a sudden," Schwab growled. "You didn't want to come up to this part of the country. You didn't want to pull that job in Warren—when any sap could see it was the easiest touch in a hundred years. And you didn't want to make a getaway in this direction, even if the Johns were watching all the main roads. What's got into you, kid?"

"None of your business, Mugger."

SCHWAB'S thick lips drooped sullenly. He lighted a fresh cigarette and fell to staring at the rain. His resentment didn't last long. Thought of the loot from the bank filling a leather satchel on the seat at his side restored him quickly to good humor.

"The hell, kid, snap out of it! What we got to be down in the mouth about? We got almost two-hundred grand from that bank job. When we get back to the city, we'll live like playboys!"

"Damn the dough!" Norden grunted. "And I'm sick of the city. I'm sick of this kind of life—sticking up fuel stations and grocery stores, and hiding. Always hiding. I'm sick of everything."

Schwab drew thoughtfully on his cigarette. The kid was getting soft, he reflected. That was bad. No telling what a guy would do once he got soft.

Schwab decided that something would have to be done about the kid. He glanced at Norden's brooding profile, then at the satchel between them. His pale eyes narrowed in abrupt cunning. If something were to happen to the kid—if he stopped a couple of slugs, say—there would be nobody to split with. Schwab imagined himself in the city, with all the money his. It made a nice picture. And to Schwab the best part of it was that nobody would ask questions about what happened to the kid. In his part of the world nobody asked questions like that.

A thin buzzing sound broke into Schwab's thoughts. He jerked toward the windshield of the coupe, aware that Norden was moving, too. Together they stared up at the gray sky.

Flying low, a gyro dipped and circled through the rain. Blue-painted—a police gyro. It was coming nearer, bobbing toward them like a cork drawn along by a current of water. The thin buzz of its motor became a low drone.

Schwab watched the gyro, holding his

breath. If the Johns sighted the car—But the gyro did not descend low enough for its occupants to glimpse the coupe through the trunks of the trees whose branches screened it from above. The obscuring effects of the rain might have helped. The gyro banked while still some distance away, bobbed off beyond sight and hearing.

Schwab released his breath, but the tight feeling inside him remained. The Johns knew they were somewhere in the vicinity. They would return.

Schwab glanced uneasily at Norden. "Maybe we better get a move on, kid."

"Not until dark," Norden said. "The Johns won't be back this way for a while."

The rain gradually slackened, finally stopped. The gray sky darkened. A wind sprang up and made the branches rattle and scrape on the roof of the coupe like bony fingers knocking for admittance. Star began to appear one by one as the sky slowly cleared.

NORDEN said, "All right, guess we can make a run for it now. Turn the car around and head back for the highway."

"What's wrong with this road?" Schwab demanded.

"It's slow, and it'll take us out of our way."

"So what, kid? It's safe. They'll have Johns posted on all the highways around here."

Norden was silent a moment. "We'll use this road, then—but no stops, Muggers. Understand? We go straight through."

Schwab said nothing. He started the coupe and ran it to the road. He didn't turn on the lights. Hunching over the wheel, squinting his eyes, he headed for the line of night-shrouded hills.

It was rough going. The road was just so much mud, and in places hub-

deep in water. And in the dark the coupe lurched and swayed like something blind or drunk.

The road climbed as it cut through the hills. On the slopes the water had drained off, and the wind had made the ground comparatively dry. The traveling was easier. Made short-tempered by the enforced slowness of their progress, Schwab seized eagerly at the opportunity offered by the smooth stretch. He gunned the motor of the coupe, and raced it over the crest.

Norden jerked erect in his seat. "Take it easy!" he protested.

Schwab grunted, but did not slacken speed. The coupe plunged downhill into a pocket of black shadows. Only then did Schwab touch the brake. But it was too late. At the bottom of the rise the water had drained into muddy pools, slick as oil. The coupe splashed into one of these, and still traveling fast, slewed around in a great half circle. One of the rear wheels struck a sharp rock with vicious force. There was a loud pop as the tire let go. The wheels still churned, but the coupe remained motionless.

Norden took a deep breath. "That did it," he said tonelessly.

Muttering curses, Schwab bore down on the accelerator and twisted furiously at the wheel. Mud flew boiled beneath the wheels, but the coupe stayed where it was. After a while Schwab gave up, and cut the engine.

"Looks like we walk," he growled defiantly.

Norden said nothing. He sat perfectly still a moment, then climbed slowly from the car. Clutching the satchel of money, Schwab followed.

They stood at the entrance to a broad valley. Night lay heavy over its expanse.

Norden said, "There's a farmhouse down there. They'll have a car. But

get this, Mugger, we're not going to steal that car."

"Not steal it?" Schwab gasped. "But, kid, how are we—"

"We're going to take the car—and we're going to leave enough money to pay for it."

Schwab choked back a protest. The kid had gone soft, all right, he thought. He decided that the sooner Norden met with his "accident" the safer it would be. He gripped tighter at the handle of the satchel and licked his lips.

"Come on," Norden said.

NIGHT had covered the farm buildings with a thick blanket of shadows. There were no lights. The cottage and the barn bulked in the gloom like monsters huddled in sleep. In the silence came the chirping of crickets, mingled with the intermittent croaking of frogs.

Norden whispered, "There's no garage. The car'll be in the barn."

Schwab glanced at the cottage. "I'm hungry," he muttered.

"Forget it," Norden advised. "We're leaving these people strictly alone. Come on," he ordered again. He strode quickly toward the barn.

The sliding doors were not closed. They were open a little in the middle, enough to permit of squeezing through.

Inside the barn it was pitch black. Schwab produced his cigarette lighter and snapped it aflame. He drew in his breath sharply.

"I'll be damned, kid, look!" he whispered hoarsely. "A strato ship, of all things!"

In the feeble light, Norden's eyes were narrowed. "That's no strato ship. I've flown them on bootlegging runs, and I know. Look at those jet tubes. They're too big, and there's too many of them. This is a space rocket."

"But what's it doing here?" Schwab

demanded.

Norden shrugged as though the question irritated him. He turned to the doors and pushed them shut. Then he strode to where a light bulb hung between two desks. He wrapped his handkerchief around it, switched it on. He looked around, frowning.

"No car," Schwab said softly. "Nothing."

"They probably have their stuff delivered," Norden muttered. "And travel to and from town by air taxi." His questing glance fell upon one of the two desks. There was a typewriter on it, and nearby, a sheaf of papers. Norden picked them up. "Instructions on how to fly the ship. . . ."

Schwab asked, "Think you could fly it, kid?"

"Probably—if the controls aren't too different from a strato rocket. But I don't see what good that dough from the bank would do on the Moon." Norden's eyes held a glitter as though a light had been turned on behind them. He looked at the ship, then at the sheaf of instructions in his hand. A smile smoothed the tired lines from his face.

"We got to have a car," Schwab growled. He snapped his fingers. "Say, maybe they got a car, but it's parked outside somewhere. I'm going to take a look."

Norden seemed not to have heard. He had seated himself on the desk and was reading the sheaf of instructions. They seemed to fascinate him.

When Norden reached the last sheet, a muffled report broke the stillness. His eyes jerked from the page, and a startled awareness of his surroundings crept back into them. He put the papers back on the desk and got slowly to his feet. He reached into the V of his jacket and loosened his automatic in its holster. Then he watched the doors, his eyes tired again.

THE sound of approaching footsteps became audible. Schwab squeezed through the doors, his thick lips stretched in a grin. He brandished a large bundle wrapped in a green-checked tablecloth.

"Look, kid, grub!"

Norden did not look at the bundle. He said quietly, "What was that shot, Mugger?"

Schwab's grin faded. His washed-out blue eyes shifted evasively. "Aw, just an old guy. I knocked over a chair, and he come busting in."

"So you killed him."

"It was him or me."

"He had a gun?"

"Yeah, a shotgun," Schwab answered quickly. "I'd of got both barrels if I didn't let him have it first."

"You lie, Mugger. He didn't have a gun. And I told you to keep away from the house."

"But, hell, kid, we didn't have anything to eat since noon. Look here's grub." Holding out the bundle and grinning placatingly, Schwab advanced toward the desk.

"Back!" Norden's voice cut the air like a whip. Muscles bunched whitely in his jaw. "I told you to keep away from the house. I told you I'm sick of your killing. That old guy you fogged might have been my father."

"Hell, kid, I didn't know! Why didn't you tell me that's why you—"

"You know now, Mugger. Now we're quits. You going to go for your gun, or do I have to give it to you this way?"

At the first note of warning in Norden's voice, Schwab had started moving backward, getting himself killing room. Now he judged he had enough. He rested his weight lightly on his feet, crouching a little, all poised, alert, and ready for business. His confidence came from a knowledge of superiority. He knew he was faster on the draw than

Norden.

Schwab laughed softly. "You're making this too easy for me, kid. I was going to give it to you in due time for the bank dough, but if you want it now, I'll give it to you now."

Schwab's hand flashed into the opening of his jacket, moving so fast it was only a blur. His elbow hit a tackle rope which hung from an overhead runway. There was a hiss of sound, a stomach-wrenching thud. Schwab hit the ground like a nail driven by a hammer. He lay very still. There wasn't much left of his head.

Norden, gun in hand, stood swaying on his feet, staring dazedly. There was a nightmarish unreality about Schwab's instantaneous death.

Shock slowly left Norden. He holstered his gun and stood motionless, listening, his head cocked toward the cottage. The night was very still—for a moment. Then came the thin buzzing of an approaching gyro.

Norden stiffened, but still he did not move. Something about the sound puzzled him. He kept listening. After some seconds had passed, he knew what was wrong. More than one gyro was moving through the night. There seemed to be a squad of them, in fact. And there was something purposeful about the sound of their approach—as though they knew just where they were going and what they would find when they got there.

Norden thought of the old man in the cottage whom Schwab had killed. He had probably lived long enough to put in a call to the police. For a moment Norden considered going to the cottage, but reluctantly abandoned the thought. There wasn't enough time.

He roused into activity. He took the sheaf of instructions from the desk, folded them lengthwise, and stuffed them into the inner pocket of his jacket.

From the floor he lifted Schwab's bundle of stolen food. Then he strode quickly to the ship.

THE entrance port was open. Norden swung inside and pulled the port shut, turning the sealing wheel which rendered it airtight. There was a second port just a few feet beyond the first, the space between forming an airlock. Norden sealed shut the second port also, and moved toward the control room. There were lights there. He decided that the closing of the ports had automatically turned them on.

Settling into the pilot chair, he took out the sheaf of instructions. He read the first few pages a second time, then studied the control board before him. Within a few minutes he knew just what to do. He pressed a row of studs, advanced a lever one notch in its calibrated slot, and flicked a switch. The ship began to vibrate to a muted roar from outside.

Norden knew that flame from the jets would ignite the barn. But the fire would serve its purpose by keeping the police at a safe distance when the ship took off.

The jet tubes warmed up. Everything was ready. Norden reached for the lever again, and moved it four notches down its slot.

The ship should have taken off easily, gradually built up acceleration. But there was a flaw in the fuel lines—one of those minor flaws that happens to be in an important place—and the terrific heat didn't help it any. The fuel let go with a tremendous roar. The ship was hurled heavenward at incredible speed. Norden's mind blanked out as a giant hand of pressure grabbed him and squeezed him mercilessly.

Norden awoke to a steel-bound world of utter silence. His head throbbed with pain, and every muscle of his body

ached unbearably. Slowly, sweat beading his forehead at the effort, he forced himself erect in the chair. A glance at the forward viewport showed him that the ship was in space.

Norden moved the lever up and down in its slot, but got no results. Neither was there any response from the various switches and studs. Norden faced the realization that the ship was plunging away from the Earth, entirely out of his control. There was no going back. He had given himself a one-way ride to nowhere.

HE TRIED to feel dismayed, but found he actually didn't care. This was better than jail. He grinned and reached for the bundle of food beside him.

The sound of stumbling footsteps stopped Norden in the act of biting into a slice of cheese. He whirled in the chair, a hand flashing inside his coat.

The door to the control room opened. A man crept in, an old man whose sightless eyes were hideous with puffy pink scar tissue. He swayed on his feet, his thin lined face very pale. Blood from his nose and mouth had dried in long brown stains on his face and clothing.

"Who . . . who is that? Alfred? Alfred—is that you?" His voice was a thin dry husk of sound. He swayed a moment more, then seemed to fold up

on himself.

Norden crossed swiftly to the old man and slid an arm beneath the wispy white head. After a while the blood-caked lips moved.

"Alfred?"

"Yeah," Norden said. "Yeah."

"Son! You . . . came back?"

"Sure . . . Dad. I came back."

"But who told you where—"

"They told me. They told me everything."

The white head nodded a feeble nod of understanding. Peace came into the gaunt lined face.

"I . . . I'm sorry I wasn't at the house when you came, Son. I thought I'd sleep better . . . on the ship."

"Sure, Dad."

"We're in space?"

"All the way out in space, Dad. I wish you could see it. Beautiful, full of stars."

The old man started to say something further, but a spasm of coughing choked off the words. Blood frothed to his lips. He became quiet again. The breath left him in a long sigh of contentment. His dying smile cracked the blood which caked his face.

Norden stood up slowly. He looked musingly down at Overland.

"Must be the guy who built this ship," he muttered. "Mom and Pop probably sold him the farm . . ."

REGENERATION

ONE of the most amazing phenomena in all of nature is that of Regeneration, or the ability to repair physical damage. It would be extremely useful if man could go as far as some animals in this ability, then we could grow back a finger damaged in an accident or an arm lost in a war, but this degree of regeneration seems to be reserved to the lower animals. In fact, the lower on the evolutionary tree we go, the greater the power to "grow back" becomes. Science shows us that this is the result of two separate factors. One, that the cells in man and most higher animals are too specialized as we are much more complex than the lower forms, and regeneration depends upon the ability of the uninjured cells to produce

the kinds of cells destroyed by the injury; and two, man, having a brain and better coordination is better equipped to escape injury. In man, wounds of considerable size heal and broken bones grow together again, but it would certainly be much more of a blessing if we could grow back a whole missing leg as can a salamander. The record for regeneration in the animal kingdom is held by the sponges, as the cells of these primitive animals, even after having been pressed through a very fine silk blotting-cloth, such as is used for sifting flour in flour mills, will creep about until they meet, at which time they will go back together to form the original sponge. This is my idea of a convenience. *Charles Reeves*



A distant, sputtering roar cut off all further speech . . .



M-m-m-m-m-m!

by MILLEN COOKE

***They were advanced creatures;
they lived in a world in Time where
such a thing as a kiss didn't exist***

IT WAS one of THOSE afternoons. The sky was a blue loveliness overhead, the birds were giving out with their sweetest, early summer was literally everywhere, and the world was definitely all right. Nothing at all was the matter with 9146, A.D. (After the Debates). The story of these Debates, of course, had not been included in the Historical Records for semantic reasons. The concrete idea of conflict had long since fled this globe, and something called the Millenium was at hand. Nobody seemed to know quite what was expected of a Millenium, but everybody had at least a hazy idea that it

was some sort of thousand-year-plan, during which everything was going to be definitely all right. Like, for instance, 9146, A.D.

They were just out for a walk, all by themselves. After apparently endless days of congratulatory parties, interspersed with a few more solemn occasions, and crowned at last by the most solemn occasion of all, at which They had been Conditionally Joined, the privilege of just going out for a walk, alone, was nothing short of the pinnacle of bliss. Every bird along the Way was singing especially for them. Every tree cast its shadow exactly where it would

furnish the most delightful relief from the benign sun that did seem to be out-doing itself just a little in an over-zealous effort to please on this memorable Sixth, Fourteen.

As They strolled happily along, They communicated with one another in the wonderful new intimacy They enjoyed.

"Like it?" He asked.

"M-m-m-m." She replied, and the slight overtone of emotion left no doubt about what She meant, although the speech pattern remained singularly abstract.

After a while He tried again.

"Lovely day, isn't it?"

"M-m-m-m-m." She replied, again.

He was beginning to wonder if He had sentenced himself to a lifetime of communication by M-m-m-m-m, when the accident happened.

IT HAPPENED very suddenly. There was absolutely no warning. None whatever. They were strolling along the aquamarine tinted section of plastiway on the east side of the main thoroughfare that ran through the park from end to end, and a split second later they were still strolling—or trying to—but the aquamarine tinted plastiway had disappeared. So had the park, as such. Everything had disappeared, in fact, except trees and birds. The birds still sang, apparently unconscious of the appalling transformation that had taken place all around them.

Instead of the familiar thoroughfare, there was a dirty looking, greyish-black Way that stretched into the distance beyond and behind where They stood. It curved, dipped, and rose again in a very disconcerting fashion, tipping to the left or right as it swerved, apparently in order to accommodate whatever manner of traffic might be tempted to risk its uncertainties.

The park was gone. Instead of neatly kept lawns and colourful flowerbeds in geometrical designs, there spread out on either side of the dingy Way a most dismal and unprepossessing wilderness. The trees were vaguely familiar, being, for the most part, of a species greatly resembling the specimens that flourished in the park. However, they were not trimmed or cared for, and He noticed with disgust that they were fairly crawling with insect life of one kind and another.

But the crowning indignity inflicted upon Them by this strange and abrupt transition, was occasioned by the complete and utter disappearance of the plastiway, the lovely, translucent foot path along which They had been strolling, only a tenth of a moment before. Instead of being supported by a jewel-like surface, scientifically designed to adjust itself imperceptibly to the weight of every footstep and prevent fatigue, their feet moved, with considerable difficulty, through a tangle of barbarous weeds, and squelshed down with every step into some dark and mucky substance, noisome with the implications and exhalations of decay. Furthermore, the whole thing was well below the level of the gloomy Way.

Suppressing expressions of distaste, They clambered up to the gravelled edge of the Way to catch their breath and take in this extraordinary situation in which They found themselves. After a moment or two, the solution became glaringly apparent to Them.

"Time warp." He said, simply.

SHE did not reply. He was grateful for the omission of that incoherent "M-m-m-m," but He did wish She would contribute something in the way of comment. He was decidedly upset and uncomfortable.

"D'you mind?" He queried.

She controlled a slight shudder.

"No." She returned, "Oh, no. Not at all." Then, almost immediately and in a distinctly less assured tone, "There's nothing to worry about . . . is there?" She concluded.

He looked up and down the primitive Way, taking in all its devious curves and nauseating dips and rises. He saw no sign of life upon it.

"No, nothing to worry about." He said. "At least, not yet."

Apparently She did not derive much comfort from that statement. Her shudder was quite perceptible, so He made haste to compensate for his obvious error.

"We walked right through it, didn't we?" He said, cheerfully, in an effort to get her mind off the possible—or impossible—dangers that might confront Them at any moment.

"Can we get back?" She asked. \It was more of a wail than a clear question.

"Of course!" He exclaimed. He really meant "I hope so," and She knew it. Hurriedly, He continued:

"All we have to do is go right back down there where we came from, face in the opposite direction, and calmly walk right back into the park."

"That is," He added a bit doubtfully, "That is, if there hasn't been a variation since we came through."

She thought of the trough-like depression in which They had first been introduced into this bleak world, thought of the sticky, smelly substance that had oozed up between their toes, and She shuddered again.

"Don't shudder!" He said sharply. "I can't think when you shudder that way."

"I can't help i . . ." She began.

A DISTANT, sputtering roar cut off all further speech, and with one

motion They were back in the hateful trough, crouching cautiously among the tall plants, their keen eyes straining to catch the first glimpse of the roaring creature that was coming toward them along the Way. As it drew abreast of their hiding place, She said:

"It's a machine."

"Yes," He replied, "and there's a Being in it."

"And he wasn't one of the Joined." She added, acutely conscious of Him again for the first time since the park had left them. It gave Her a measure of confidence. They stood up and looked after the rapidly disappearing vehicle.

"Let's watch for another." She said.

He protested. "What about going back? If we're going to get home again without being missed, and searched for, and finally traced here and returned by the authorities, we'd better be on our way. We've fooled around here long enough already for a variation to develop that will be broad enough to land us the other side of the Millenium—or maybe the Miocene!"

She wasn't listening. She was looking down the Way in the direction from which the vehicle had come.

"Let's wait for another," She repeated. "Just one more. I didn't get a very clear picture of the Being in it. Wait."

They waited. Ten or eleven minutes later another roar developed in the distance, this time from the other direction. Instead of hiding again They stood boldly on the gravel and waited for the vehicle. They sent their thought out to meet it. In it, They discovered, was another Being, unjoined. The Being saw them, apparently, and They caught a word of speech:

"Hitch-hikin!" Then, a moment later: "Probably could use a lift."

The speech patterns themselves

meant nothing to Them, of course. They went to a really mental level, searching for concepts.

"Oh!" She exclaimed, "The Being wants to allow us to enter the vehicle with him and accompany him to his destination. Let's!"

"What about getting back?" He reminded Her, but realized as He framed the thought that it was no use. They would go with the strange Being in the noisy vehicle. He searched again for a concept in the Being's mind, found what He wanted, and extended the right arm, fingers folded into the palm, out-thrust thumb pointing to the dusty blue sky.

THE vehicle slowed, creating as it did so another noise more horrible and nerve wracking than its ordinary clamor—a kind of screeching and squalling that did nothing to assure Him of the rational basis for this mad adventure.

The Being within the vehicle pushed open a metal door. "Hop in," he said, and They got their first really severe shock—up to that moment.

Whatever else They had thought to find in this antique country, They had not expected audible speech! It took a moment for all the implications to collect themselves and fall into the proper mental categories. Diplomatically, They used that moment to crawl into the reeking interior of the vehicle. It turned out to be much smaller inside than it had appeared to be, and there were noticeable traces of carbon-monoxide and other unpleasant compounds in the foetid air that filled the tiny up-holstered cabin.

"Nice day," offered the Being.

She was busy analyzing the atmosphere of the cabin to determine whether or not it would actually support Their life without doing them some

serious harm, so it was He who searched again through the Being's fuzzy and disorganised concepts, and replied: "Yes, so it is, even though the atmosphere is considerably thickened by a mixture of dust and unsimplified gases, and has an astonishingly high pollen count for this time of year."

He thought He had done very well, indeed, so He wondered a little at the Being's response. They were not at all what a civilized person had a right to expect after a pleasant statement about the weather. After all, He had taken the annoying trouble to employ vocal speech, very carefully and precisely patterned after the Being's own. He had even pitched it in the same key and reproduced the identical inflections. Why, then, did the silly Being glance at him so quickly, and give way to a fear impulse to such an extent that the vehicle went out of control for a moment?

She was very quick. She seized the steering wheel and with a deft twist brought the vehicle out of its erratic zig-zag and set it again upon a straight and even course down the right hand side of the Way.

"Thanks," commented the Being, very drily.

Nobody uttered any more audible words for quite a while. Finally the Being said:

"Say, do you feel all right?"

"Sure," He said, again using the Being's kind of speech. "Why do you ask?"

"I was just wonderin'," said the Being, and settled down to the task of making the vehicle travel more rapidly along the perilous way—as rapidly, in fact, as it was capable of travelling.

AFTER a while She aroused Him from his gloomy speculations upon the possibilities of prolonging their life

under the existing conditions, with:

"Do you know what I've been doing?" She asked.

"Certainly," He replied, "I am fully aware that you have been combing through that poor Being's concepts and speech-patterns without shame or reserve. He is undoubtedly a savage, but have you no respect for his privacy?"

"Oh, he doesn't mind," She said. "He doesn't even know I'm doing it."

"Well, nosey, what have you found out?"

Very quickly She gave Him the result of her observations. The Being, to himself, was a "man." The vehicle in which they were being hurled along was variously labelled, with a confusion characteristic of this man, "car," "Ford," and more weakly, "automobile," although this last was a term the young man scarcely connected with this particular vehicle. It was reserved in his mind for other objective images, similar, yet subtly different and variously evaluated. The Way along which they were travelling was either "road," or "highway."

"And do you know what year we've hit?" She chuckled.

"I'm not sure I care," He returned, more than displeased with her levity in the face of a situation which, He was convinced, was growing graver by the moment.

"Silly," She said. "Just for that I won't tell you." "Do you know," She went on, "he isn't joined—his word is 'married'—and there is something odd about his concept of it. Please look and see what you can make of it."

"Better be quiet," He cautioned. "The man will hear you."

"No, he won't," She said. "He doesn't even believe in speech, let alone in hearing it. The only concept he's got connected with the word 'speech' is associated with vocal sounds. Real hearing

he calls a 'hunch,' and the certainty value of that word is practically nil. He won't hear. Go ahead and look."

He looked. It was pretty puzzling. The word "married" was connected with any number of odd ideas and phrases. Discomfort, ringing bells, an amorphous mass of white fabric, a certain pattern of queerly arranged but musical sounds, strange food, two people—and certain other ideas. . . . Hastily He withdrew his mind, confusion and consternation welling up and gratefully obliterating an unwelcome mental activity.

"Did you see it?" She inquired, knowing perfectly well that He had.

"But he looks so HUMAN!" He said, aghast.

"M-m-m-m-m," She replied.

"Why, he's nothing but a . . . an animal!" He spluttered.

"He is not!" Her thought was like an explosion. "He's nice."

"He doesn't use even half his brain!" He expostulated.

"And you, with four degrees in History!" She cried derisively. "As you very well know, eight thousand years ago—I mean, NOW—there was no known use for the other half of the brain. They simply left it empty!"

SUDDENLY in a lightning flash of calculation the whole horrible idea She had put together swept over Him. But it couldn't happen! She couldn't be allowed to go through with it. He must do something to prevent this terrible, maniacal impulse from becoming action. It was hideous to consider—but what could He do? As yet He had so little experience in dealing with this oddly illusive, fellow mind. . . . He felt helpless, stunned. The words of the Officials at the ceremony of joining chanted themselves over and over again in the midst of tempestuous emotion:

"What hath been joined together. . . .
What had been joined together. . . ."

"Let no man put asunder," She finished for Him. "But *he* isn't putting anything asunder. I am."

"But you can't leave me!" It was His turn to wail.

"I'm not leaving," She corrected Him firmly. "I want this body we're in. After all, it was mine before you came along!"

Automatically, and almost unconsciously, She rehearsed the young man's opinion of that body, even dredging up the disgusting word-pattern the young man had applied to it—"Some chick!"

Indeed! That was too much. Only the greatest possible self-control prevented Him from bursting into audible language and terrifying the man again. Before He could formulate any speech, however, She continued, her words running into one another almost as fuzzily as the man's did:

"You can get back perfectly easily, if you don't bother to take the body along. Why, you won't even have to go back to that sticky place—the 'ditch' the man calls it. You can simply un-join yourself and go home. Once you get back, you can report to the Officials. I'm sure they can arrange another joining for you if you'd like that. You see," She sighed, whether wistfully or dreamily He could not tell, "I don't really think I'd fit into society there . . . not any more. Remember, the Officials warned us that I had atavistic tendencies, and made the joining Conditional on that account. Now I know what they meant."

She sighed again, and this time there was no question about it. It was dreamy.

He did some fast thinking. It was, He saw very clearly, quite true that now, with this latent atavism thoroughly aroused. She would hardly be fitted

for the advanced kind of life They had been destined to lead in that remote world of parks and plastics from which They had been thrust so unexpectedly. The had been joined, after all, less than half a day. If He let her go, as she wished, and hurried back, He could still return to his old body. Since Theirs had been a tentative, or conditional joining, that body would be preserved for the traditional three day period, completely insured against the slightest deterioration. Why, it would be as good as new, and by Sky! He had taken about all he could stomach of this wild ancient world. The thought of living on, in a better world, permanently attached to an atavistic mind that would force him to remember the whole hideous incident, that would sigh and dream about it, and say 'M-m-m-m', was more than He could bear.

"All right!" He said, with great determination and much relief, "I'll go."

"You're really a dear," She said, "I knew you would."

"He'll be afraid of you, though," He said. "That man is afraid of us now. He'll never get over it."

SHE laughed, almost audibly. The atavism was gaining ground rapidly as He began to loose the connections that bound his identity to the brain and body they shared together.

"Don't worry about that," She said. "He's forgotten already I've presented him with a whole series of memories to account for me. Now he thinks he met me at a dance. It may interest you to know that in his mind, at this moment, he and I are doing something he calls 'eloping'. Right now he is planning how to get me some proper clothing. You see, I found an idea in his mind—'masquerade'—that seemed to explain everything.

Utterly horrified, He said: "It's a

pleasure to go back without you. In fact, I owe it to society to do so!" He concentrated his mental forces, and with a terrific wrench, His identity hurled itself across a segment of the time-sphere at a speed that made the racing Ford rush backward, for Him, into eight thousand years of dimly remembered and incorrectly recorded History.

She felt a sudden, sharp pain behind her eyes, and buried her face in her hands. All at once she was crying. The young man turned his head, tenderly

solicitous. The brakes squalled, and the Ford lurched to a stop in a wide spot on the gravelled shoulder.

"Don't cry, Baby," he urged, "What's the matter, Baby?"

She lifted her delicately oval face that was framed like a cherub's in soft, short golden curls, and said—in audible speech, in the young man's language, but pitched a full octave higher than his voice:

"Kiss me!"

The young man was more than willing to comply.

★ PHOTOGRAPHY ★ IN MEDICINE

MANY doctors have taken up photography of medical cases for their own convenience and to eliminate expensive professional assistance. Without adequate training they are unable to produce first class work, but they eventually acquire sufficient experience to do some good work.

Rollfilm cameras have been used with good results in the photography of patients, but for specimens, copying, etc. a small plate or filmpack camera is advisable, because it is necessary to use some emulsions which are available only in cut films.

A generation ago medical illustration was confined almost entirely to drawings. The photographs of thirty years ago are poor in detail, and fine detail is the essence of a medical photograph.

Medical illustration today has changed. Photographs are pushing out the drawings. A photographer can photograph things only as they are, while an artist may put in or leave out anything at will.

More and more hospitals and institutions are realizing the necessity and importance of photography today. It is a necessary part in teaching students and addressing the profession, and many medical institutions consider that photography is indispensable to them.

There is no system of registration, licensing or other method of qualification at the present time. A man has no way to prove his ability except by producing his work. If one does not have photographic aptitude, perseverance, patience, steady nerves, and the ability to observe human suffering impersonally without feeling ill, he should not undertake a position of this kind.

A medical photographer must have a strong stomach. He must have excellent studio and dark-room technique. This field is not limited to men, women have become excellent workers.

Medical photography covers many subjects. In clinical work, patients are photographed to show various lesions, diseases, etc. during and after treatment. While the sequence must often be made under the same conditions, viewpoint, scale, exposure, and lighting, the interim between exposures may be weeks or even months. Most patients are sent to the studio, but it is sometimes impossible to move them and they have to be photographed in bed.

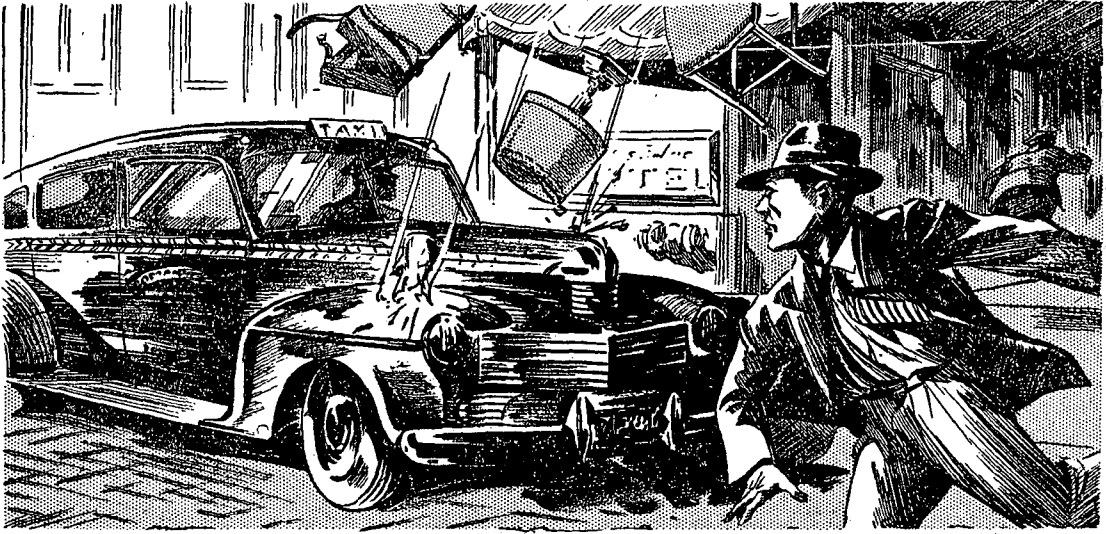
The hospital patient should never be photographed without his or her written consent, and the written request of the doctor in charge.

Photographic records are a valuable addition to case histories. One picture is worth a thousand words and in reviewing a case, a set of illustrations is vitally important.

Pictures in the operating room are taken only on signal from the surgeon. Endoscopic photography is being practiced but not to a great extent. Briefly, it means taking photographs of various body cavities. The stomach or abdominal cavity may be entered through a small incision, and by means of a long tube, carrying illumination, and attached to the camera, a small area may be photographed.

This article may give an insight into a branch of photography that is still of little knowledge to most of us. It is a field that is broadening and becoming increasingly important, and will eventually mean a great deal more to medicine than it does at the present time. When considering the work that is being done in medicine, the research and teachings, and new discoveries that will be made, may help us to understand just how valuable medical photographers are to science. They are playing such an important part that as we begin the second hundred years of its application, we may expect far greater things of photography.

Pete Bogg



Everything movable in the hotel room was being showered out of the window into the street

The GREEN MAN

(Continued from page 47)

Numar shook his head. "The public will never see my picture," he said. "I appreciate your interest—but I do not photograph!"

The crowd had pressed around the porch and those within ear-shot gasped their amazement. The talent scout looked at Numar, uncertainly.

"Listen, brother!" he said, in a low tone. "That's a great line to hand out to your public. But you're not kidding me. Don't keep playing so hard to get. We'll pay your price!"

Betty suddenly stuck her head out the upstairs window.

"Yoo-hoo!" she called. "Here I am, Mister M.G.M.! Did you want to see me?"

The talent scout glanced up at her and Numar stepped quickly into the house. The door was shut and locked behind him.

"Hey, Mister Numar!" he called. "Don't do that to me!" Then, looking up at Betty, "Yes, young lady, I *do* want to see you. I've got a real business proposition to make. You get Mister Numar to sign with me—and I'll put you in pictures!"

"Oh, that's wonderful!" cried Betty. "You leave it to me!"

"Can I come in and talk to you?" asked Mr. Alex.

"Well, not right now," said Betty. "You just wait around outside and I'll let you know, soon as I get things arranged!"

"For anything as big as this, I'll wait all night!" he waved. "You go to it!"

CHIEF ANDREWS was compelled to give the home of Professor Bailey continued police protection. The services of two officers were required, one guarding the front of the house and the other, the back. Long after Numar had made his appearance and then retreated behind locked doors, a constantly changing crowd of people came and went outside. With nightfall this crowd still persisted as later editions of the Los Angeles papers carried further stories and photographs.

Controversy waxed hot and hotter. Was Numar, the mysterious green man, actually a traveler from another planet or was he a colossal mountebank—perhaps one of the most ingenious of all times? There were as many different opinions as there were people who had seen or had any contact with Numar. These now numbered some hundreds, and increasing numbers of curious men and women were seeking a chance to see Numar and judge for themselves.

Most baffling of all was the inability of photographers to capture Numar's likeness on a film. They had peppered away at him from all angles but when they brought their negatives from the dark room, only a blank space remained where Numar should have been. This violated all the known laws of physics. What the human eye could see, the camera should have been able to photograph.

A series of pictures had been taken of the young couple who had brought their three-year-old daughter with the hope he could cure her. When Numar had reached out his hand to touch the arm and leg of this child, these scenes had been shot. The pictures revealed the little girl reacting to something and actually moving her right arm and leg but Numar was conspicuous by his absence. Even more sensational were pictures snapped when the over-joyed mother had set the feet of her little girl upon the ground and the child had held out her arms and taken several faltering steps toward Numar. He wasn't there at all, although the expression on her face indicated she was seeing someone!

But the picture which aroused the most excited comment was one made of Numar as he had lifted the child in his arms and was handing the little girl over to her mother. In this picture, the three-year-old daughter was in mid-air with no seeming means of support! This looked so much like trick photography that the cameramen on the different papers had gotten together and signed affidavits, testifying that these published pictures had been reproduced exactly as they had been taken.

"We have no explanation for this phenomenon," said the editors. "We believe it to be a feat of magic, but if so, none of the country's leading magicians know how it is being done. Of course, the possibility of hypnotism should not be ruled out. Even so, it is a type of mass mesmerism more extensive and amazing than any heretofore

demonstrated.

"It is a known fact that the fakirs of India who perform the disappearing rope trick, employ hypnotic methods to make their audiences see what they do not see. This has been proved by people who have snapped pictures of the rope being tossed in air and the Hindu boy climbing this rope, finally vanishing in space. When such pictures have been developed, they have shown the fakir to be seated cross-legged upon the ground, with no rope or native boy in sight. The 'scene' has taken place only in the observer's mind.

"In this case, however, the cameras caught the little girl in mid-air, indicating that she had actually been lifted up by Numar who managed to keep himself invisible! What technique Numar uses has not yet been discovered."

PAPERS carried the statements of several prominent physicians with respect to the two persons Numar had apparently cured by a "laying on of the hands." These doctors made it clear, if Numar possessed some electrical apparatus, as was surmised, that the sudden surprise and shock occasioned by contact might have proved effective. This did not necessarily mean that Numar had any supernatural powers or that he was not a native resident of this planet.

Dr. Cochrane of the Medical Society, referred to Numar as, "a shameless charlatan who is trading upon the sentiment and gullibility of desperate and earnest health seekers." He went on to declare, "It is to be lamented that so distinguished and respected a scientist as Professor, Bailey should have been taken in."

Both United and Associated Press news services put the incredible story of Numar on the wire to newspapers throughout the country. It created an instantaneous nation-wide sensation. Dispatches were cabled and sent by wireless abroad. World wide interest was immediately so great that editors clamored, in every tongue, for more information about this mysterious green man.

Here, at last, was apparently a real "man from Mars" story. The fiction of Buck Rogers and his space ship had become fact. What the comic strips had predicted had come true. What reasonable doubt remained as to Numar's actually being a man from another planet only served to

heighten the mystery and the interest. The two greatest news stories of modern times had been Lindbergh's flight to Paris and birth of the Dionne quintuplets. But Numar's alleged arrival on earth from a planet a trillion miles away was the new Pulitzer prize winner. No story of crime or passion, war, world peace or taxation could compete.

"Tell us more!" was the cry which went up on all sides. "If he can't be photographed, what's he look like? Is the body of the green man different from ours? Does he really live on air and water? How does he generate his power? Can't somebody find his space ship? What does Numar think of us? Tell us every move he makes. When is he going to speak in Chicago. We want to know!"

BIG HANK MORRISON, publicity director of the University of Chicago, was sick at heart. His institution had yielded to the hues and cries of its alumni and restored the venerable game of football to the school's sport curriculum. For some years brawn had been discarded for intellect but now, brawn had been invited to participate, once more, in the cultural life of Chicago University. After all, the revenue from such games as football and basketball had paid many professors' salaries in numerous colleges and why shouldn't the University of Chicago enjoy the fruits of such physical labors? Perhaps it had been wrong to place undue emphasis upon brain over brawn. The great athletes of the country usually became leading insurance, stock and automobile salesmen, if not movie stars or radio sports announcers. Could any mere intellectual hope for such post-graduate success? This was the false reasoning which had brought football back to the campus of Chicago University.

Why, then, should Big Hank Morrison be sick? He was seated in his office, leaning his double chin on one pudgy hand and staring glumly at the season's football schedule, now half played. Standing beside him was Robert M. Hutchins, university president.

"It's murder!", moaned Hank. "We should have stuck to tiddly-winks. Our boys need more seasoning. This is too much to expect. They haven't scored even one touchdown against all opposition. And next Saturday, we take on Notre Dame! . . . There won't be anyone at Soldier Field

but the ushers! How can I ballyhoo a slaughter like this?"

"I know," said the president. "It's to be expected. No matter how good our team might become. We shouldn't have let those alumni line up such a schedule!"

"Well, we're in it now and we're losing our shirt," said Hank, shifting his double chin to the palm of his other hand. "There's no sense in playing the game. The score's bound to be about 30 to 0—and our gate will be lower than zero!"

"The gate is what worries me," said the president. "The cost of maintaining a losing team is appalling. And booking this game with Notre Dame at Soldier Field was frightfully bad judgment."

BIG HANK MORRISON got to his feet, which was, in itself, a major operation. He exerted himself still further by walking to the window overlooking the campus. There he leaned his three hundred pounds on the window sill.

"I wish I could think of some way to pack that field with spectators," he said. "Our team can't perform miracles even with Notre Dame as an opponent . . . but if we could get some extra added attraction . . . Wait a minute!" Big Hank rumbled back to his desk and picked up the evening paper. "I've got it!" he cried, and pointed to the streamer headlines.

MAN FROM ANOTHER PLANET TO SPEAK TO EARTH PEOPLE FROM CHICAGO!

"This'll do it!" he cried. "Every Notre Dame game is broadcast from coast to coast—and this green man says he's coming to Chicago to deliver a world message!"

"I don't seem to get the connection," said the president.

"Connection!" Big Hank hit the desk with his fist. "The connection is perfect! What better opportunity can he get than appearing before a crowd of a hundred thousand people and saying what he has to say on the radio *between halves*!"

A little bell began ringing in the president's mind.

"I see," he said. "But what makes you think a man with the background Numar's supposed to have would even consider such . . .?"

"Where can he ever get a bigger listening audience?" retorted Big Hank, reaching for the phone. "Someone in every family listens to football. I'm sure the

sponsors of Green's Vitamin-plus Spinach won't object. I'm going to try to get this Numar on the phone and make him a proposition."

"But if he should turn out a fake?" asked the president.

"After the stir he's already caused," said Big Hank, "he'll still be the biggest draw in the country. Everybody will want to hear and see him. We'll fill Soldier Field to over-flowing!"

The president of Chicago University sat down and looked speculatively into space.

"Yes," he said, half talking to himself, "I believe you're right. We could recoup our season's financial losses in one afternoon. Besides, such a feature would be consistent with our progressive attitude in education. It's entirely appropriate that we should welcome a being like this from another planet. I might even introduce him to the radio audience myself!"

"Now, you're cooking with modern utensils!" said Big Hank. Then, into the phone, "Long distance, get me the home of Professor W. R. Bailey in LaCanada, California." Turning back to the president; "It'll be a round-the-world hook-up. This game is being broadcast to all the boys in the service. I tell you, Bob Hutchins, if I can put this over, I've had the brain storm of the century!"

IN NEW YORK CITY, Clifton Fadiman put aside his set of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

"I can't find any record," he said, "of any being from another planet ever having landed on this earth. If this Numar is really the first, he should be written up for our new edition. . . . Why, what's the matter with me? He should be our next guest on the 'Information, Please' program!"

Mr. Fadiman crumpled a list of possible guest stars which included the names of Wendell Willkie, Clare Booth Luce, Dorothy Thompson, Eleanor Roosevelt, John L. Lewis, and Thomas E. Dewey. He filed this list for future reference.

"This Numar's the talk of the country," he said. "He's put all our local celebrities in the shade for the time being. He should be terrific on 'Information, Please.' What a set of questions we can ask him!"

Mr. Fadiman reached for the phone.

"Sorry," the operator finally reported. "Professor Bailey's line is temporarily dis-

connected."

Undaunted, the country's leading exponent of literature, culture and intellectualism wrote out a telegram. It read as follows:

Numar,

Visitor from the Planet Talamaya,
care of Prof. W. R. Bailey,
LaCanada, California

Will you and Astronomer Bailey appear as guests on our "Information, Please" program this week in New York? We will furnish plane transportation. Your answers to our questions can enlighten the world. We will pay you each five hundred dollars and a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica. For your information, we have one of the highest Crosley ratings on earth and can promise you a big listening audience. Please wire acceptance to Clifton Fadiman, Box "57 Varieties," New York City.

IN WASHINGTON, D. C., Alfred B.

Hoolihan, famous isolationist Senator, was in need of something to restore him to public favor and the national limelight. Since extolling the virtues of "America First," he had been consigned to political oblivion with entry of the United States in the world war and participation in international affairs. But reading the account of Numar's arrival on earth gave Senator Hoolihan a tremendous inspiration.

"I may have been blind to the global trend but I can see now," he said, "that the next step forward in civilization is going beyond the mere international! It's going to be *inter-planetary*? . . . There's a day fast approaching when our 'good neighbor policy' will be extended to neighboring planets . . . and my being the first to advance this idea in Congress will establish me, once more, as a man of vision and foresight!"

The Senator pondered deeply for a moment.

"I know what I'll do! I'll go before the Senate and propose that this visitor from the planet Talamaya be invited to address Congress in a joint meeting of the two houses. This green man should also be taken to the White House to meet the President. And of course, I'll go along as his personal escort. This will give me an excellent opportunity to mend my political fences. How can I be accused any longer of isolationism when my policy now takes in the *entire universe*?"

BACK in LaCanada, California, overburdened telephone and telegraph operators wished wearily and fervently that this visitor from another planet had picked some other place to land. Phone calls and telegrams, even radiograms from abroad, were coming in at a rate beyond their capacity to receive. Old Uncle Joe, seventy-year-old Western Union boy, had gone to bed with hot water bags on his legs to soothe the aching muscles occasioned by thirty-seven trips to and from Professor Bailey's home, carrying stacks of wires each time. In fact, the current supply of telegraph blanks had been used and messages now were being written out on yellow copy paper. Jim Taber, retired telegraph operator, had been called back on duty to help decipher the rush of messages, variously addressed to: "Numar," "Man From Other World," "Unearthly Visitor," "Green Man," "The Power Invisible," "Super Man," "Space Traveler" and the like.

Communications were from many known as well as unknown humans from every walk of life. These hundreds of telegrams and recorded phone calls were piled high on the Baileys' dining room table and overflowed upon the floor. They were being opened and sorted by Betty who was now putting her former stenographic training to good use.

"You see, Uncle," she said, "If you'll just let me, I can really be quite helpful. Mister Numar needs a secretary the worst way . . . someone he can trust—like me. He's getting some perfectly wonderful offers—but I don't want him to accept any until he talks to M.G.M. . . . And, speaking of M.G.M., the talent scout is outside right now. He's gone off and had dinner and come back again. Won't you let me bring him . . .?"

"No!" said the Professor. "Mister Numar has stated emphatically that he will have nothing to do with pictures! . . . What messages are those you have in your hand?"

"Oh," said Betty, referring to a packet of several dozen wires. "These are the pick of the lot—what seemed to me most important. If Mister Numar wants to—he can certainly make a lot of money while he's here . . ."

"What good would our money do him on his planet?" asked the Professor.

"That's right. I hadn't thought of that," said Betty. "Well, maybe he'd like the

publicity, anyway. He must want *something*! Everybody does!"

MRS. Bailey had resigned herself to a life of continuous pandemonium. She felt almost as though she were barricaded against the world which was apt to break in upon her any moment. But perhaps tonight would bring an end to all this nonsense and the exposure of Numar. Three of her husband's most respected and most distinguished scientific friends were coming over to interview this self-announced earth visitor. Surely such prominent authorities as Dr. Edward Kruger, biologist; Jeffrey Larabee, electrical engineer, and Professor Horace Weldon, astronomer and physicist, would not have any wool pulled over their eyes. Their reputations meant too much to them. They should be able to see through the clever practices of this artificial green man and save her husband from any further embarrassment.

"William," said Mrs. Bailey. "The first sensible thing you've done is to let these authorities see Numar. Once they've passed judgment on him, you won't have to sponsor him like you've been doing. I think Mister Numar will be glad to perform another magical trick and put on a disappearing act!"

"Nellie," said the Professor, "you just don't believe in anything, do you, unless it's as plain as the nose on your face?"

"You leave my nose out of this!" said Mrs. Bailey. "You've been looking at the stars for so long that you need somebody to help keep your feet on the ground. I'm doing the best I can!"

NUMAR, himself, seemed glad to give an audience to Professor Bailey's fellow scientists. He greeted them graciously as they were escorted inside the house by the police officer on duty.

Dr. Kruger, the biologist, was a man of perhaps sixty, reserved and coldly calculating. Mr. Larabee, the electrical engineer, had reached the three-score-and-ten mark and retained an energetic, penetrating interest in his work. Professor Weldon, the physicist, had gained fame in astronomy as an avocation. He belonged to the school which believed there was only one substance in the universe, expressed through an infinite variety of forms. He was the youngest of the three

men at fifty-five, and towered over them physically with his six feet, six inches.

The three scientists made an interesting appearing group as Professor Bailey closed off the living room so that they could be alone with Numar. The first few moments were extremely awkward as each caller tried to avoid staring at the Professor's house guest.

Numar seemed to sense this self-consciousness for he said, pleasantly, "I am accustomed to this kind of interview, gentlemen. It may help you to know that I am as interested in studying you as you may be in studying me."

Dr. Kruger laughed. "Yes, of course! It ought to work both ways."

"You'll have to pardon us, Mister Numar," said Mr. Larabee. "Talking to a man from another planet requires a little mental adjustment. I have a great many questions I'd like to ask you but I want to be sure they're intelligent."

Professor Weldon eyed Numar, critically. "I suppose you're prepared for us to query you pretty frankly," he said.

"I am," replied Numar, "and I will answer everything I permissibly can."

"What do you mean 'permissibly'?" demanded Dr. Kruger.

"I mean," said Numar, quietly, "That there is certain knowledge you human creatures are not supposed to have on this earth until you have reached a greater evolution. I am forbidden to give you any such knowledge should you chance to ask me."

The three scientists exchanged consulting glances.

"Will you let us examine you physically?" asked Dr. Kruger.

Numar smiled and shook his head. "Sorry. I must refuse."

"Then you place us at a disadvantage at the very outset," said Dr. Kruger, bluntly. "We are naturally curious and anxious to learn all we can about you."

"That's true," said Mr. Larabee. "We understand you have strange electrical powers. As an engineer, that particularly interests me."

"The green pigment of your skin," said Professor Weldon. "That's most extraordinary. I hope you realize, Mister Numar, that much depends upon the report we make about you to the public. If you really have a message to deliver to the world, our endorsement can mean a great deal."

Numar nodded. "I appreciate that. I can explain this much. This apparel that I seem to be wearing is a part of my being while I am on this journey. It is a protective covering and has high vibratory qualities. For this reason, it cannot be removed."

"So that's it!" said the Professor. "I wondered why they didn't tear that robe off you in the rush outside! Well, well! Fancy that!"

"You gentlemen may examine my hands if you like," said Numar.

THE three scientists stood up and advanced toward Numar, eagerly. He arose and extended his hands to them.

"Look out!" warned Professor Bailey. "You're apt to get a shock!"

"No," said Numar. "I am controlling these forces. They will feel nothing."

Dr. Kruger and Mr. Larabee took hold of Numar's right arm while Professor Weldon examined the left. They exclaimed almost together.

"He's green, all right. A different feeling to his flesh, too. Extremely firm. Notice the fingernails. You can't see through them. They are a darker green. He seems to have a higher body temperature. Strange, there aren't any veins showing. He doesn't seem to have pores!"

These comments had come, one on top of the other.

"It's possible, of course," said Dr. Kruger, "that this is some unusual green dye which has been applied so skillfully, almost like a veneer, that we can't ordinarily detect veins or pores. However, if this green dye is coated over the entire body, you gentlemen realize that no human could live. You will note the same green texture in the face. Why, even his lips and teeth are green! It hardly seems probable that any man would go to such extremes to perpetrate a fraud. I've certainly never seen anything like this."

"Nor I," said Mr. Larabee. "Perhaps we can judge him best by checking on these electrical forces he's supposed to possess. Would you object to letting us feel something, Mister Numar?"

"Now, Jeffrey!" said Professor Bailey. "You don't know what you're asking! You're not as young as you used to be. Better be careful! Your system may not be able to stand it!"

"Fiddlesticks!" said the seventy-year-

old electrical engineer. "I've felt some good, heavy shocks in my time." He turned to Professor Weldon who was holding Numar's left hand. "How about it, Horace? Would you like to have Mister Numar . . .?"

"Very much!" said Professor Weldon, tightening his grip.

"And you, Edward?" asked Mr. Larabee, turning to Dr. Kruger who had Numar's right hand.

"Certainly!" said Dr. Kruger. "I'm here to go as far as Mister Numar will permit."

"There's room for you here, William," proposed Mr. Larabee. "You can take hold of Numar's left arm with Horace."

"No, thanks," said Professor Bailey. "If you don't mind, I'll just step over here out of the way." He moved over toward the door and put a chair between himself and the group. "I wish you'd take my word for this!" he added, apprehensively. "You're going to feel something, all right!"

Mr. Larabee gave Professor Bailey an annoyed glance. "William," he said, "I'm disappointed in you. Any true scientist must investigate at first hand." He turned back to the group. "Now, is everybody ready?" he asked.

"Ready!" chorused Dr. Kruger and Professor Weldon.

"Now, Mister Numar," said Mr. Larabee, "would you mind . . .?"

PROFESSOR BAILEY hid his face in his hands. He had scarcely done so when three men, past middle-age, left the floor of his living room and flew in three different directions. Dr. Kruger came down with a crash on the piano keys. Professor Weldon thudded against the bookcase and brought scientific volumes raining down upon his head. Mr. Larabee landed on top of the davenport and disappeared from sight between it and the wall.

Numar stood, quiet and composed, in the center of the room. An awful stillness followed.

"You see what I meant?" said the Professor.

Professor Weldon untangled his long frame, sat up on the floor and rubbed several bumps on his head. "You shouldn't put such heavy books on those higher shelves," he said. "It's dangerous!"

Dr. Kruger had slid off the piano, looking scared and sheepish. "Your piano may need tuning," he said.

Mr. Larabee's head now appeared from behind the davenport. "What *power!*" he exclaimed. "I don't blame you, Professor. Once is enough!"

There was a rap on the door. It was Mrs. Bailey. "What on earth is going on in here?" she asked.

"Nothing, dear," said the Professor. "Just a little scientific experiment."

"Well, it sounded like the house was coming down," said Mrs. Bailey. "Why, look at this room! Those books on the floor! Why, Mr. Larabee! What are you doing behind that davenport?"

Mr. Larabee looked foolish. "Well, upon my soul! How did I get over here?"

Mrs. Bailey went out and shut the door.

The Professor turned to his three fellow scientists. "Let's see now—where were we?" he asked.

"The question is—where are we?" said Dr. Kruger. "I'll feel that jolt for days. If we could get beneath that man's robe, I'm sure we'd find an electrical device of some sort. Possibly a new invention!"

"I'm not so certain!" said Mr. Larabee, as he straightened the davenport. "That didn't feel like any shock I ever felt before. I'm about ready to believe . . ."

"Now, don't be too hasty!" said Professor Weldon. "We've got to think this thing through. I'm inclined to believe with Edward. It seems too incredible . . .!"

"What's the matter with you two?" demanded Mr. Larabee. "You know that animals give off electricity. Take the electric eel, for instance. Take our own brains—we've already proved they give off electric impulses! Why couldn't a man from another planet have a power like this?"

"Well, it defies all known laws of biology!" said Dr. Kruger.

"Yes—and physics!" said Professor Weldon.

"But not of electricity," said Mr. Larabee. "No, gentlemen, I'm prepared to state that this Numar is the genuine article. I can't explain how he generates his power but I certainly can testify to it!"

DR. KRUGER and Professor Weldon looked worried.

"Do you realize what you are saying?" they asked. "Are you willing to risk your professional reputation?"

Mr. Larabee fairly bristled. He shook an agitated finger in the faces of his two colleagues. "Bah! for you and your repu-

tations!" he said. "Did you feel this electric shock, or didn't you?"

"It may have been hypnotism," said Dr. Kruger.

"That's true!" said Professor Weldon.

"It *must* have been hypnotism! Maybe his skin isn't green at all. Maybe he's got everybody hypnotized! Maybe we'd better be getting out of here!" Professor Weldon started edging toward the door.

"That's a good idea," said Dr. Kruger. "I've got another appointment, anyway."

Mr. Larabee stood his ground. "What kind of scientists are you?" he demanded. "You didn't come here with open minds. You'd decided beforehand that Numar was a fake. Now that you've found out differently, you don't dare admit it!"

"We're entitled to our opinions," said Professor Weldon. "Good night, William." He started to go through the door, forgot to stoop and produced another lump on his head. "My advice to you is to get rid of this person as fast as you can!"

"Yes," said Dr. Kruger, as he followed Professor Weldon out the door. "This association is doing you no good. No good at all!"

"Mister Numar," said Mr. Larabee, facing Professor Bailey's silent house guest. "I apologize to you for my fellow scientists. That's the trouble with us human creatures on this earth. We get so steeped in our own little egos and little knowledge that we think we know it all. I don't wonder that you aren't permitted to tell us much. Most of us refuse to believe even when we *do* see!"

Numar nodded, understandingly. "That was true of my species millions of years ago," he said. "This attitude will change in time."

"I hate to look ahead that far," said Mr. Larabee. "It hurts my brain." Then, turning to Professor Bailey, "Well, William—all I can say is—I admire you for being a martyr to science. Some day—when we are traveling by rocket ship to the moon and distant planets—perhaps your name will be remembered and revered. But don't expect any recognition in your life-time!"

Mr. Larabee shook Professor Bailey's hand.

"Good night, dear friend. And goodbye, Mister Numar. I hope you don't think too unkindly of us humans."

Numar smiled. "I knew what you were like before I came here," he said.

"You *did*!" said the country's most esteemed electrical engineer. "Then, if I may ask—why the hell didn't you stay away?"

THERE was a ladder resting against the side of Professor Bailey's house just under the guest room window. The figure of Betty was at the window, stealthily giving instructions to the man below.

"It's the only way I can see you," she called down. "You'll *never* get in the house."

"You're sure we won't be detected?" asked the man.

"No," assured Betty. "My aunt's gone to bed with an ice pack on her head and Uncle's tied up with those scientists and Mister Numar!"

The man started climbing the ladder. "I've done lots of things to get talent in my time," he said, "but never anything like this!"

"Isn't it thrilling!" said Betty. "It was awfully nice of that policeman to help you with the ladder."

"Wasn't it?" said the M.G.M. talent scout. "I helped *him*—with ten bucks!"

"Oh, well," said Betty. "I suppose it's all in the business. That's what's so wonderful about this country. Everybody helps everybody else."

The talent scout reached the window ledge and looked down. He swayed and caught himself. "It makes me dizzy to be up high," he said. "Let's talk fast, Miss Bracken."

"Why, I'll talk just as fast as you want me to," said Betty. "What shall I say?"

"First," said talent scout Sid Alex, "did you get Numar's consent to go in pictures?"

"Well,—no," said Betty, "not exactly—but he's given his consent to about everything else."

Mr. Alex took a good hold of the ladder. "What do you mean by that?"

"Well," replied Betty, "He's going on the Sackswell Coffee House Hour Tomorrow night, in Hollywood, with Frank Morgan—and right after the show, he's taking a plane for New York City with Professor Bailey!"

The talent scout braced himself, unsteadily. "What's Numar going to New York for?"

"Clifton Fadiman sent for him," said Betty. "He's going to be on 'Information, Please!'"

"And then what?" demanded the man from M.G.M.

"Oh, then," said Betty, "he's going to Washington to talk to Congress and see the President . . . Oh, Mr. M.G.M.! . . . You almost fell!"

Mr. Alex leaned heavily against the ladder. "Ye Gods!" he said, "What publicity! Why, the man will be a world sensation! I've got to sign him up. Is he coming back to the coast?"

"Yes," said Betty, "but he's stopping off in Chicago first to attend a football game!"

"Football! What's he know about football?"

"He doesn't have to know anything. He's just making a speech between halves. They've promised him the greatest radio hook-up in history!"

"When was all this arranged? Who managed this?"

BETTY rolled her eyes. "Well, I guess I helped some. I opened up the telegrams and picked out what looked good to me and went in and read them to Mister Numar—and he told Uncle William to wire these people that he'd be glad to accommodate them."

The talent scout groaned. "And I've been hanging around here for hours trying to get a look-in," he said. "Do you call yourself a friend of mine?"

"I'm awfully sorry," said Betty, "but pictures are the one thing Mister Numar doesn't go for. I think he must have taken a bad photograph at one time."

"Just the same," decided Mr. Alex, "I'd better stick close to him in case he changes his mind. If any other studio should grab him off, my name would be 'mud'."

"Oh, we wouldn't want that to happen!" said Betty.

The ladder began to shake from below. M.G.M.'s talent scout clutched the window sill to steady it. "Hey!" he called down. "What's the idea! Let go! Stop it!"

"It's another man," said Betty. "It's so dark down there, I can't make out . . .!"

"Is that Miss Bracken up there?" cried a voice.

"Why, yes!" acknowledged Betty, surprised. "Who are you?"

"My name's Schwartz from Warner Brothers," said the voice. "The New York office just wired me to look you up. Why didn't you report for your screen test?"

"Oh, Mr. Schwartz!" exclaimed Betty. "Come right up!"

The ladder began to tremble under his

added weight. "Thank you," said the voice. "I don't mind if I do!"

"Well, I *do* mind!" said the aggrieved Mr. Alex. "You stay away from here, Sam! I got here first!"

"Why, hello, Sid, old boy!" said the Warner scout. "Fancy meeting *you* here!"

"My!" said Betty, "I wish I could invite you both in but I guess you know what's been going on here. I suppose, Mr. Schwartz, you saw my pictures in the papers?"

"Yeah. But that guy making love to you didn't photograph so good. My company's interested in him, though. I got orders to sign you both up!"

"Now, wait a minute!" said M.G.M. "You can't muscle in here!"

"We can't, eh?" said Warner. "We got a line on this Baby first! We gave her a letter promising a screen test if she'd come to Hollywood."

"Did you sign her on an option?" asked M.G.M.

"No, not yet," admitted Warners.

"Did you pay her fare here?" asked M.G.M.

"No," said Warners.

"Then she's in the open market," said M.G.M. Mr. Alex risked freeing one hand to reach in his pocket and pull out a contract form which he extended to Betty. "Here, Miss Bracken—take this and sign it!"

"Don't you do it!" commanded Mr. Schwartz, standing on the rung below Mr. Alex. He waved another contract form. "You can't trust M.G.M. They hire you on a seven year contract and you sit in a hotel room for seven years, manicuring your nails!"

"Says you!" retorted M.G.M. "Just fill in that blank space, Miss Bracken! Put yourself down for two hundred a week to start!"

"Two hundred a week!" howled Mr. Schwartz. "Yoi! Yoi! What a cheap-skate! A girl with your sex appeal? Just fill in that blank space on *our* contract! Put yourself down for two-twenty-five to start!"

BETTY held the two contracts forms in her hands. She was silhouetted against the desk lamp behind her. The pupils of her eyes were learning things. She hesitated—a perfect piece of timing.

"All right—make it two-fifty!" said

M.G.M.

"Two-seventy-five!" said Warners.

"Now listen!" said Sid, in a low voice. "You know, Sam, she's not worth it!"

"Who are you kidding!" said Sam, in Sid's ear. "D'you think I'll let you get the inside track to Numar?"

"Three hundred you get!" said M.G.M. "But not a cent more!"

"All right," said Betty, impulsively. "I'll take it!"

"But I'll give you three-twenty-five!" offered Warners.

Betty, pen in hand, looked puzzled.

"No, you don't!" said Mr. Alex. "You've accepted! You belong to M.G.M.!"

"That's a lot of baloney!" said Mr. Schwartz. "You don't belong to anybody till you sign on the dotted line. And if you come with Warners, I'll put you in a picture with Errol Flynn!"

"Oh, you will!" said Mr. Schwartz. "Well, we'll go you one better—we'll put Miss Bracken in one of our pictures where we use every star on the lot!"

"Well, after all," said Betty, philosophically, "money isn't everything."

As she signed the M.G.M. contract, Mrs. Bailey walked into the room.

"Why, Betty Annabel Bracken!" she said. "I thought you were talking in your sleep. What are you doing up?" Mrs. Bailey was flimsily attired in a plain dressing gown, her hair caught up in a coil on top of her head.

"Oh, Auntie!" cried Betty. "You've just walked in at the biggest moment of my career!"

Mrs. Bailey started as she saw the heads of two gentlemen peering over the window sill from the top of the ladder. "Why!" she gasped. "Who are these men? What are they doing here?"

"They're talent scouts," said Betty, brightly. "The man higher up is from M.G.M. and the other one—you can't quite see all his face from where you are—is from Warner Brothers. They're both awfully nice people—but I'm signing with M.G.M.!"

Mrs. Bailey was thunder-struck. She placed a hand to her pounding forehead. "There's too much in this house to watch," she said. "I can't keep an eye on your uncle and on you, too!"

"You don't need to worry, Mrs. Bailey," said Mr. Alex. "We'll take care of your charming niece. We'll make a star

out of her in time."

MRS. BAILEY came over where she could get a better view of the two men on the ladder. "This is a strange way to do business," she said.

"Well, we didn't want to bother you people," explained M.G.M. "You've had such a busy day." Then, turning to Betty, "Miss Bracken, how would you like to make the trip East with your Uncle and Mr. Numar? I think you could probably help them a great deal and keeping your picture in the papers won't hurt you, either. We'll be glad to send you along and pay all expenses."

Betty's face registered delight. "Oh, Mr. M.G.M. I think that would be wonderful! Don't you, Auntie?"

"No!" snapped Mrs. Bailey. "I don't approve of it at all! A young girl like you running around the country without a chaperone!"

"But, Auntie—I'll have Uncle William!" Betty protested.

"Uncle William!" repeated Mrs. Bailey, scornfully. "If the way he took care of you at the police station is any sample, you wouldn't be safe with him a minute!"

"Mrs. Bailey!" called Mr. Schwartz, in dulcet tones. "May I suggest something?"

Mrs. Bailey stared out at the face in the shadow. "What is it, young man?"

"From where I'm standing," said Mr. Schwartz, shifting his feet on the ladder rung, "You look like a very attractive, sensible, motherly lady to me. I don't suppose you get away from home very much. Have you ever been to New York?"

Mrs. Bailey drew a wistful breath. "Why, no—I haven't," she said. "The nearest I ever got was Buffalo, when we were married. But my husband's been to New York several times to meetings of his Astronomy Society."

"Well, there you are," said Mr. Schwartz. "Did anyone ever tell you, Mrs. Bailey, that you'd make a good type for pictures?"

"Mercy, no!" said Mrs. Bailey, and blushed.

"It's the truth!" said Mr. Schwartz, in his most convincing manner. "Miss Bracken, will you please hand that Warner Brothers contract over to your aunt?"

BETTY wonderingly obeyed instructions. "Hold on, here!" said Sid in a low

voice. "Sam Schwartz! What are you up to?"

"You've made a deal," hissed Sam. "Now I'm going to make one." Then, to Mrs. Bailey, "Madam—Warner Brothers is willing to send you on this trip with your husband and Mr. Numar, as a chaperone for your niece. We'll make pictures of you enroute and when you come back to Hollywood, we may make an actress out of you."

"That's something I wouldn't want," said Mrs. Bailey. "But I *would* like a trip to New York."

"Well, you may change your mind later so we'll sign you up for the trip and pay you a hundred dollars a week," said Mr. Schwartz.

"Why, you *louse!*" said Mr. Alex. "You can't do this to me. If anyone's going to hire Mrs. Bailey, it's M.G.M. Don't sign that piece of paper, Madam! Sign *this* one from me! And put yourself down for *two hundred* a week!"

"*Two twenty-five!*" said Warners.

"My God!" said Sid. "Do we start this all over again?" Then, to Mrs. Bailey. "All right, Madam—make it *two-fifty!*" He passed up a contract form to the bewildered Mrs. Bailey.

"Don't sign it!" directed Mr. Schwartz. "I'll pay you *two-seventy-five!*"

Mr. Alex swallowed. "*Three hundred!*" he said, desperately.

"Mrs. Bailey!" called Mr. Schwartz. "That contract in your left hand is from Warner Brothers. I was the first one to see your possibilities. You can't turn me down. I'm making you my last offer—*three hundred twenty-five* per week!"

"Why, Auntie!" gasped Betty. "That's more than M.G.M.'s paying *me!*"

"It *is!*" said Mrs. Bailey, eyes blazing. "Well, I wouldn't sign with a company like that. Here—give me your pen!"

"But, Mrs. Bailey," cried Mr. Alex, "you don't understand!"

"I think I do," said Mrs. Bailey. "I don't claim to be an actress at all but my niece here has spent several years at it and yet you only give her three hundred a week when Warner Brothers is willing to give me three hundred *twenty-five* with no experience whatsoever! No wonder people say thing against Hollywood!"

"Catch me!" said Sid, to Sam. "I think I'm falling!"

"It's going to be a pleasant trip," said

Sam. "Let's see now—who gets Numar!"

"Now, Betty," said Mrs. Bailey. "I think you'd better tell these gentlemen 'goodnight.' They can see us tomorrow and make whatever arrangements are necessary."

The ladder began to shake from below.

"Hey! What's going on up there?" said a gruff voice.

"It's a policeman," said Sam, looking down.

Sid chuckled. "Guess they've just changed the guard. You're first down, Sam. That'll cost you *ten bucks!*"

ON the wall above his bunk, in the quarters of Flight Lieutenant Harry Hopper, Kelly Field, Texas, there was tacked the photograph of a stunning blonde. She was not Betty Grable nor Carol Landis but, to Harry, she was all pin-up girls softly molded into one. In other words, she had all the curves in the right places.

He had met her a year ago, on Broadway, when the two of them had been cast to play bit parts in a shoestring production dubbed "Never Too Early To Learn." Inspired, perhaps by the title, they had learned to love one another, even though they received their closing notice the night the show opened in New York.

"I just know you're going to take Clark Gable's place in Hollywood!" she had said to him, with his stardom in her eyes.

"Darling," he said to her. "We'll go to Hollywood together. You've got everything Betty Hutton's got—and more!"

"Well, at least my name's Betty to start with," she had said. "And with you to spur me on, there's no telling to what heights I may climb!"

"There's only one shadow that may cross our paths," Harry had said to her.

"You mean your relatives might object to our marrying?" she had asked.

"Not only mine, but yours," he had said. "*Uncle Sam!* I'd have been in the service long ago if it hadn't been for my football knee. My application's been in for aviation and they've called me for a new examination, next week. If I pass the physical, we'll have to postpone our Hollywood adventure!"

"Oh, I could wait for you for ages and ages!" she had told him.

And then had come his country's call! No more water on the knee. "Fit as a fiddle!" the examining physician had pro-

nounced. "You're about as good as they come!"

And Harry had gone, at once, to camp—leaving Betty to pursue her career alone.

IT WAS Harry's buddy and room-mate who first called his attention to a remarkable coincidence. They had both received their wings together. Lt. Ted Macy was at present attached to the Commandant's staff at operational headquarters, while Harry was leader of a pursuit squadron. Both men were at present in advance training with ground strafing and combat tactics being stressed. The days had been hard and gruelling under a blistering Texas sun.

Tonight the two young flying officers were propped up in their bunks, enjoying a few moments of luxurious ease before 'lights out'. Ted Macy had a copy of yesterday's Los Angeles Herald-Express which one of the boys from that city had passed on to him.

"Strange thing about that man from another planet," said Ted, as he read the account. "What do you make of it?"

"I saw it in the San Antonio paper," said Harry. "I don't believe it. In the first place, no genuine visitor from another world is going to land near Hollywood. You can bet your bottom dollar that guy's an actor!"

"Well, he's certainly got them all guessing so far," said Ted, turning the pages. "Holy smoke! Here's a full page of pictures and the guy doesn't even photograph! . . . Wait a minute—what's this? . . . Well, I'll be damned! . . . No—it can't be! . . . But it sure looks like . . . ! What did you say your girl's last name was?"

Ted was now staring at the picture Harry had tacked on the wall, comparing it with some pictures in the paper.

"Bracken," said Harry. "If you must have particulars—Betty Annabel Bracken. And for your further information, she hasn't written me since she flew to Hollywood!"

"Well, then, here's the reason why!" said Ted, tossing Harry the paper.

The future Clark Gable of the screen did a "take" on this page which registered the full range of human emotions. He histrionically portrayed surprise, horror, indignation, jealousy, anger, mortification, injured pride and, finally—resolute determination.

"What the hell does she think she's doing?" he exploded.

"Looks like she's trying to imitate Ethel Barrymore, Betty Davis and Zasu Pitts—all at the same time," said Ted.

"It's ham to me any way you slice it!" said Harry. "Plain ham! She needs someone to manage her—and she needs that somebody *quick!*"

"Looks like she got roped in by this guy Numar," observed Ted. "I don't know about his being a green man but she's sure a *green dame!*"

"This never would have happened," said Harry, pacing up and down between their bunks, "if it hadn't been for this war and my going in the service! That's something else I've got against the Nazis and Japs! If I'd only gone to Hollywood with her, she'd have made out all right."

"What makes you think she isn't doing all right now?" said Ted. "Could you have gotten her any bigger publicity?"

"So that's what you call it!" said Harry. "My girl making a jackass of herself in six scenes! How did they ever get her to pose like that! Get a load of that expression on her face! She looks like she's kissing a vinegar jug! Can't tell *me* Numar was ever in those photos! Wait till I catch the press agent behind this!"

"Better not move too fast," counseled Ted. "You notice, don't you, that her uncle, Professor Bailey, is mixed up in this? He's a famous scientist. Even I have heard of *him!* This all may be on the level!"

"It can't be!" raged Harry. "I'm going to get a leave and go to Hollywood and find out what this is all about!"

IT WAS too late that night to get action and early the next morning all men in Harry's squadron were called for maneuvers.

"This is a hell of a note!" said Harry, as he went on the field with Ted. "I don't feel any more like flying than a submarine commander. I haven't slept a wink all night. The more I think of what's happened to Betty, the madder I get! Numar's the guy I'm going after. When I get through with him, he'll wish he'd never come to *this* planet!"

Harry climbed into his plane.

"Take it easy," said Ted. "Don't let it get you down!"

Lt. Ted Macy continued on to operational headquarters. He was on duty in

the observation tower with other officers and their chiefs of staff.

The maneuvers this morning were to be devoted to ground strafing. A pursuit squadron was to go out fifty miles over the desert and come in over a prescribed path, flying low. The observation tower commanded a vista of about twenty miles in every direction. Several miles distant toward the west, there was a little town. Its presence was marked by a tall brick chimney, about all that remained of an old factory site. The returning course led about a mile from this town, but when the planes were sighted coming in, one lone plane was seen to be off course, diving straight at the chimney.

The commandant caught this plane in his field glasses.

"It's Hopper!" he exclaimed. "He's certainly living up to his name! He came so close to that chimney, he dusted soot off the top! . . . Look at the damn fool! . . . He's circling and diving at it again! . . . Good Lord! . . ." The commandant wiped a dripping brow. "I thought, that time, he was going down inside to clean it out! . . . What's hit that guy? . . . Anybody know?"

"I do, sir," said Lt. Ted Macy. "A blonde bomber! She's knocked him cuckoo. The guy's out there, flying blind. He's so upset he can't see straight. He's probably trying to take his feelings out on that chimney!"

"Call him in!" ordered the commandant. "Flag him down! Get him out of the sky! . . . Oh! . . . I can't look! . . . Did he miss her that time?"

Flight Lt. Harry Hopper overshot the field and came so close to the observation tower that everyone in it fell flat on the floor. He made a two-point landing and almost ground-looped, but he waved away the anxious ground crew and the approaching ambulance. Brought into the presence of the white-faced commandant, he was asked, when that officer had recovered his breath: "Lt. Hopper, explain yourself—if you can!"

For answer, Harry went into the hip pocket of his flying suit and pulled out a crumpled page of pictures from the Los Angeles Herald-Express. He smacked this down on the desk of the commandant.

"That explains everything, sir," he said.

The astonished commandant eyed the photographs. "My God!" he said. "What's

this?"

"Believe it or not, sir," said Harry, "that's my girl!"

"She seems to be in bad shape," observed the commandant. "Oh! . . . I see! . . . She's supposed to be kissing someone . . . What's this? . . . An invisible man? . . . Someone from another planet? What rot!"

"You see, sir, what I'm up against," said Harry. "I'm in need of a furlough, sir—to attend to some urgent personal business!"

"Well, your request seems justified," said the commandant. "I'll grant you a five-day leave, to take effect at once."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said Harry. "Would it be asking too much, sir, to let me go in my plane? I've got to get there in a hurry!"

The commandant considered. "You really should be disciplined for the good of the squadron," he said. "But your record has been exemplary up to this time. I guess we can afford to overlook it. Take the plane—but keep in touch with the army air command wherever you are."

"Thank you again, sir," said Harry, saluting. "I'll come back a new man, sir!"

"If you don't," said the commandant, eyes twinkling, "Heaven help that chimney!"

FIRST reaction of the world-at-large to the startling news story of an earthly visitation by a being from another planet was one of skepticism and incredulity. Those not actually on the scene could not conceive how the reporters and photographers could have been "taken in." The only portion of the news report which gave more serious-minded readers pause for thought was the eminent Professor Bailey's identification with this green man, Numar.

Many people remembered how Professor Bailey, some years before, had announced discovery of a new star in the constellation, Capricornus, and had endured the scorn and ridicule of his fellow astronomers for some months, until they had eventually and somewhat shamefacedly substantiated his findings. There was just the remote possibility that Professor Bailey was right again, and had not been hoodwinked as was being widely suggested.

While the people of the planet Earth were embraced in an atmosphere of war, news of Numar's alleged arrival from the

planet Talamaya, with an important message for human creatures, had reached Germany by circuitous routes.

"He can't be a god," a noted German authority was quoted as commenting. "He doesn't speak German. And, besides, he's not an *Aryan*!"

The reaction in Russia was of interest. "Numar's visit to a capitalistic country is to be regarded with suspicion," said an important Russian official. "If this *being* were genuine and if he had a real message for the masses on this earth, he would have landed at the Kremlin in Moscow!"

In Japan, Emperor Hirohito was silent but someone very close to His Imperial Majesty was recorded as saying: "No Super Being can come to our earth without permission of The Son of Heaven. The fact that this gentleman is said to be green reveals to us that he, like so many other delightful hoaxes, has been '*made-in-America*'!"

The people of China had greeted the news of Numar's arrival with their age-old complacency. "Why disturb one's venerable tranquility as to whether this honorable personage is genuine or not? In a thousand years, you may know the answer!"

John Bull in England found this report of an inter-planetary visitor more difficult to swallow than American brewed tea.

"It is the kind of hocus pocus," said George Bernard Shaw, "that one might expect from our naive American cousins. They have been in the business of fooling themselves since they took the country from the Indians. This green man, I venture to say, is going to turn out an *Irishman*!"

Australia, home of the boomerang, freely predicted that this elaborate prank would boomerang against its perpetrators. "We know too much about wool in this country," said a prominent Australian sheep raiser, "to let our American friends pull this kind over our eyes!"

In South America, a new revolution was blamed on Numar's arrival. In Egypt, it was intimated that this was what the Sphinx had been waiting for all these years. And, in South Africa, when the news reached one of the cannibal tribes, their chieftain was reported as rubbing his stomach and saying, "Green man! Yum! Yum!"

PROFESSOR BAILEY was quite perturbed over these world reactions. The fact that his old friend and fellow scientist, Jeffrey Larabee, had made a public statement declaring that he considered Numar genuine and the possessor of absolutely amazing and incomprehensible magnetic powers, had hardly offset the public condemnation of Dr. Edward Kruger and Professor Horace Weldon. These latter two gentlemen, world authorities in their respective fields of biology and physics, had told of their "shocking" experience and had gone on record as saying that they were not qualified to judge "ingenious tricks of magic." The extreme gullibility of Professor Bailey was inferred. However, despite this, he had somehow found the courage to stand by his strange house guest and even to agree to accompany him on his local trip to the Eastern Seaboard of the United States.

"I may be hypnotized," the Professor said to himself. "I may not even be in my right mind, but I have been with this Numar for the better part of two nights and two days. In all that time I haven't seen him take a bite of food. And he's actually apparently living on air and this distilled water! I'd like to see even my wife do that! If he's not from another planet, then he's the strangest freak of nature ever born on this earth!"

The Professor was packing some clean shirts and several changes of ties in his bag, preparatory to the plane flight he and Numar were to make, following the Sackswell Coffee House radio broadcast that late afternoon. He had only been up in a plane once before and that was the time he had co-operated with the United States Army in taking pictures of a total eclipse of the sun. The Professor had been compelled to wear an oxygen mask on that flight and was so busy with his cameras that he was hardly able to realize he had been off the ground.

"I'll be glad to get up in the air again," he said to himself. "And I guess Numar will, too. It's about the only place left where we can get away by ourselves. I still haven't had a chance to talk five minutes to him alone!"

There were many important questions of universal significance which Professor Bailey wished to discuss with this space traveler, once given the opportunity. Just to think of a being of his profound accom-

plishments actually present on earth and no one taking any intelligent advantage of it! Why, the whole world should be sitting humbly at his feet, only too willing to listen and learn! But, instead of this, what was the public doing?

DEMANDS and offers for Numar were coming in, not only from radio programs, picture producers, football promoters and self-seeking politicians—but from museums, carnival operators, county fairs, circuses, conventions, luncheon clubs, women's organizations, firemen's and policemen's benefits, charity shows, booking agents, vaudeville managers, and a bewildering host of others, not forgetting and including a request for a personal appearance at a state hospital for the insane!

The "thumbs down" given Numar by two such outstanding scientists as Dr. Kruger and Professor Weldon had been sufficient to chill all other scientific interest. At the mere suggestion that any other scientist of repute should interview or attempt to examine Numar, these distinguished gentlemen registered expressions of holy horror.

"It's quite a problem," said Professor Bailey, as he reviewed Numar's brief forty-eight hours on earth. "How am I going to get the people to take Mister Numar seriously? I have a feeling that they are going to make sport of him wherever he goes. I'm really astonished that he has promised to appear with Frank Morgan and that sophisticated 'Information, Please' group. Of course, he might be treated a little better in Congress, but I doubt it! As for his planning to address the world between halves of a football game—well, I suppose Mister Numar knows what he's doing, but—if he doesn't—I sadly fear for the consequences!"

There was a rap on the Professor's door and Mrs. Bailey poked her head in. "What are you doing?" she asked, "making a speech?"

"Was I talking out loud?" said the Professor. "Oh, dear me! What did I say?"

Mrs. Bailey came into the room. "Something you didn't want me to hear, I presume. You've been talking to yourself a great deal lately. You know what that's a sign of, don't you?"

"Well, Nellie, it's too late to worry about that now. This pair of socks has a hole in them and my best tie has a spot on it."

"Don't tell me," said Mrs. Bailey. "I haven't been wearing them!"

The Professor looked distressed and put them on the bed. "I wish I was like Mister Numar," he said. "He just wears what he's got on from one century to another, as far as I can figure out."

"Oh, stop talking in millenniums!" said Mrs. Bailey. "My head's reeling enough now, as it is!"

THE Professor halted his packing and looked at her. "I regret having to leave you behind," he said. "I can't quite understand why I'm making this trip, myself. I know my reputation's probably gone forever but I'm in this thing now and it seems that I've got to see it through."

Mrs. Bailey sat down on the side of the bed. "William," she said, "what would you say if I said I was going with you?"

Professor Bailey dropped his shaving mug on the floor. "Why, I'd say, you're joking!" he said. "You fly in a plane? Why, you're afraid to look down from our attic window!"

"Well, I guess, if I have to, I can shut my eyes," said Mrs. Bailey, "because, dear, you're *not* going on this plane trip alone!"

A look of real alarm crossed the Professor's face. "Nellie, you're not well," he said. "Let me call a doctor!"

She pulled him down on the bed beside her. "Now, William, calm yourself. It's all been arranged. I'm being paid three hundred and twenty-five dollars a week for making this trip!"

It was a good thing Professor Bailey was sitting on the bed. "You're—*what?*"

"I'm going as Betty's chaperone!" she announced.

"Betty!" fairly shouted the Professor. "How does *she* get into this?"

"Well, she's being paid *three* hundred dollars a week to go along!"

The Professor put a hand to his throbbing head. "But, what *for?*"

"For Warner Brothers and M.G.M.!" she said.

The Professor threw up his hands. "Oh, this is too much! Nellie, I didn't think it was in you!"

"Neither did I," said Mrs. Bailey. "I'm really quite proud of myself!"

The normally mild disposition of Professor Bailey was having a great strain placed upon it. "It's a good thing," he said, "that I'm not given to profanity. To think of my

wife tying up with a *picture* company!"

Mrs. Bailey's own dander was up. "That's not any worse than tying up with Numar!" she said.

"Well," said the Professor, forlornly. "This is all quite beyond me. I may as well take things as they come." He looked at her, testily. "But it *would* help," he said, "if you'd mend this hole in my sock and take this spot off my tie."

Mrs. Bailey hesitated a moment, then picked up the articles mentioned. "I hate to think of doing this on my salary," she said. "But I guess, after all, I'm still your wife!"

THE Sackswell Coffee House Hour was broadcast from Hollywood at five in the afternoon. That meant seven o'clock, Chicago time, and eight p.m. New York time. Its program, starring the popular comedian, Frank Morgan, commanded one of the country's big listening audiences. A standard feature of the show had been presentation of a genuine authority in some business, art or profession who would be introduced to Mr. Morgan after Frank had told an impossible story of his own achievements in this field.

Tonight, the sponsors of Sackswell Coffee were patting themselves on the back. They had secured, on short notice, perhaps the freak attraction of all time. Numar, the man from another planet, was to be interviewed and then introduced to the show's comedian who would carry on from there. Mere newspaper and radio announcement that Numar was to appear on the program had the country by the ears. One didn't have to believe in him to want to hear him speak and to see the fun Frank Morgan would have at his expense. It promised to be an early evening high spot in radio dialing.

Seats for the broadcast were snapped up in no time, and a crowd of several thousand radio fans had gathered outside the broadcasting station in Hollywood an hour before the program was scheduled to go on.

It had been a hectic day for everyone in the Bailey household as preparations had been completed for the trip East and additional telegrams and telephone calls had been attended to. Chief Andrews had succeeded in keeping Numar under cover although a curious throng milled around and about the Bailey residence, many people still wanting "to be healed."

It was with a feeling of great relief, therefore, that Chief Andrews welcomed the arrival of two big limousines with police escort at four p.m., one from M.G.M. and the other from Warner Brothers studios. Each limousine contained, in addition to the liveried chauffeur, an important, aggressive appearing individual. Talent scouts Sid Alex and Sam Schwartz got out of their company's cars and stood glaring at one another.

"Well," said Sid, "I suppose you think you're going to take Numar in *your* car!"

"I certainly am!" said Sam. "It's all been arranged with Mrs. Bailey."

"Nothing doing!" said Sid. "I've arranged everything with Miss Bracken. Besides, I don't trust you with Numar alone!"

"And I don't trust *you*!" said Sam. "So, it's mutual!"

"Let's toss a coin!" proposed Sid, flipping one in the air. "Heads, I win; tails, you lose!"

"Okay!" said Sam. "Toss it again. . . . Hey! What did you say? . . . Hold on, there! . . . Heads you win—tails I win! . . ."

"Well, have it your own way—I was only trying to give you a break! . . . Here we go!" Sid threw the coin into the air, caught it deftly and turned it over on the palm of his hand. "Heads, it is. Tough luck, Sam, old boy. Numar rides with *me*!"

"Wait a minute!" Sam reached out quickly and grabbed the coin, turning it over. "You chiseler! It's heads on *both* sides!"

"Well, what do *you* know!" said Sid, unabashed. "It beats all what the Treasury is turning out now-a-days!"

WHILE the two were still arguing, Chief Andrews emerged from the house, breaking a way through the crowd for Numar, with Betty walking brightly by his side, followed by Mrs. Bailey in her Sunday best, with Professor Bailey manfully bringing up the rear as he lugged two suitcases.

Numar hesitated between the two cars.

"This way, Mister Numar!" said Sid, bowing in his most ingratiating manner.

"Over here!" invited Sam.

Seeing his apparent indecision, the two men ran, as if with one thought, to assist Professor Bailey with his bags.

"Follow me, Professor!" said Sid. "You're riding in my car with Mister

Numar!"

"No, Professor," said Sam, "you and Mister Numar are riding with *me*!"

Each talent-scout had one of the Professor's bags and raced back to his car with it, opening the door. Betty and Mrs. Bailey were forgotten for the moment. The Professor looked bewildered. Numar took him by the arm.

"Come," he said, "Chief Andrews is waiting." The two of them got in the police car, much to the Chief's astonishment.

"Get in, Miss Bracken," said Sid, dejectedly.

"Get in, Mrs. Bailey," said Sam.

"Get in, Chief!" said the Professor, "we can't very well go without you."

Chief Andrews slid behind the wheel. "Will I be glad when I get you people out of town!" he said.

The strange entourage got under way, led by two motorcycle policemen, who kept their sirens screeching. They were followed by the car with Betty and her M.G.M. representative, Mr. Alex; then the car containing Mrs. Bailey, with her Warner Brothers' representative, Mr. Schwartz.

There were cheers along the way from some interested spectators, most of whom took them for a wedding party. But there was no happy marriage between M.G.M. and Warner Brothers. For Sid and Sam, the honeymoon was over before it had begun. Betty and Mrs. Bailey were the pawns in a move to win big stakes—and Numar, the green man from the planet Talamaya—was the prize!

"WHERE in the sacred name of radio is Frank Morgan?" said Danny Dingle, director of the Sackswell Coffee House radio program. He ran nervous fingers through what remained of his hair and glanced exasperatedly at his wrist watch. Everyone else connected with the show—actors, musicians, announcers, sound effects men, engineers and those too unimportant to mention, were standing by. "He's forty minutes late! That doesn't leave us enough time to rehearse the show before we go on the air!"

Danny turned to his secretary who had been trained to stay on his heels at all times.

"Miss Salamander—will you please park your gum for a minute and phone his home again? Try his ranch, his club, and begin

on the Hollywood taverns! Maybe Frank's forgotten what day of the week this is!"

"Maybe it's the crowd outside," suggested Miss Salamander, rolling her eyes and snapping her gum. "Maybe Mr. Morgan can't get into the station! You know what trouble Mister Numar's party had!"

"That's an idea!" said Danny. "Get on the loud speaker, somebody—and ask if Frank Morgan is in the crowd. Ye gods, if Frank's out in that mob, he'll be lucky to have any clothes left on him!"

The loud speaker outside the building was turned on and an announcer's voice inquired: "Ladies and gentlemen, has anyone seen Frank Morgan? Please pass the word along. We're trying to locate Frank Morgan. Please help us, everybody! If Frank Morgan's out there somewhere, he's needed at the studio right away!"

There was a traffic jam extending for two blocks in each direction along Sunset Boulevard, from Vine Street.

"Frank Morgan!" went the cry, passed from mouth to mouth. "Anybody seen Frank Morgan?"

"Yes, I see him!" said a fat little woman, standing up in her car and pointing. "There he is, over there! I've been seeing him for half an hour. What a thrill! I've never been as close to a Hollywood star in my life!"

The car containing Frank Morgan was surrounded, no—submerged by autograph seekers. They were standing on the running boards, sitting on the fenders and hood, and one of them had even climbed into the machine. With traffic at a standstill, this was a field day for them.

"Hey, Frank!" someone shouted. "They're calling for you at the station!"

"Tell them to stop calling and *do* something!" said Frank. "If you folks don't move, I can't move! Don't some of you have anything else to do? Don't you work anywhere? Don't you sleep? Are you all from out of town?"

The crowd laughed good-naturedly but nobody moved. They couldn't. The tie-up was up ahead, at the corner of Vine and Sunset.

"Morgan's been found!" the announcer reported to Danny Dingle. "He's sitting in his car on Sunset, near Cahuenga!"

"Well, tell him to abandon the car and get on up here!" ordered Danny.

"Ladies and gentlemen," appealed the

announcer over the loud speaker. "For those of you who came late, the Green Man is already in our studio. We can't let any more of you in. There isn't room. But it's getting close to our broadcast time and our star, Frank Morgan, still isn't here. He's down at Cahuenga and . . . !"

This was all the further he got. There was a general crushing movement of all on foot in that direction.

"Hey, you people in cars!" cried the announcer. "Give Frank a break! Help the police clear a lane for him! Let him through!"

STANDING at a window overlooking Sunset Boulevard, in a small reception room adjoining the studio, Numar and Professor Bailey had been gazing down upon the scene below. They had been ushered into this room upon arrival and told by Danny Dingle that they would be called when all was ready for rehearsal. It was now a quarter to five and Professor Bailey was getting nervous but Numar showed no signs of concern. The two of them could hear the voice of the announcer as it came out over the loud speaker system, and watch the reaction of the crowd.

"I'm certainly glad *we're* out of that mob," said the Professor. "It's a frightening thing, Mister Numar, when we human creatures all take a notion we want to see something. Just look at them out there! And to think, *you* caused all this! . . . Those cars are commencing to move now. I guess, since they've found they can't see you, they're letting Mr. Morgan through. . . . Yes . . . there he comes! . . . Listen to them cheer him! That's the way we Americans are. Let a great scientist or inventor come down the street and he isn't even recognized. I wonder what you must be thinking of us!"

Numar smiled, thoughtfully. "You are creatures of great promise," he said.

Professor Bailey looked at Numar, doubtfully. "You think so?" he asked. "Sometimes, I wonder . . . !"

EIGHT minutes before time for the Sackswell Coffee House Hour to go on the air, a breathless, disheveled Frank Morgan, minus his tie and a shirt sleeve, reached the studio.

"It's hell to be popular, but I love it!" he said. Then, looking around, "Where's that Green Man? I could kill him!"

"Never mind the Green Man now!" said director Danny. "You glue your eyes on this script! You'll barely have time to give it a 'run-through' before we're on. This show isn't timed or anything. I don't know where I'm at. I'm going in and see the Green Man now and get him set. Meet you in the studio. If you have a spare moment, pray for me!"

Danny Dingle rushed from the rehearsal room to where he had Numar and Professor Bailey in waiting. He carried a copy of the script in hand.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said, "but you're such a terrific attraction, Mister Numar . . . this crowd and everything . . . we won't have time for rehearsal. You ever been on a radio show before?"

"Not on this planet," said Numar.

"Oh! . . . Oh, yes . . . I forgot! Well, there's not much to it. Your lines are all written for you, Mister Numar. We got our data on you from the papers. I think you'll find it all quite accurate."

Numar took the radio script and turned its pages with his long green fingers.

"I see. My name appears here in several places."

"That's right," directed Danny. "You've caught on. All you do is read what's under your name. Don't read anything else."

"You don't wish me to say anything for myself?" asked Numar.

"Not a word!" said Danny. "You'll ball everything up, if you do!"

"But what if the words you have written do not appeal to me?" asked Numar.

Danny pulled out a handful of his own hair. "Well, read it, anyway! You're getting paid for this, Mister Numar! Don't forget that! And you're getting a world of publicity, besides! You can write your own ticket after this. Come on, now. We've just got three minutes. Follow me. We're going out onto the studio stage. Come along, Professor. You can sit in the back."

Danny grabbed Numar by the arm, intending to pilot him. There was a sudden flash and he went skidding across the floor, landing in a sitting position against the wall.

"That damned rug!" he said, jumping up. "Somebody ought to tack it down!"

As he reached for Numar's arm again, Professor Bailey stopped him just in time.

It was one minute to five when the harassed director of the Sackswell Coffee House radio program had his cast all as-

sembled on the stage before an over-flow studio audience. He took three aspirin tablets and clapped them in his mouth.

"These should be digitalis," he said to himself. "My heart's worse off than my head!"

Seated in the front row, beaming and waving at Numar and also at the Professor, was the girl who had come to crash Hollywood. She sat next to a glowering Sid Alex, who sat next to a contented Mrs. Bailey, who sat next to a glowering Sam Schwartz. The hands of the clock pointed to five p.m. and the red light flashed on.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the announcer. "What is good till the last *drip*? . . . One guess! . . . *Sackswell Coffee*! . . ."

COMMERCIAL statements, in this glorious day of radio, must be endured—but they can be passed over lightly on paper. Suffice it to say that the entertainment part of the program was eagerly awaited. More so, today, than at any other time in the long dripping history of Sackswell Coffee!

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," said announcer Pete Eggle. "We have with us tonight—don't laugh—this is on the level . . . if it isn't, so help me . . . the most extraordinary, the most phenomenal, by all odds the most sensational celebrity of our time: He's actually standing beside me at this moment. Think of it, ladies and gentlemen—Numar, the Green Man, who has just reached here after traveling a TRILLION MILES—yes, a TRILLION MILES through space, from the planet Talamaya!"

Numar, under Danny's direction, stood up, with his script, before a microphone. An usher held up a card marked, "Applause" and the goggle-eyed audience beat its palms.

"Well, Mr. Numar," said Pete Ellis, following the script, "I'll bet, after a long journey like that, you were glad to find even the Earth to light upon!"

"Yes," read Numar, "'This is the longest distance I have ever travelled for a cup of coffee.'"

"I suppose it would be unfair to ask—what brand?" read Pete.

Numar looked up from the script. "Yes, it would," he said.

Pete Ellis looked frightened. Danny Dingle jumped to his feet with gobs of perspiration standing out on his forehead. "I told you to stick to the script!" he whispered.

"I do not like what is written here," said Numar. "It doesn't make sense."

"This program's not *supposed* to make sense," said Danny, his voice rising. "We had Einstein last week. *He* read what was written. Who do you think *you* are?"

Danny's voice, in his excitement, had carried over the radio and the audience was roaring.

"Well, Mr. Numar, we'll pass on to the next question," ad libbed announcer Pete Ellis, hopefully. He read from the script. "'Now that you're here, what do you think of us?'"

"I don't like this answer, either," said Numar.

"You've got to read your lines," raved Danny. "We can't produce a radio show this way. Give him his cue! He can't go on without the cue!"

A SECOND of silence on the radio is *not* golden. Every announcer is trained to fill in with something—anything—if things go wrong. If he even starts reciting the alphabet or counting from one to ten, it's better than nothing. Pete Ellis was almost at this stage now. He decided to make one more try to stay with the script.

"Mr. Numar," he read, "'we earth people have often wondered, but we've never actually known—when you passed by the moon on your way here, did you notice if it was really made of green cheese?'"

Numar laid his script down and stood, unspeaking. The audience howled and so did Danny Dingle but *his* howl was pitched in a different key.

"All right," said Pete Ellis to Numar, "if you want to play, *I'll* play, too!" and he tore up his script.

"Get Frank Morgan out here! Get him on the air, quick!" directed Danny. "Throw him his cue, Pete! Never mind Numar!"

"My gosh!" said Pete, groping on the floor through the torn pages. "Where is it?"

Danny handed Pete his own script and pointed with his finger. "There!" he said.

The studio audience was rocking and so was the radio audience, from coast to coast.

"That's all very interesting, Mr. Numar," read Pete Ellis. "'This has been a most informative interview. It must be wonderful to travel through space the way you do, living only on air and water . . . !'"

This was Frank Morgan's cue. He came running to his microphone, script in hand.

"What's that, Jockey? Who's been living on air and water? What jail was *he* in? I usually get bread in *mine*! . . . What am I saying? . . . Where have I been . . . ? That's the question! Jockey, I've just returned from the most amazing trip through inter-stellar space ever undertaken by man or insect! . . . Pete, you may not believe this, but I've had a drink out of the Big Dipper!"

"Oh, Frank! . . . How can you say that?"

"Well, it's written here . . . ! What am I saying?"

"The Big Dipper! Of all the impossible, nonsensical . . . you didn't get anywhere near it!"

"I *didn't*?" said Frank. "Why, I even milked a cow in the Milky Way!"

"Frank! Be careful what you're saying! There's a man here who really came from the Milky Way—and you never drank milk in your life!"

"Now, Jockey, don't interrupt my story . . . let's see—where was I? Oh, yes! I passed by Taurus, the Bull, and reached out and twisted his tail! . . . Then I gave Venus a hug and kicked Jupiter in the pants!"

"Frank! I'm trying to tell you! You see that green man over there?"

"Green man!" said Frank. "Oh, yes! . . . Green! . . . What a misfortune! . . . Well, there I was—sailing through space at the rate of a million miles an hour!"

"But, Frank, this Mr. Numar travels with the speed of light! That's one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second—or, roughly, six hundred and seventy million miles an hour!"

"WHAT! . . . You're joking!" said

Frank. "You can't travel that fast on hot air! I know! I've tried it! . . . Jockey, I got so hungry on my trip through space that I stole the Little Bear's porridge. Boy, did he get sore! He called to the Big Bear and said, 'Papa, that naughty man's eaten my porridge! Slap him down when he goes by!' You see this scratch on my face? That's what a close call I had!"

"Frank, do you mean to stand here and tell us you got that scratch from the Constellation Big Bear?"

"Well, I started from scratch and it's a good bear story, isn't it?"

"Yes—it's a bear story to end bear

stories! Now, Frank, we've had enough of your ridiculous, astronomical flights of fancy. Come down to earth and let us introduce you to a *super being* who's *really* been there . . . !"

"Ho, ho, ho! You're *such* a boy!" said Frank. "Really *been* there?"

"Yes, Mr. Numar's come here from the planet Talamaya, a trillion miles away."

"A trillion miles!" said Frank. "Oh, yes—a mere trillion . . . the planet Talamaya . . . I passed it on my way home."

Numar had remained motionless before the microphone during this banter. He seemed vastly amused. "Mr. Morgan," he said, "it would be interesting to know in what sort of a space vehicle you traveled?"

Morgan stared at his script. He began searching his pages. "I don't see that line," he said, finally. "Where is it?"

Danny Dingle came running up. "Please, Mr. Numar—say what you're *supposed* to say. Look! Here it is, right here!" He put Numar's script back in his hands and pointed to the lines.

Numar disregarded it. "I don't like it," he said, simply.

"You don't like it!" raged Danny, not caring whether the radio audience heard it or not. "And we're paying a gag writer five hundred dollars a week to write those lines!"

"All right," consented Numar. "I'll read the closing words he's written for me. Well, folks—I'm glad to have been here and, as Mae West would say, 'Come up and see me some time!'"

This was the straw which broke the camel's back, including Danny's. He gave Numar a push and tried to pull the microphone from him at the same time.

There was a blinding flash. Danny did a backward somersault. The audience screamed. There was a short circuit and the radio went dead. Engineers in the control room worked frantically. A quick switch was made to another studio.

"Ladies and gentlemen," an announcer said over the air. "Due to technical difficulties beyond our control, we have been compelled to leave the Sackswell Coffee House program which will be with you at the same time, same station, next week. Remember—Sackswell Coffee is good to the last drip—and we do mean—*drip!*"

IT WASN'T a long hop to Hollywood for hopping mad Harry Hopper. The

Flight Lieutenant had entertained himself by turning his radio on commercial programs. By coincidence, he had tuned in on the Sackswell Coffee House broadcast.

"That's the man I'm after!" he said, when he had heard Numar introduced. The program itself may have been funny but it left Betty's boy friend considerably confused. "I can't make the guy out," he said. "He must be a screw ball right!"

This is about the opinion that the entire country had of Numar. His unpredictable conduct during the Sackswell Coffee broadcast had everyone guessing. But whatever people thought about him, he had most definitely caught the public fancy and was a lead topic of discussion.

"I don't blame Numar for acting like he did!" some people said. "If he really came from another planet, it's disgraceful for us to be treating him like we are!"

"Numar's clever all right but it's all a put-up job!" said the out-and-out skeptics. "He can't fool us! As for that broadcast, the show was written that way!"

So the pro and con comments went, everywhere building up more interest in Numar. Who was this Green Man, anyway? And what was he? How could anybody tell—and how could it ever be proved that he'd come from another planet? Regardless of all this, what was the mysterious Green Man going to do next?

In response to the widespread interest, newspapers kept Numar's name and activities in the front page headlines, and photographers still kept on trying to get his picture!

Clifton Fadiman, in New York, after listening to Numar on the Sackswell Coffee program, professed no concern. When queried by news reporters about Numar's coming appearance on "Information, Please," he said: "Our program is made to order for Mr. Numar, since it is free and unrehearsed. Everyone knows we let our guests say what they choose at all times. Mr. Numar should, therefore, have no difficulty answering our questions in his own words!"

In Chicago, Big Hank Morrison, publicity director of the University of Chicago, was tickled.

"Anything Numar does that gets him more publicity is all to the good with us," he said. "It's like a football. You can do more with it when it's inflated. We hope Numar is the sensation of the age when he

reaches Chicago. Incidentally—if any of you folks would like to get in Soldiers' Field to see him this coming Saturday, you'd better buy your tickets now. Everything points to a sell-out!"

L T. HARRY HOPPER decided to set his plane down at the Los Angeles Municipal Airport. It was his intention to grab a cab and make a bee-line for Professor Bailey's home in La Canada. He had everything memorized that he planned to say and do.

"I'm going to save her from herself," he said. "No girl can do what she is doing and be in her right mind. She's almost made me lose mine!"

Harry came shooting through the pass between the mountains which marked the approach to the airport. He circled the field and looked down. There was a big crowd gathered around an American airliner which was about to take-off. Harry could see little figures boarding the plane.

"Most likely some movie star," he thought. "Beats all how their fans will follow them anywhere!"

There were no tall chimneys in the vicinity and Harry had nothing to tempt him on the way down. On getting his signal to "come in" he landed at a far end of the airport and turned his plane over to mechanics.

"Just in for a couple days," he said. "Bed this baby down for the night and give her some oats. I'll be seeing you!"

He ran across the field toward the air depot. As he passed the crowd surrounding the American Air Lines plane, his curiosity got the better of him. He couldn't get close to the plane so he stood on tip-toe and craned his neck. He saw a dazzling blonde, standing on the steps leading up to the door of the airliner. She was apparently posing for pictures.

"Who is she?" he asked of those nearby. "I can't make out from here."

"Who is who?" asked a woman. "Who are you talking about?"

"That girl!" pointed Harry. "She looks like Betty Grable!"

"Oh, her!" said the woman. "I don't know who she is. But that man in the white robes is Numar!"

Flight Lieutenant Harry Hopper let out a wild yell and tried to burrow through the crowd. He was repulsed with angry shoves and comments. Looking about, Harry saw



Numar and a dazzling blonde were posing for their pictures on the airliner steps

an empty baggage truck. He clambered on top of it and began to shout and wave his arms.

"All right, Miss Bracken," said talent scout Alex. "That's all the picture-taking. Hurry up and get aboard. We're the last ones in!"

"Oh, wait just a minute!" said Betty. "Who is that nice-looking aviator out there? He seems to be calling to me!"

"Get in the plane!" said Mr. Alex. "It's late leaving now!"

"Oh, but he's waving to me!" said Betty. She lifted her arm and fluttered a handkerchief at the frenzied figure on the truck. "I suppose it's all right to wave back. One has to be nice to the boys in the service."

"Get in that plane before I bop you one!" said Mr. Alex, slightly impatient.

He gave her a push and she got in the plane. Mr. Alex jumped in after her and the door slammed shut.

A porter began pulling the baggage truck upon which an almost deranged flying officer was shouting curses into the air.

"Get off there, boss! I gotta use this right away!" said the porter.

He began trundling the truck in one direction as the plane went the other. It taxied down the runway to its take-off point. Harry still remained on the moving truck so he could keep the plane in sight. He saw the face of the dazzling blonde pressed against one of the plane windows. Harry shook his fist.

"You can't *do* this to me!" he shouted. Then, to the porter, "Where's that plane going?"

"New York," said the porter.

Harry made a flying leap off the truck and started running. The mechanics were just wheeling his plane into a hangar.

"Hold everything!" cried Harry. "Gas her up! I'm taking off!"

MRS. BAILEY was delighted with the interior of the huge transport plane.

"Why, it's just like a home on wheels!" she said. "And what roomy compartments! Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Schwartz, that they turn these into beds when we get up into the air?"

"They sure do," said Warner Brothers' representative. "But if I were you, Mrs. Bailey, I'd fasten that belt around my waist."

"My goodness!" said Mrs. Bailey. "What a noise those engines are making! Can't they do something about that?"

"They're tuning them up before taking off," said Mr. Schwartz. "Here, let me help you with your belt!"

Professor Bailey sat in the compartment just ahead with Numar. Betty was located across the aisle in the company of talent scout Alex.

"I just love flying," she said. "Oh, Auntie! Just wait until you get up in the air! I'm going to try to point out your house to you!"

Mrs. Bailey shut her eyes and grasped hold of the seat.

"Don't you suggest such a thing!" she said.

The American Airliner had swung about and the pilot was giving her the gun. The big plane roared down the runway.

"You can open your eyes now," said Mr. Schwartz. "We're off the ground."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Bailey. "You don't mean it!" She ventured a look and shut her eyes again.

"Auntie!" cried Betty, pointing out the window. "There it is . . . ! I believe that's your house! . . . No, it must be that other one! . . . Wait! . . . This one looks like . . . oh, I guess that's not La-Canada at all!"

Mrs. Bailey had her eyes half open but was looking straight ahead inside the plane. There was a slight tilting motion as it climbed for altitude. "How soon are we going to reach New York?" she asked.

"Not till tomorrow a.m." said Mr. Schwartz.

"Oh, Auntie!" called Betty, "they serve the most wonderful dinners on this plane!"

"Don't talk to me about food," said Mrs. Bailey. "I've other things on my mind just now."

Numar had been sitting quietly, studying the plane's operation and the changing scenery outside. Professor Bailey was also intensely interested in the flight, but suddenly a strange and troubled expression crossed his face.

"Mister Numar," he said. "I've just had a tremendous thought. In your space ship, according to our concept of time, traveling at one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second—you would be in New York almost before you started! I feel like apologizing to you for our slow rate of travel!"

Numar smiled. "In time and space all things are relative," he said. "You will attain greater speed as you find there's a need for it."

"Then you don't object to this snail's pace?" asked the Professor.

"Oh the contrary," said Numar, "I'm enjoying it."

THE American Airliner made two stops enroute to New York, one at Dallas, Texas; the other at Nashville, Tennessee. All passengers were snugly in their berths when the big rubber-tired wheels crunched

softly to earth at Dallas but a young and impatient flying officer from the United States Army was waiting. He approached the stewardess.

"How long are you stopping here?" he asked.

"Five minutes," she replied.

"Is anyone up in the plane?"

"No, sir."

"There wouldn't be a chance of my seeing one of the passengers? It's very urgent!"

"Which one?" asked the stewardess.

"Miss Betty Bracken," said the flying officer. "I'm her fiance!"

"Oh, yes" said the stewardess. "She's in lower berth four—right hand side. You haven't much time."

"That's okay," said the lieutenant. "I just want to give her a message."

"Right this way," said the stewardess. She led him inside the plane and down the darkened aisle. "Right here!" she whispered, and reached inside to touch the sleeping form. "If you'll excuse me—I've got to pick up some supplies!" The stewardess tiptoed back down the aisle and left the plane.

The passenger in lower number four had not stirred. Her caller knelt hesitantly by the berth and then reached in and shook her gently by the shoulder.

"Betty!" he called, in a low voice. "Oh, Betty! This is Harry!"

The blonde head turned on the pillow, but she did not waken.

Outside came the tell-tale sounds that the plane monkeys, the men who checked her over at each landing, were about to release her for further flight. Harry shook Betty more urgently.

"Sweetheart!" he said. "Wake up! It's me—Harry!"

Betty came awake. She saw a hand through the curtain, touching her shoulder, and sat upright.

"Help! she screamed. "Help, somebody! Help!"

"Shut up!" cried Harry. "For gosh sake, shut up!"

HEADS began to pop out of berths. Mr. Alex leaned out from his upper and "konked" the head of the man in uniform with his shoe.

"Ouch!" said Harry. As he stood up,

Mr. Schwartz, from the other side of the aisle, jabbed him in the face with his bare

foot.

"Help!" Betty kept screaming.

Harry did not stop to deliver his message. He got out of the plane and cut across the field to his own ship.

"Betty!" called Mrs. Bailey, "what on earth . . . ?"

"Oh, Auntie!" cried her niece, "I've just had a frightful experience!"

"There was a man here to see you," said the returning stewardess.

"To see *me*!" said Betty. "He almost scared me to death! Where did he go?"

"He left the plane. I'm sorry I let him disturb you. He said it was important."

"Why, the very idea! What did he look like?"

"He was an army pilot."

"He *was*!" said Betty. "Oh! Well, then—maybe I know . . . Do you suppose . . . ? Yes, it must have been . . . !"

"Must have been who?" asked talent scout Alex.

"That nice-looking soldier I waved at when we left Los Angeles," said Betty. "My goodness! It just goes to show you've got to be careful who you encourage these days!"

"He said he was your fiance," said the stewardess.

"Well, naturally," said Betty. "He'd say anything to get in the plane! . . . My *fiance*! . . . Now, who could *that* be?"

THE night flight was uneventful after the passengers had once settled down from this scare of Betty's. Professor Bailey stayed awake until the early dawn hours, lying in his berth and looking up at the entrancing patchwork of his beloved stars, many of which he knew by name. Every once in a while he would take hold of his flesh between his thumb and forefinger and pinch it hard.

"I suppose I'll be black and blue in the morning," he said to himself. "But it still seems incredible to me that I could be going through an experience like this! My, this plane must be making over two hundred miles an hour! That seems awfully fast to me. It's wonderful to be up here with the feeling you get that you're so near the sky. I can only imagine the sensation which must be Numar's as he whizzes through space! When he passes a planet, it would seem to be standing still, although we know our sun is rushing through space, taking our whole solar system with it, at

the rate of seven hundred miles a minute! . . . I wonder *where* all these universes are going—and *why*?"

Professor Bailey reminded himself that it was questions like these he wished to ask Numar when and if they could find some quiet place of solitude on earth.

Mrs. Bailey had overcome some of her early misgivings about being up in a plane and, since the night was clear and the air smooth, she had enjoyed a good sleep.

"Where are we now?" she asked Mr. Schwartz, when she had risen in the morning, astonished to find an appetite for breakfast.

"About an hour out of New York," said Warner Brothers representative. "Why? Are you thinking of getting out?"

"My, no!" said Mrs. Bailey. "I'm only sorry this trip's so near an end! Why, I felt more comfortable in that berth than in my bed at home . . . that is, except for that time in the night when we took that awful drop!"

"You mean—when we hit that air pocket?" asked Mr. Schwartz.

"Oh, is that what you call it?" said Mrs. Bailey. "Well, why doesn't the pilot watch out for those places in the air and go around them like a bump in the road?"

Mr. Schwartz smothered a smile. "That's an idea," he said. "Why don't you suggest it to him?"

"I'll do it," said Mrs. Bailey, "The very first chance I get!"

IT WAS Betty who saw the other plane first. It had the insignia of the United States Army upon it. The airliner was passing through clusters of fleecy clouds which seemed to blow away in the breeze of the propellers. This little plane kept bobbing up and down, coming closer and closer. Betty watched it with increasing fascination.

"Oh, look!" she exclaimed. "I do believe the pilot's waving at me!"

The plane had an open cockpit so the figure of the pilot could be plainly seen behind the cowlings.

"Now, Betty," said Mrs. Bailey, "Do control yourself, dear! You have too vivid an imagination!"

"No, Auntie! I'm *not* imagining things!" cried Betty, excitedly. "The pilot *is* waving! Oh, Auntie, get out your field glasses and let me have a good look at him!"

"For gracious sake!" said Mrs. Bailey,

fumbling inside her bag. "Here they are, child!"

Betty took the glasses and adjusted them. She had now attracted the attention of everyone on the plane and passengers on the other side were standing in the aisle, staring out.

As the army plane came close and stayed alongside for a moment, Betty let out a shriek. "Why, Auntie! It's Harry! . . . Well, what do you know! . . . Why, of course! . . . Why didn't I think of him before? . . . Look at him wave! . . . Oh! Did you see his plane wobble? . . . Harry, be careful! . . . Hello, dear! . . ." Betty waved against the window pane. "He sees me, too! Oh! That's wonderful! . . . Auntie, isn't this romantic?"

The army plane swerved as both planes hit an air pocket and almost came together. The co-pilot of the airliner came down the aisle.

"Who is that fool out there?" he demanded. "What's he think he's doing?"

"He's signalling to me!" said Betty. "It's sign language we learned when we were going together in New York!" She had her eyes fixed on the figure in the army plane, trying to make out his semaphore movements. "Sorry, Harry. You'll have to do it over!" she said, shaking her head and gesturing. "I didn't get it!"

THE figure in the other plane took his hands off the controls and began the motions again, just as they went into a cloud.

"Oh, that's too bad!" said Betty, and turned to the co-pilot. "Can't you please keep this plane out of the clouds for a few minutes? I can't see what he's saying."

"Young lady," said the co-pilot. "This isn't any time or place for wig-wagging! You come away from that window before that dizzy Romeo runs into us or goes into a tail spin! . . . He'll get demoted for this!"

"Demoted!" said Betty. "A man who can fly like that? Just a minute now! . . . I'm getting it . . . Don't move the plane . . . hold it still . . . keep close to him . . . a little closer . . . He's spelling it out for me . . . Here it is! . . . 'w-a-i-t- t-i-l- I g-e-t y-o-u a-l-o-n-e!'"

"If that's a threat, I'm in favor of it," said the co-pilot.

Betty made an answering gesture. "I can't imagine what he means but I've signalled to him 'message received', anyway!"

. . . Oh! Look at that!"

The army pilot had pulled up in a sharp climb and was looping the loop! He was soon lost to sight.

"Now, Betty," said Mrs. Bailey, "perhaps you can take time to tell me who this man Harry is!"

"Oh, Auntie!" said Betty. "I feel so humiliated! . . . He must have been the one who called on me in the plane last night! . . . The poor boy! To think I treated him like I did!"

"I should have hit him harder with my shoe," said Mr. Alex.

"I almost broke a toe on him," said Mr. Schwartz. "But I wish I'd laid him out. The sky isn't safe with a guy like that on the loose!"

"Oh, Nellie!" called Professor Bailey, excitedly. "Look! . . . Look out your window! There's *New York* down there!"

LA GUARDIA Airport was agog with excitement. As the terminal for scores of incoming and outgoing celebrities, it had always attracted crowds of sight-seers. But this morning a city of twenty-five thousand population had transported itself to the airport by subway, automobile and bus line. These citizens from every walk and run of life were not there to welcome Eleanor Roosevelt or Mahatma Gandhi. They were there to see and to greet the mysterious Green Man who had temporarily displaced war, politics, domestic troubles and the weather as subjects of discussion. Several hundred of "New York's finest" had been rushed to the airport to protect the runways from invasion and the bulging crowd had been, temporarily at least, successfully roped off.

A welcoming committee was anxiously waiting. Prominent among the welcomers was, of course, the distinguished intellectual, Clifton Fadiman, of "Information, Please" fame. Standing beside him and looking wistfully up at him was the man after whom this great airport had been named—His Honor, Mayor Fiorella "Little Flower" LaGuardia.

"Isn't it a fine morning?" he said, squinting at the sky.

"I don't answer questions," said Mr. Fadiman. "I ask them!"

Behind these two solid citizens was arrayed the greatest battery of hard-boiled reporters and photographers ever assembled for any event anywhere. To say that they

were "loaded for bear" would be a gross under-statement. The photographers had been ordered to get a picture of Numar on their film negatives "or else"! The reporters, feature writers, columnists and other members of the writing profession too ornery to classify, had been instructed to get under Numar's green skin and get the everlasting low-down on him.

All the world's best fakirs had headed for New York sooner or later. They might be able to fool the natives, out in Oshkosh, Podunk or even Los Angeles, but when a pretender ran up against the sophistication of New York town, he was soon as unveiled as Gypsy Rose Lee.

A few of the Big Town's smartest literati stood off from the pack and put their intellects together. In this group was Walter Winchell, dean of all newspaper pun-wits, who knew what everyone was going to do before they did it. Then there was the venerable H. V. Kaltenborn, dean of every American foreign correspondent since the Civil War.

"I tell you, Walter," said Mr. Kaltenborn, clipping each word as though he were chipping a diamond, "we must treat this situation with the utmost sagacity. It is not for us to turn back now. We must not permit ourselves to be out-flanked by a sly maneuver on the part of this green invader. We should hem him in on all sides and demand to know how he stands on our foreign policy!"

DOROTHY THOMPSON, dean of all she surveys, which is considerable, edged herself into the conversation.

"It is the moral aspect which concerns me," she said. "If Numar is an imposter, and if he is not speedily exposed, the ethical repercussions of this monstrous fraud are apt to reach down to the very roots of our civilization. I think, therefore, that Mr. Numar should be called upon to state unequivocally his position in this matter and to furnish unassailable proof as to his identification and purposes on this planet!"

"If he doesn't, I will!" said Winchell. "I just had a tip that his name's really Izzy Zwankenstein of Brooklyn, and that he fell in a vat of green dye at a chemical works. My informants state that he was taught a few tricks by a broken-down magician who has joined forces with him in an attempt to gain fame and fortune. I hope to have more information on this case before I go to press

tonight, but—first—I'm giving Mr. Numar a chance to come clean with the inside story, himself. If he doesn't, I'll turn him over to the F.B.I.!"

There was a sudden shout from the crowd and thousands of faces turned upward as the American Airliner was seen circling the field. High above it was an army pursuit plane, which seemed to hover protectingly. As the airliner came down on the runway and started taxiing to the unloading platform, this army plane dipped low over the field and then landed on an outside runway.

"Looks like the army's after Numar," said Winchell. "I'll have to make a note of that. Maybe he's a draft evader!"

Inside the airliner, all was a flurry of excitement.

"My, but we took a dip coming in!" said Mrs. Bailey. "William, is my hat on straight?"

"I can't tell you, Nellie," said the Professor. "I'm still dizzy myself!"

THE two talent scouts nudged one another.

"Jeez!" said Sid, glancing out a window. "Just look at that crowd! It's a publicity man's dream!"

"Have you talked business with Numar yet?" asked Sam.

"How could I?" said Sid, "with you watching me all the time!"

"I dropped to sleep for five minutes last night," said Sam. "What were you doing then?"

"That must have been the same time I fell asleep!" said Sid. "What were you doing?"

Betty was primping like mad, if not madder. She emerged from the ladies lounge, dressed for her public. Talent scout Alex caught the first glimpse of her.

"Good God!" he said, grabbing Sam's arm. "Do you see what I see?"

Sam ventured a look. "I don't think Numar's going to like that!" he said.

Betty was wearing a gay little green hat over one ear and half of one eye. She was attired in a gray suit which had been closely riveted to her curves. Her shoes were green and her pocketbook was green. But the eyestopping thing about her was her make-up. Each cheek was delicately highlighted in green and she winked at her two flabbergasted observers from beneath drooping green eyelashes! Then she puckered up her green lips and blew them a kiss with

expressive green-lacquered fingertips.

"Mrs. Bailey," said Mr. Alex, swallowing his gum. "Will you please take a look at your niece?"

Mrs. Bailey, who had been waiting for the line of passengers in front of her to move out of the plane so she could catch her first terra firma glimpse of New York, turned about.

"Hello, Auntie!" said Betty, and flashed a green Mona Lisa smile.

Mrs. Bailey took one look and slumped in a half-faint in the aisle.

"Why, Auntie," said Betty, "what's the matter? Don't you like it? I think it's very appropriate for the occasion!"

PROFESSOR BAILEY glanced worriedly at Numar who was last in line and who had been quietly observing Betty's fearful yet wonderful composition.

"I don't know who ever gave her that idea!" said the Professor. "I hope you don't mind too much. I think, myself, it's far too theatrical. It may give the people a wrong impression of *you*."

Numar shook his head. "You do not need to be concerned about me," he said. "I would say she has quite a dramatic sense."

The passengers had begun to move out of the plane and it was time for Numar's party to make its exit.

"Don't you think if I came out last, it would be more effective?" suggested Betty.

"She's stealing scenes already," said Sam, "and she hasn't even been in pictures yet! That's a sure sign she's going to be a star!"

"Yeah," said Sid, drily. "Only trouble is, we'll have to be shooting her in technicolor." Then, to Betty, he said, "You can't get top billing on this tour, Baby. You're lucky to be along for the ride. So, you be a good girl and listen to your Uncle Sid. Stick with me and you're certain to wear phony diamonds!"

Mrs. Bailey was the first out. Sight of the tremendous throng behind the ropes almost brought on another fainting spell. She leaned on the arm of Mr. Schwartz for support. At least fifty camera men had their lenses aimed at her. Off to one side, news reel men were assembled in a semi-circle. In front of them was the welcoming committee. Mayor LaGuardia was moistening his lips and getting ready for action. Clifton Fadiman straightened his tie, removed an imaginary hair from his coat lapel, and said "ahem!" several times. Both men looked

toward the plane, expectantly.

Next to appear in the plane's doorway was something entirely unannounced. Those within eye-view gasped in unbelieving astonishment.

"Who's that?" said a man, "Numar's wife?"

The feminine bundle in green smiled and took a bow. Flashlight bulbs exploded. Mayor LaGuardia and Mr. Fadiman looked questioningly at one another.

"Is this one of Numar's party?" asked Mr. Fadiman.

"You'd better ask someone on 'Information, Please,'" said the mayor. "I don't answer questions for a living."

Talent scout Alex gave Betty a shove from behind. "Get moving, Baby," he said. "Don't wear out your welcome!"

"Oh!" said Betty, pointing. "Are those the official greeters over there!"

"That's them," Mr. Alex.

Betty started forward, face beaming. "Oh, Mr. Mayor! . . . How *do* you do? . . . I've read lots about you. You look just like your pictures—maybe just a pound or two heavier!"

There was no escape for the Mayor. She had seized his hand and was pumping it. "You *look* like somebody," he said. "Who are you?"

"Why, Mr. Mayor!" exclaimed Betty. "Hasn't anyone told you? I'm Professor Bailey's niece and he's the man Mr. Numar's staying with—and I'm under contract to M.G.M.!"

Betty had given the crowd something to look at and it was looking. Even blasé New York had never seen a golden-haired blonde with glistening lips and fingernails of green!

SHE turned to an uncomfortable Clifton Fadiman. "Oh, aren't you the man who writes the Encyclopedia Britannica?" she asked, extending her hand. "I just love brainy men! I think they're so intelligent!"

"This is an unexpected pleasure," said Mr. Fadiman. "Very unexpected!"

His eyes went from Betty to the plane entrance where a figure who was *really* green was stepping out. Numar was an impressive sight in the morning sun as he stood in his simple white robes and turban, a friendly smile on his green countenance. Betty lost her limelight at that moment.

Camera men made a rush for Numar and began shooting at him from all angles. Pro-

fessor Bailey, exiting somewhat shyly from the plane, kept to the background and crept around to stand beside his wife, where they watched proceedings.

"What are we going to do with Betty?" he whispered in her ear.

"Don't ask me!" said Mrs. Bailey. "I can't even bear to look at her!"

Police were having their difficulties with the crowd as men and women pulled and shoved, trying to get a better glimpse of the mysterious green man. Numar now was being directed toward the welcoming committee. He motioned to Professor Bailey to join him.

"Might I suggest," ventured the Professor, in a low voice. "Your electric power . . . have you turned it off?"

"Oh, yes!" said Numar, "Thank you for reminding me."

Mayor LaGuardia advanced with hand outstretched. As the two shook hands, the news reel cameras went into action to record what might prove to be an historic event.

"Mr. Numar," said the Little Flower, in a voice which trembled with emotion. "As Mayor of this great City of New York, which contains more Italians than Rome, more Irish than Dublin, more Germans than Bremen, and one-fifth of all the Jews in the world, I take pleasure in welcoming you, the first foreigner to visit us from another planet!"

Before the inter-planetary visitor could make answer, Clifton Fadiman stepped forward.

"Mr. Numar," he said, in a voice rich with culture. "We, my sponsors—the Fifty-Seven Varieties—and the *thinking* people of this country, including myself, deeply appreciate your having come a *trillion* miles to appear on the 'Information, Please' program."

NUMAR bowed in acknowledgment but said nothing, as the cameras kept on grinding. Mr. Fadiman then turned and shook hands with Professor Bailey. He was followed by the Mayor.

In the next instant, Numar was surrounded by a fearsome mob of highly trained inquisitors, the reporters. Their tongues and pencils had been sharpened for the encounter and questions flew at the Green Man from all sides with the bewildering ferocity of a robot bombing attack. They didn't care where they hit him or how often. If Numar's elaborate and clever de-

fenses could be broken and he could be put to rout, they were going to do it. It was an all-out assault which had never failed to make any previous artful deceiver break and run for cover.

But, after an intensive half hour barrage, the Green Man was still standing, unmoved, despite all charges and thrusts. His answers were direct and to the point. They were unable to shake his story. He was on a tour through the universe and had stopped off on Earth to deliver a message. No, he would give no inkling of what that message was to be. They would have to wait until his address between halves of the football game in Chicago. Where was he going from here? To another planet which was in about the same state of undevelopment. Beyond that, he would not go. There was no evidence of any attempt at evasiveness but the statements Numar made could, unfortunately, not be judged by any human standards or verified.

Finally Walter Winchell, the greatest runner-downer of higher-uppers, stepped to the front. "We're not getting anywhere this way," he said. "Will you boys and girls let me go to work on him?"

"Go to it!" chorused a baffled newspaper fraternity.

"All right, Mr. Numar," said Winchell. "You've had us all up in the ethereal regions. Let's get down on earth where we all live. What do you know about Brooklyn?"

"Brooklyn?" questioned Numar. "What is that?"

"That's the home of the Brooklyn Dodgers," said Winchell. "Also the home of Izzy Zwankenstein. Do you remember him?"

Numar shook his head. Winchell consulted his notes.

"Were you ever employed in a chemical works?"

Again Numar shook his head.

"All right, now. Think hard on this one. Did you ever fall into a vat of green dye?"

For the first time since Professor Bailey had been in Numar's company, the Green Man laughed out loud.

"You human creatures are very amusing," he said.

Winchell tore up his notes and threw them on the ground.

"Just a minute, Walter," called Mr. O'Neill, science editor of the Herald-Tribune. "Ask Mr. Numar if he'll give us a demonstration of his electrical powers!"

THE Mirror's little boy, Walter, gave Numar a dubious look. "Well, Mr. Zwankenstein, what do you say to that?"

"Select one of your number," invited Numar, agreeably. "I shall be glad to cooperate."

"Good heavens!" said Professor Bailey. "Here it comes again!"

"I was kissed by him once," said Betty, who was standing beside the Mayor. "It was a great experience."

"It must have been," said the Mayor, eyeing her.

"I can't quite make him out," said Mr. Fadiman.

"Oh, you needn't feel badly about that," said Betty. "Neither can anybody else!"

New York's smartest literati had gone into a huddle. H. V. Kaltenborn was speaking.

"No, Walter. I really must decline. I think this honor should go to you. Your Hooper rating is higher than mine."

Mrs. Winchell's bad little boy, Walter, was not so easily swayed. "Why not observe the good old American custom of 'women first'?" he proposed, "and let Dorothy touch him!"

"How long since women have been *first* in this country?" said Miss Thompson. "No, Walter, dear, you're the Number One Investigator of the newspaper profession. *You're* elected!"

Spectators who could get a view of what was going on, passed the news along to others who could not see. Numar was standing in an open area and was actually visible to quite a number. The reporters, however, now pressed forward to more closely observe the experiment.

"I suggest," said Numar, "that the rest of you stand back!"

WINCHELL'S collar had suddenly become too tight. He loosened his tie. There was perspiration on his forehead.

"My hands are rather moist," he said. "Will that make any difference?"

"It should help," said Numar.

Winchell dried his hands on his handkerchief.

"Now what shall I do?" he asked.

"Suppose you shake hands with me," directed Numar.

"What can I lose?" said Winchell, and held out his hand.

There was a flash but it wasn't one of Walter Winchell's to the world. He was

getting *this* flash *exclusively*.

"Looks like he's jitterbugging!" said the Mayor.

It only lasted a few seconds and the country's leading *scoop* columnist was picking himself up off the ground.

"Would anyone else like to . . . ?" suggested Numar, pleasantly.

"No, we'll take Walter's word for it!" said a cautious scribe from the New York Times.

"You *will*!" said Winchell, dusting himself off. "What a change in *policy*!" Then, turning to all assembled and raising his voice, he declared: "I haven't *any* word for it, except to say that I'm reporting this man to J. Edgar Hoover—for *carrying concealed weapons*!"

This broke up the newspaper interview and Winchell was now surrounded by his curious fellow writers who sought to get from him just how it had felt to touch the Green Man.

"Touch him, yourselves, and find out!" said Winchell. "Or else read about it tomorrow morning in the Daily Mirror!"

Mr. Fadiman and the Mayor now approached Numar but stood at a respectful distance.

"The Mayor and I have arranged," said the interrogator of "Information, Please," "to show you some of the sights of New York."

Numar smiled. "I shall be glad to accompany you," he said.

The Mayor looked around at the other members of Numar's party, including Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "I have only one city car here. Had I known there were to be so many of you . . . !"

"Oh, that's perfectly all right," said Betty, helpfully. "These two gentlemen here," indicating Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz, are just picture people. They won't mind taking the subway."

"Not at all," said Mr. Alex, glancing about at the crowd. "Especially when this mob starts getting out of here!"

"You said it," chimed Mr. Schwartz. "They claim it's the longest ride in the world for a nickel. Brother, they're sure right!"

"Well, then," said Betty, airily, "you can get a taxi—that is, if you can find one." Then she turned to the Mayor as she counted each one off on her fingers. "Now, that just leaves you and Mr. Britannica . . .

and Mr. Numar . . . and Mr. and Mrs. Bailey—and myself. That makes six. How big is your car?”

“It holds five,” said the Mayor.

“Why, that’s just right,” said Betty. “There’ll be plenty of room! I’ll sit on your lap!”

THE Mayor gave an uneasy sidewise glance at the photographers. “I’m afraid you won’t be very comfortable.”

“Oh, don’t you mind about me,” said Betty. “You just think of yourself!”

Mayor LaGuardia looked like a candidate who was being defeated for office.

It was a block’s walk to his chauffeured car and it was while covering this distance that most of the tremendous crowd tried to get a look at Numar personally. They broke through the police lines and surged about. Various cries went up.

“Say, he’s green all right! . . . Look at that dame with him! Boy, is she a sight! . . . Officer, let me through! I’m an astrol- oger. I’ve got to talk to Numar . . . Please, my leetle boy, he’s seek. I want for Numar just to touch . . .”

Despite all entreaties, the police fought back the crowd and delivered the Green Man and his party to the Mayor’s car, untrampled and untouched. But, far on the outskirts of the throng, making frenzied efforts to get through, was a young flying officer. Finally he appealed to one of New York’s “finest.”

“I’m in a terrible jam!” he said.

“Who isn’t?” said the big Irish copper, holding back at least a hundred squirming arms and legs.

“I don’t mean the crowd, I mean my girl!” said Harry.

“Domestic trouble, eh? Well, I can’t settle that! You’d better see the judge.”

“You don’t understand,” cried Harry, in desperation. “She’s getting away from me!”

“If she’s in this crowd,” said the copper, “she can’t get away from anybody!”

“But she’s with that guy Numar!” yelled Harry. “And I’ve got to get through to her!”

“Well, why didn’t you say so?” said the copper. “Crawl under this rope! You’ll have to hurry. She’s just about leavin’ in the Mayor’s car now!”

MR. ALEX and Mr. Schwartz stood forlornly and wistfully by as the rest

of Numar’s party climbed into the Mayor’s open limousine.

“I’m not used to this kind of treatment,” said Mr. Alex. “If I don’t land Numar, it won’t be worth it!”

“The same goes for me,” said Sam. “But that bird Numar—he gets bigger every minute. He’s got this New York town in his mitt right now!”

Betty, last in the car, had waited for the Mayor to seat himself. She now noticed an extra space beside the chauffeur in front. Her face brightened with a new idea.

“Yoo hoo! Oh, Mr. Alex . . . ! Mr. Schwartz! . . . I’ve found a place for you after all! . . . Do you mind sitting up front with the driver?”

“I’d ride on the roof to get out of this crowd!” said talent scout Alex.

“I’d even sit on the chauffeur’s lap,” said Sam.

The two men lost no time in following Betty’s suggestion.

“You know,” Sid confided to Sam, “she may be slightly screwy, but she’s not such a bad sort after all!”

“I don’t know which is worse,” said Sam. “That Mrs. Bailey would talk an arm off the Venus de Milo!”

Betty, still standing in the back of the car, looked about her to see if anything else needed supervising.

“Better get moving!” urged a police captain. “We can’t hold this crowd back much longer!”

Just at that moment, the handsome but somewhat ruffled form of a young flight lieutenant burst through the wall of spectators. In front of him was a circle of photographers, aiming their cameras at the car as it started to pull away.

“Betty!” he cried. “Wait for me! Betty!”

“Are you comfy, Mr. Mayor?” asked Betty. “Here I come!” She plopped herself down upon his lap.

“Betty!” cried an anguished voice, And then, for the first time, Lieutenant Harry Hopper got a full front view of the girl of his dreams. His eyes almost left their sockets. “Good gosh almighty!” he said.

In that instant, Betty saw and recognized him.

“Harry!” she screamed, and stood up again. “Oh, Harry! . . . Quick—catch on the back here! Come on! There’s room for one more!”

But the car was now picking up speed

and the crowd broke ranks behind it, swallowing Harry up in its midst.

Betty sank back down upon the Mayor's knee.

"Was that someone you knew?" he asked.

"Well, yes, slightly," said Betty. "He was my fiance!"

IT WAS natural and proper that the world's first inter-planetary visitor should be taken to one of the Earth's finest hotels. The Waldorf-Astoria, at Fiftieth and Park Avenue, New York, had long been so recognized. It had swank in the quiet but expensive manner. Those desirous of making the right impression on business acquaintances, friends or poor relations always carried away silverware bearing the famous Waldorf monogram. Today, there is an increasing number who, having completed sets for themselves, are working on sets for their grandchildren. No greater proof of a hotel's distinction may be cited than this. And, no celebrity from any land would think of stopping anywhere else than at the Waldorf, or at least making sure that he or she was *seen* there! . . .

When the whine of police motorcycle sirens announced the arrival of the Mayor's car at the main entrance of the Waldorf, the noon luncheon crowds stopped to gape and wonder. Who was the green gold blonde on the Mayor's lap? Hello! There was the Green Man! Well, what do you know! . . . And there was Mr. Fadiman, famed conductor of "Information, Please!" That must be Professor Bailey and his wife. And those two men, in the front seat with the chauffeur, must be detectives attached to the Mayor's strong arm squad. What a load of big shots! What a break to see them this way!

In no time at all, the car was surrounded. Once more it was a job for police to clear the way as Numar and his party entered the hotel. News had reached the manager that these distinguished guests were in the lobby and he met them at the head of the stairs to escort them personally to his private office, where he brought out a special registry for celebrities:

"Will you honor us by signing this?" he requested of Numar. "I think I may safely say," he continued, proudly, "that this guest book contains the signatures of all of the world's great, dating well back before the turn of the century." He dipped his

pen in the ink and handed it to Numar, then thought better of it and took it back. "Just a moment," he said. "You shouldn't sign it this way. I want your signature in *green* ink!" He reached in a drawer of his desk and produced a bottle, then wiped off the pen point and dipped it in. "Now, Mr. Numar, if you will, please."

NUMAR smiled, and with all in the party watching, inscribed his name in flowing, graceful style. He hesitated momentarily, and then wrote after his name:

"Resident, Planet Talamaya

Of the Constellation Universa . . ."

"So that's your address!" said Betty, looking over his shoulder. "My, if you ever jumped a hotel bill, they'd have a hard time reaching you!"

"I could not pay even now," said Numar, "since we have no currency on my planet you would recognize here."

"Oh, well!" said Betty, "I'm sure that Mr. Britannica or the Mayor or somebody . . . !"

"Of course!" said Mr. Fadiman. "Mr. Numar understands he is the guest of 'Information, Please'." Then, directing his remarks to the manager, he added, "We will need some extra accommodations for this young lady and Professor Bailey's wife."

"Oh, no, you won't!" said Mr. Alex, stepping forward. "M.G.M. is taking care of Miss Bracken!"

"And Warner Brothers are taking care of Mrs. Bailey," said Mr. Schwartz. "Just charge it to our companies."

Mr. Fadiman looked relieved. "Well, if you gentlemen insist!" he said.

"I'll show you to your suites," offered the manager. "But, first, Mr. Numar—it's our publicity director's suggestion—would you mind posing for a picture with Oscar, our chef? We'd like to get a photograph of you holding our bill of fare and giving him your order. Then we'll publish it with the caption: 'Oscar of the Waldorf, serving Numar, man from another planet, the best meal on earth!'"

Numar smiled. "It's an interesting idea," he said, "but it so happens that I eat no food."

"He has no stomach," said Professor Bailey, helpfully.

"No stomach!" said the manager, startled.

"He lives on distilled water," said the Professor.

"Oh," said the manager, quite dazed and crestfallen. "I'm sorry to hear that. No stomach! Well, well! I've heard of those operations. But how in heaven's name do you live on distilled water?"

"It's the way he's made," said the Professor. "He had no operation."

A frightened look came in the manager's face. "I'll get the keys to your suites," he said. "Thank you just the same, Mr. Numar. Thank you very much!" He started backing away. Then, to himself, "No stomach! . . . Wait till I tell Oscar!"

PROFESSOR BAILEY, as Numar's host, was assigned to the same suite with the Green Man while Mrs. Bailey, traveling under the delusion she was Betty's chaperone, paired with her. The two suites were situated across the hall from one another on a top floor. They were the first and last word in elegance, so there remained nothing for Mrs. Bailey to say about them. All she could do was gasp her amazement and go around, exclaiming, "Well, I never!" To Mr. Schwartz, however, she did remark: "This must be costing your company a pretty penny!" His reply had not reassured her. "Don't worry—before we're through with you, we'll get it back some way!"

The Professor, Mrs. Bailey and Betty were guests of the Mayor and Mr. Fadiman for lunch in the Green Room of the Waldorf, but the Green Man remained in his suite and sipped his distilled water. His appearance in a public eating place, stomach or no stomach, would have upset too many digestive tracts and disrupted the dining service.

"I can see right now," said the Mayor, "that it's going to be a problem showing Mr. Numar the city!"

"*Quit!*" said Mr. Fadiman, in a masterpiece of understatement.

The representatives of M.G.M. and Warner Brothers had taken a suite for themselves on the same floor so that they might watch each other more easily.

"We've both got a stake in this thing," Sid said, "so why should we cut each other's throats—until we have to?"

"Sure," said Sam. "We might as well work together till one of us gets Numar. But if he won't let himself be photographed, he's not going to be much good for pictures."

"Not unless they shoot him as 'The In-

visible Man,'" said Sid. "I've already listed that title with the Will Hays Office, so you can't beat me there!"

The two men had arranged to have all telephone calls routed into their suite since neither Numar nor Professor Bailey were interested in anything but the primary purpose for which they had come to New York.

"If we can line up enough big offers between us," said Sam, "we ought to break this Numar down somehow. He's got the world by the tail now. I can't figure what else he wants."

"Well—you know these performers," said Sid. "Their egos are always bigger than their bankroll. I'll bet that guy never dreamed, when he started out with this stunt, that he'd be a sensation like this."

"Maybe he's gone so far he's afraid to stop," said Sam. "Or else he's begun to believe he's from another planet himself!"

"I don't know," said Sid. "All I know is—he's terrific box-office!"

THE telephone began to ring and both men jumped for it.

"It's my turn!" said Sid.

"I hope it's a wrong number," said Sam.

Sid shifted his cigar to a far corner of his mouth and answered the phone.

"Begin the conversation," he said. He waited a moment, listening intently, as Sam watched him with a hawk-like expression. "Is that so?" said Sid, into the phone. "Is that so? . . . Is that *so?*!"

"Is *what* so?" demanded Sam.

Sid motioned for silence and covered the mouthpiece with his hand. "There's a soldier in the lobby who says he's engaged to Miss Bracken. He sounds, to me, like he's *tight*. He says he's got to see her right away or he's going to tear down the hotel!"

"Is *that* so?" said Sam. "Well, what are you going to tell him?" Miss Bracken is *your* department!"

"I'm gonna invite him up," said Sid. Then, into the phone, "Miss Bracken isn't here just now but I'm her representative. Would you like to see *me*?"

There was a sudden sharp click on the phone.

"He would, very much!" said Sid.

"Do you suppose it's that crazy guy who's been following us from Hollywood?" said Sam.

"I don't know," said Sid, "but I'm sure as hell going to find out!"

There was a rap on the door which almost split the panels.

"Two to one, it's *him!*" said Sam, getting up and retreating toward an inner room. "Well, goodbye. I'll be seeing you!"

"You stick around!" urged Sid. "It sounds like I'll be needing you."

He went to the door, slipped the lock, and pulled it open. The husky form of a fiery-eyed flight lieutenant strode in.

"What have you done with her? Where is she?" he demanded. "Who are you?"

"I," said Sid, "am Mr. Alex of M.G.M. Pictures!"

"And who is *he?*" said the irate figure, pointing at Sam.

"That's Mr. Schwartz of Warner Brothers," said Sid, "an old pal of mine!"

Sam glared.

"And now," said Sid, his voice dripping with syrup, "Who might *you* be?"

"I," said the caller, "am Harry Hopper. I've come here to bust this guy Numar in the nose and take Miss Bracken back with me!"

"Is that so?" said Sid, giving a sidewise glance at Sam.

"That's very interesting," said Sam. "Do you have an option on her?"

"**OPTION!**" raged Harry. "Why, I'm going to *marry* her!"

"Now, sit down, my good fellow," said Sid. "Have a cigar. Take the weight off your heels. I believe we've met before."

"Never saw you before in my life!" said Harry.

"But I've seen *you*," said Sid. "I saw you first when you so touchingly waved farewell to Miss Bracken in Hollywood. I saw you a second time and helped 'shoo' you out of the plane at Dallas. I saw you next when you damned near wrecked the plane I was on. I saw you again when you bucked the crowd at LaGuardia Airport and almost made a touchdown! And I'm seeing you now. . . !"

"All right, all right!" broke in Harry. "So, you've *seen* me! But what *I* want is to see Betty!"

"Sorry, my friend!" said Sid. "She's all booked up!"

"Now, listen!" Harry's attitude became pugnacious. "I haven't flown across this country for nothing. My girl's making a damn fool of herself and I'm going to put a stop to it!"

"Not while she's under contract to M.G.M.," said Sid.

"We'll see about that!" said Harry. "I've got *some* rights around here. And another thing—who's responsible for that green get-up of hers?"

"Not *me!*" said Sid.

"Are you sure?" demanded Harry, eyeing him, suspiciously.

Sid backed away. "Positive! That was her own idea!"

"If it was," said Harry, "it just goes to show what you've done to her. You picture guys are a bad influence." He looked wildly about the room. "Don't tell me," he said, "that Miss Bracken is staying here *with* you?"

The two men registered instant horror and denial.

"Calm yourself, my dear lieutenant," said Sid. "You *know* Will Hays wouldn't permit that. She has a nice suite on this floor with a chaperone."

"Her own dear auntie is with her," supplied Sam. "You don't have anything to worry about."

"Oh, no!" said Harry. "I know *what* goes on in your racket! I've been an actor, myself!"

"Why, of course!" pacified Sid. "I can tell . . . I was just going to ask . . . !"

"No, Sid, let *me* ask him," interposed Sam. "Has anyone ever told you that you bear a striking resemblance to Clark Gable?"

Harry was momentarily stopped. "Why . . . yes, I believe they have," he said. "You don't mean . . . Betty hasn't been talking about me . . . ?"

"Not to *me*, she hasn't" said Sam. "So *she* thinks you're the Gable type, too, eh? . . . What a coincidence!"

"Wait a moment, Sam," said Sid. "Gable belongs to M.G.M. I saw this man first. If there's going to be any deal. . . !"

"No, you don't!" said Harry. "I'm *off* pictures! And I'm taking Betty out of pictures, too! I can see right now I'm not going to get any help from *you* guys. I'm going to wait right out here in the hall till Betty comes back!" Harry marched to the door. "And don't try any funny business, either! If you do, I'll come back and crack your heads together!"

Harry went out and banged the door.

The two talent scouts could hear him treading up and down the hall.

"How are we going to get rid of him?"

said Sam.

"Listen and you'll find out," said Sid, taking up the telephone receiver. "Hello," he said. "Give me the house detective. . . . Hello! This is Mr. Alex of M.G.M.! I'm up here in suite 28-B. There's a man just left my room who says his name's Harry Hopper. He's an actor out of work who's wearing a uniform. That's right—he's impersonating an army officer. . . . Yeah, it seems that he's gotten a crush on Miss Bracken and he's been threatening me. . . . You'll take care of him? Thanks very much!" Sid hung up the receiver and turned to Sam. "That disposes of Mr. Hopper," he said.

THE Mayor had to give the City of New York a little of his time that afternoon. He regretted very much, and was secretly glad, that he could not accompany Numar and his party on their sight-seeing tour of New York. He was already worried about how his picture was going to look in the papers, with this Miss Bracken person sitting on his lap. The great J. P. Morgan had once been photographed with an attractive little midget perched on his knee, and had survived the public reaction. However, this sort of thing could certainly not be called dignified.

In addition, Numar, the alleged visitor from another planet, was still a question mark. As mayor of the world's greatest city, he could hardly afford *not* to have welcomed Numar, in the event he should prove beyond all doubt, to be genuine. If he should later be exposed as a fraud, the Mayor felt reasonably assured that he had not gone out on a limb by himself. Too many important personages had now seen the Green Man and had been equally baffled. There was the case, some years ago, of the famous Count Romanoff, an engaging impostor from the Flatbush regions of Brooklyn. He had fooled the blue bloods of society and made them like it, ending up in pictures and as proprietor of a night club. If Numar were a charlatan, his fate could not conceivably be worse than this.

On the agenda of Clifton Fadiman for the afternoon entertainment of Numar and party, was a visit to the top of the Empire State building, a journey by boat to the Statue of Liberty, and a trip in The Times Square subway at rush hour. These three points of interest were thought best de-

signed to give any visitor to New York a vivid impression of the city from above, on the surface, and below. It perhaps did not represent Mr. Fadiman's personal choice. He would, no doubt, have preferred to escort Numar on a tour of the New York Public Library, pointing out to him his own Book-of-the-Month Club selections. But Mr. Fadiman was generously deferring to popular taste on this occasion, and submerging his own finer instincts.

The Empire State Building, so the guide books say, towers 102 stories above the street. You can see fifty miles in every direction, perhaps a hundred, on a clear day. This afternoon chanced to be one of those days.

Fortunately, Numar's trip to the observation tower had not been publicised in advance. Even so, he was followed by a small army of reporters and photographers who jammed the top floor cupola.

AL SMITH, head of the Empire State Corporation and one of New York State's former governors, had joined the party personally to point out spots of interest. He was wearing his familiar cigar and brown derby hat.

"You see down there!" he was saying, in his choice East Side drawl. "That's the fish market section where I was born. Mr. Numar, I was brought up on the sidewalks of old New York. I have breathed the atmosphere of this great city from the Bowery to the Bronx. I have risen to this present height from a poor boy—and this demonstrates what any man can accomplish who joins the right party and pursues the democratic way of life!"

Numar seemed deeply impressed but said nothing.

Mrs. Bailey was impressed also, but mostly by the height of which Al Smith had been talking. "My goodness!" she said, clutching Professor Bailey and Mr. Schwartz at the same time. "Were we ever this high up in the plane? Somehow I don't feel so safe when I have my feet on the ground!"

Betty now had Mr. Fadiman by the arm and had edged herself in to a position beside former Governor Smith.

"I think it's just wonderful what you've done with your life," she said, "and you wrote a big hit song, too, didn't you? I used to sing it and I even remember the title. Now, let's see—what was it . . .

Something about sidewalks and Rosie O'Grady . . . oh, yes, 'East Side, West Side!'

"I didn't write the song," said Al Smith. "But it sort of became identified with me."

"I should say it did!" said Betty. "Why, I heard you sing it yourself once—at Madison Square Garden! Oh, Mr. Numar—you should hear Mr. Smith sing!"

Al Smith rolled his cigar back and forth in his mouth.

"That's a good idea!" took up the news men and photographers. "How about it, Al? Give Mr. Numar an idea of how it goes! Give him the real spirit of New York. You start—and we'll join in!"

Al Smith grinned, amiably. "Well," he said, "if you can stand it, I can." He cleared his throat and cut loose, in his best barber shop manner.

"East Side, West Side, all around the town . . . !"

Numar was listening with great interest. A chorus of voices joined in. The song was sung with gusto and brought to a rousing finish.

" . . . Boys and girls together . . . Me and Mamie O'Rourke . . . We tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks of New York!"

There was applause and laughter at the finish as Al Smith did a dance step and took a bow.

"In all my travels, I have never heard anything like this," said Numar.

THE little Statue of Liberty boat was thronged to the gunwales. The members of Numar's party were pressed against the rail on the side overlooking New York's skyline, and the rest of the passengers were pressed against them.

"Oh, Auntie!" said Betty, "I just had a terrible thought!"

"I don't see how you can think in a crowd like this!" said Mrs. Bailey.

"But that's just what *made* me think," said Betty. "Poor Harry! Do you suppose he ever got out of that other crowd alive? I haven't seen or heard of him since!"

Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz nudged one another.

"Say, Sid," said Sam, pointing to the Statue of Liberty, "wouldn't you think that dame would get tired holding up that torch all the time?"

The boat was now docking at the little island but the crowd was much more inter-

ested in Numar, the man from another planet, than in the Goddess of Liberty. They pushed and jammed around him as he and his party went ashore.

"I suppose you are acquainted with American history!" said Mr. Fadiman to Numar as they entered the base of the Statue of Liberty. "You know we won our independence in 1776!"

"You had to *win* your independence?" asked Numar.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Fadiman, "every race has had to fight for its liberty on this earth. This Statue, given us by the country of France, is symbolic of our fight for freedom."

"I see," said Numar, quietly.

They went by elevator and winding stairway, arriving finally in the crown of the Goddess. They looked out upon her uplifted right arm which held, high above them, a huge glass torch.

"This monument cost the people of France a quarter of a million dollars," said Mr. Fadiman, "and the Americans contributed an additional three hundred fifty thousand for the pedestal and base upon which to erect the statue."

"Its monetary value is then its greatest significance?" asked Numar.

Mr. Fadiman's face colored. "No, but we people here usually like to know how much things cost."

"Apparently," said Numar, "you have been paying an extremely high price for everything worthwhile."

"Isn't it funny?" said Betty. "I've lived in New York for years, and this is the first time I've ever been out to the Statue of Liberty. It just goes to show that the transients, like Mr. Numar, see more of New York than we do!"

"It says here, on this tablet," observed Mrs. Bailey, "that this monument we're in is three hundred and one feet, three inches high."

"It also says," observed Numar, "'Liberty Enlightening the World.'"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Bailey, "I knew that before."

TIMES Square at rush hour is a daily spectacle unequaled at any other place beneath the earth's surface. Into this stone and concrete cavern, lined with tile, is poured, pushed, packed and jammed every nationality in the world, regardless of age, race, color or creed.

Here, visitor and citizen alike may observe genuine democracy at work. Here, the principle that "all men are created free and equal" is seen in operation. Here, there is no discrimination or class difference. Here, Democrats, Republicans, Socialists and Communists fight for their very lives and a seat on the subway, without favor or prejudice. Here, the great industrialist, the Wall street broker, the white collar man and the laborer is each just as apt to have his feet stepped upon and lose half the buttons on his pants. Here, human dignity is sacrificed that the rights of all may triumph. Here, the women members of a proud human race, whether they belong to high society, the league of housewives, or the working girl fraternity, may reduce themselves to the same common denominator by re-enacting a rush on a bargain counter.

It was into such a caldron of human flesh and spirit that Numar and his party were led by their guide and educator, Mr. Clifton H. Fadiman. The reporters and the photographers had been taking considerable punishment on this tour. They had often become separated from the principals and had been compelled to get their stories and pictures as best they could.

"This'll be a great story if we live to turn it in!" said one of their number, as he entered the mad stream of humans pouring through the clicking turnstiles and was swept onward, not toward the sea, but toward the subway trains below.

"You'd better hang onto me, Auntie," said Betty. "I'm used to this. We want to be sure we all get on the same train."

"Good gracious!" gasped Mrs. Bailey. "What people! . . . That man bumped into me and he never stopped to apologize!"

"Hang onto your pocketbook," warned Betty. "I got out of here once with another woman's purse and a man's umbrella. I don't know how it happened . . . I wonder where Harry is now!"

"Never mind about Harry," said Mrs. Bailey. "I'm being crushed! . . . Why don't the police do something? I don't see an officer anywhere!"

"Of course not!" said Betty, as they were pushed and poked along. "They're not needed. You're supposed to take care of yourself."

"Well, how can I?" said Mrs. Bailey. "When I'm just one person against a million!"

NUMAR, Professor Bailey and Mr. Fadiman were being swept along just behind. A greatly distressed Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz brought up the rear.

"This is earning your living the hard way," said Sid as he removed someone's elbow from his eye.

"That's why I moved to California," said Sam, "to get me in the wide open spaces. Imagine paying a nickel for this!"

They were all now on the platform itself and a train had just pulled in.

"We'll get on this express, if we can," said Mr. Fadiman, "and ride up to Ninety-Sixth Street. If any of us should get separated, I'll see you tonight on the 'Information, Please' program!"

"Follow me, Auntie," said Betty, "and I'll show you how to get in!" She put her head down and began to burrow.

"I can't breathe!" said Mrs. Bailey.

"Then hold your breath till we get on!" said Betty. "Keep pushing, Auntie! We're almost there!" She called to the subway guard who stood on the edge of the platform. "Hold the door, please!"

The guard took a look at her and whistled.

"All right, *Greenie!*" he said. "Come ahead!"

"I've got my Aunt with me," said Betty, "and *four other gentlemen!*"

The guard looked around. "That green man one of 'em?" he asked.

"Yes! He's from another planet!" said Betty. "He's never been on a subway before!" The guard grinned. "Okay, Swami! Come on! I'll put you in here somewhere! . . . Is this gent with you?" He caught Professor Bailey by the arm and gave him a push. "Step lively, Brother!"

The entrance to the car was jam-packed. It looked totally impossible to insert another human being but Betty identified all the members of her party and the guard herded them together.

"Get in there, Lady!" he said, and leaned his weight against Mrs. Bailey's back. She pushed a fat woman in front of her, who was holding a large package above her head. There was a crunching sound and the woman cried out: "There goes my new hat!"

"Move right up in the car!" shouted the guard. "Make room here! All right, you!" He grabbed hold of Numar. "Where you playing this week, Swami? Coney Island?"

Mr. Fadiman, Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwarz

were still on the platform. The Professor, Mrs. Bailey and Betty were in the vestibule of the train.

"I don't know, Sister," called the guard, "whether I can get your friends all on or not!"

"We can wait for the next train," proposed Numar.

"Your friends can wait," said the guard. "But I'll get *you* on. Here's a place right here!"

THERE was a bare foothold beyond the open door of the train. He gave Numar a sudden shove and pressed him hard against the fat woman and Mrs. Bailey. No one gave way. It required a blasting operation.

"Come on, Swami! Push! Give me a little help!" said the guard. "I can't do it alone!" He put his shoulder against Numar's back and gave a mighty shove. The crowd inside the vestibule shifted and bulged but Numar's white robed form would not quite permit the door to be pulled shut against it.

"You're almost in!" yelled the guard. "One more good push! Move up, you people! Move up in there!"

The guard drew back and threw himself against Numar. He rebounded as though he were shot. Passengers in the vestibule moved forward into the car, with astonishing alacrity, bowling all before them. It was as though they had been propelled by an invisible force. Numar was left standing with ample space around him. The shock was felt by all in the car who had an unbroken contact with those packed in the vestibule against the Green Man.

Mr. Fadiman, Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz boarded the train with ease.

"Mr. Numar," said Sid, "you're a wonder!"

"You're what this subway system needs," said Sam.

"I'm sorry," said Numar, "I didn't mean for this to happen."

Another guard came pushing through, grabbed the car door and pulled it shut. The train started moving from the station. A new crowd surged around the platform. Photographers had been busy taking pictures.

"What's the matter with you, Joe?" said Guard Number Two. "Doncha know we gotta keep these trains movin'?"

Joe leaned dazedly against the iron rail-

ing.

"Man," he said, "Something must have gone wrong at the powerhouse. What a short circuit! It knocked me stiff!"

NEW YORK'S afternoon papers went overboard on Numar. Not since Lindbergh's unbelievable flight to Paris had so much front page space and photographs been devoted to a single individual. The World-Telegram even had its all-important weather report crowded off Page 1. Its editor, Roy Howard, broke another precedent with a boxed in, black-faced editorial which read:

WELCOME TO THIS PLANET!

The Scripps-Howard papers, in keeping with their custom and reputation of always being first in the field, now again take the lead in officially welcoming Numar, this distinguished visitor from another planet.

While much mystery still surrounds his arrival here and his personal manifestations, the one unassailable fact remains that he has come, we have seen him, and—so far—all of us have been conquered by him.

The human brain can barely conceive of any creature traveling a trillion miles through space. Numar's arrival here comes at a time when we have been excitedly looking forward to commercial air travel at the possible rate of 500 miles an hour, placing Los Angeles within 5 to 6 hours of New York and London not much longer away.

How amusing this must be to a being who annihilates time by traveling with the speed of light!

We hope to learn much from Numar during his stay here. If we are later proved to have been premature in extending such a welcome, we will still feel that we have been justified in keeping with our forward-looking policy.

H. I. Phillips, writing for the New York Sun, had this to say in his famous Sun Dial column:

It's an old adage that "there's nothing new under the sun"—but this Sun reporter wished to declare that Numar is as new as Adam must have been when he first came to earth.

If Numar should take one of his ribs and make himself an Eve, he might start a new green race on this planet.

The question then is, would he eat a

green apple and start the downfall of man all over again?

Bugs Baer, in the Journal-American, exploded in this manner:

Well, folks, you've always wanted the Baer facts so here they are!

I've seen everything now—pink elephants and green men! So help me, I don't know which is the most real! Super Man's grandpappy has arrived from space looking as fresh and green as though he'd been shipped here in a hermetically sealed bottle.

Incidentally, most of the boys who met him at LaGuardia Airport have taken to the bottle. All the camera men can see, in their delirium, is "the little green man who wasn't there." This guy from another planet doesn't photograph!

The Eastman Kodak Company has their laboratory staffs working overtime trying to develop a new emulsion which will bring Numar's image out on the film.

Meanwhile, the photographers have gone crazy and are trading their cameras in for straitjackets.

THE New York Evening Post considered Numar's arrival of such astronomic importance that its editors assigned their writer on Astrology to cover the story. His item contained this lead:

In answer to a flood of questions, let me first assure our thousands of betting patrons and those who live by our daily horoscope that none of our astrological computations have been upset by Numar's arrival.

It should be pointed out that he comes from a section of the universe beyond our sphere of influence. Other suns, unknown to us, and other planets concerned with his local system, control and direct his destiny.

It is not true, as some have suggested, that discovery of new planets destroys the entire theory of Astrology. You may still rely upon the prognostications as given each day in the Post—IF, of course, you interpret and apply them correctly.

The papers, in their regular news stories, gave a full account and chronological report of Numar's activities from the time of his arrival at LaGuardia Airport. They featured the photographs which had been made of Numar at the time of his welcoming by the Mayor and Mr. Fadiman. Numar, as Los Angeles photographers had already dis-

covered, was nowhere to be seen. This made all celebrities who had posed for pictures with him look slightly, if not hilariously, ridiculous.

As the Mayor had surmised, the photograph of His Honor, holding a "pretty baby" on his lap, was too good not to be used. One of the captions over this little scene read as follows:

THIS IS HOW OUR MAYOR ATTENDS TO OFFICIAL BUSINESS!

A comment in smaller type, underneath the picture, had this to say:

This should have been a color photograph! The charming young lady who is preferring the Mayor's lap to a seat in the subway, is the actress-niece of the eminent astronomer, Professor Bailey. She, herself, is a follower of the stars—all those fixed in the Hollywood firmament. She was doing some starring of her own when this picture was taken. Her ruby lips were a rich green as were her eyebrows and eyelashes. Her complexion was a lighter shade of the same pasture-land color. Her fingernails bore the same tint as her lips. All in all, she made quite a delectable dish of greens! And you can see by the expression on the Mayor's face that he is pleased no end!

HAD the Mayor not been a man of stout heart, inured to the barbs of satire, ridicule and criticism, he no doubt would have ground his teeth into a pulp. As it was, he only wadded the paper up into a ball and jumped on it.

The honorable Clifton Fadiman, getting in a plug for his "Information, Please" program, and also his Book-of-the-Month Club connection, let himself be quoted in all the papers as follows:

"Speaking, not only as conductor of 'Information, Please', but also as editor of the Book-of-the-Month Club, I am frank to say—Numar is the greatest mystery story I've ever reviewed!"

With this as a send-off, is it any wonder that human tongues were set wagging and human ears flapping? This advance publicity had assured "Information, Please" a bigger listening audience for tonight than Bob Hope or Jack Benny.

Back in their suites at the Waldorf-Astoria, the Professor and Mrs. Bailey gently collapsed on their beds. Betty, a little the

worse for wear, was in need of a new green make-up.

Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz were sitting beside one another on the edge of their bathtub, soaking their dogs in hot water.

"Ye gods, what a day!" said Sid.

"The army never did this to me!" said Sam.

"It's a good thing we're leaving for Washington tonight," said Sid.

"Yes," said Sam, "And climb the Washington monument tomorrow! How did I ever get mixed up in this!"

"Why did that Green Man have to land on this planet?" moaned Sid.

Numar, himself, was unfatigued. He stood by the open window in his suite with Professor Bailey stretched out on the bed, drawing in deep breaths of fresh air and sipping his distilled water.

"A most interesting day," he said.

MRS. BAILEY, while flat on her back in her suite, still had enough energy left to take Betty to task.

"Your conduct today would do credit to a Jezebel!" she said. "Just look at these papers! Can you think of anything more disgraceful than your riding on the Mayor's lap?"

"Yes," said Betty, "but I won't mention it!"

"Sometimes I can't believe that you're any relation of mine," said Mrs. Bailey. "Will you please go in the bath room and take off all that green ornamentation? I declare to goodness, with your yellow hair, it makes you look like a dandelion!"

Betty sat down hard on a chair. "Now, Auntie," she said, "you've touched me to the quick. I'm wounded immortally. I don't think I'll ever feel the same!"

"Well, it's about time you came to your senses," said Mrs. Bailey. "You can't be a freak like Mr. Numar, no matter how hard you try!"

Tears began to gather and flutter on Betty's green eyelashes. "The papers are making fun of me," she said.

"You're lucky you weren't run out of town," said Mrs. Bailey. "I simply can't imagine what those nice picture men must be thinking of you!"

Betty got up and headed toward the bath room.

"All right, Auntie," she said. "I guess the world doesn't appreciate pioneers. I'll go back to being old-fashioned and I'll

probably die an old maid!" Her eyes suddenly widened and a look of great concern came into them. "Speaking of old maids," she said, "Where's Harry? Oh, I hope nothing terrible's happened to him! I hope he hasn't forgotten me!"

"You can expect anything," said Mrs. Bailey, mercilessly. "After the way you've looked today!"

Betty fled to the bath room and went to work.

"Of course, I'm who I say I am!" insisted the man in uniform for the umptieth time. "You've seen my identification! Now, for Pete's sake, let me out of here!"

"Now, now, not so fast!" said the Sergeant. "You could have picked this identification up along with your flying outfit. We're checkin' on you in Texas and that takes time!"

"But, good gosh, I've got important business! . . . My girl's apt to be leaving town! You don't know what you're doing to me!"

"Just keep your shirt on," said the Sergeant. "If we get a wire back sayin' you're okay, you'll walk out of here a free man!"

"But it's almost time for the 'Information, Please' program," said the soldier, "and I've got to go to that!"

The Sergeant laughed and gave a wave of his hand.

"Aw, you haven't a chance! They've got the riot squad up at Radio City right now. There's about fifty thousand people in the streets. That studio's so packed you couldn't squeeze another person in with a shoe horn. Tell you what I'll do! If we don't get back a report on you before broadcast time, I'll bring my portable in your cell and we'll listen to the Green Man together!"

"Green Man!" raved the incarcerated victim. "I don't give a damn about the Green Man! What I want is my girl!"

The Sergeant looked at his prisoner and shook his head. "Maybe we've got you in here for the wrong thing," he said. "Looks like the place for you is the *nut house*!"

IT is perhaps a poor and abbreviated pun on words to suggest that radio's question and answer *fad* may have begun with Mr. Fadiman and the "Information, Please" program. Certain it is, that the kilocycles have almost killed listeners with

the awful cycle of quiz programs which have followed in its wake. That "Information, Please" has still retained its position as the Number 1 intellectual entertainment on the air, has been attributed largely to the unorthodox and super educated humans comprising its board of experts.

They were seated now, each behind a table microphone, facing out toward an audience which packed the largest National Broadcasting Company studio and overflowed onto the stage. At the head of the table sat the guest of honor, the mysterious visitor, Numar. At the other end of the table sat his host and sponsor, Professor Bailey. At a separate and smaller table sat the one and only Clifton Fadiman, an expectant look on his face, as he waited for the red light to flash and the program to begin.

"Errr! Errr! . . . Err! Errrrrrr!" said the rooster.

"Wake up, America—it's time to stomp the experts!" said the announcer. "Fifty-seven varieties presents America's favorite program—'Information, Please' . . . And now," he continued, after devoting exactly fifty-five and one-half seconds to the gentle art of selling, "we turn this program over to the master of ceremonies, the man who asks the questions and tries to break the brain trust—Clifton Fadiman!"

THE country's leading intellectual bowed to the studio audience and waited patiently for the applause to die down.

"Tonight," he said, in tones of repressed excitement, "'Information, Please' holds the rare and unparalleled distinction of having as its guest a man from another planet. Mr. Numar, of the planet Talamaya, a trillion miles away from us—as the crow flies—has been on earth little more than seventy-two hours, yet—in that short space of time, he has managed to baffle fifty-seven different varieties of experts."

"This evening, he encounters our own special brand of experts on 'Information, Please'. These learned gentlemen, Mr. F. P. Adams, Mr. John Kieran and Mr. Oscar Levant have come here tonight in their finest possible mental fettle.

"I think you listeners would be interested in knowing that Mr. Adams has been studying the stars like mad since he learned Mr. Numar was to be on this program. Mr. Kieran has prepared himself by reviewing the entire works of Jules Verne and re-

reading H. G. Wells' story of the Martian Invasion. As for Oscar Levant, he cancelled a concert tour and came in off the road to be with us tonight.

"In that connection, Mr. Levant wishes me to apologize for him to the good people of Altoona, Pennsylvania, who will hear his fine rendition of George Gershwin's 'Rhapsody in Blue' at a later date. There, Oscar—I hope that relieves your mind . . . ?"

"Not quite!" said Oscar, "you forget to mention—tickets three bucks, including tax!"

"M.C." Fadiman smiled for the studio audience and chuckled for the radio audience.

"It seems like we're having to do a lot of explaining tonight," he said, "but this is no ordinary occasion. Our other guest tonight is the noted astronomer, Professor William Bailey of Mount Wilson Observatory. We hope, Professor, if Mr. Numar leaves our experts too speechless, you will come to their rescue.

"Now, as you all know, this 'Information, Please' program is completely informal and unrehearsed. I am the only one who knows the questions and answers for I have them right in front of me, written on little cards. The first expert or guest who raises his hand after the question is read, gets the privilege of answering it.

"One final word regarding the questions. Our sponsors, the Makers of Fifty-Seven Varieties, deemed it only right and fitting that our questions tonight should be submitted by the more prominent intellects of our time. Acting upon this suggestion, we have solicited their weighty contributions. If your name is not among those used, we hope you will not feel too slighted.

"And now, gentlemen and Mr. Numar, with these necessary preliminaries out of the way, we proceed to the first question which is from Mr. Fred Allen . . ."

THERE was a titter of laughter from the studio audience.

"Mr. Allen states," he continued, "'You came to the right brain cell when you invited me to present a question on your cosmic broadcast. I've lived in a world of stars all my life. Now, here's my fifty-seven dollar question . . . !'" Mr. Fadiman consulted his card. "You'll have to get all five of these right . . . Mr. Allen wants you to name five different types of heavenly

bodies."

"I know that one!" said Oscar. "Hedy Lamar, Betty Grable, Dorothy Lamour, Anne Sheridan—and my wife! Boy, am I glad I thought of her!"

"That's very interesting, Mr. Levant—and very educational," said Mr. Fadiman, "but none of those names are on the list I have here."

"Well, they *should* be!" Said Oscar. "You're missing something!"

The studio audience roared.

"Let's keep our discussion academic, Mr. Levant," said Mr. Fadiman. Then, turning to the guest of honor, "Mr. Numar, will you please enlighten our impetuous young man?"

Numar leaned forward in his chair, with his green countenance close to the microphone. His tone was clear and even as he spoke, with a dignity which was at once compelling.

"Do you wish me to list only the types of heavenly bodies that you humans know about?"

The conductor of "Information, Please," coughed and looked sheepishly at the answer card in his hand. "I guess you'd better," he said, "or we won't have any means of checking."

The studio audience was all eyes and open mouths.

"The five heavenly bodies requested by Mr. Allen and perhaps most familiar to you," said Numar, "are comets, meteors, stars, planets and asteroids."

The answer drew applause and Numar smiled as though amused.

"Very good," commended Mr. Fadiman. "This agrees perfectly with my own information." The cash register tinkled. "Unfortunately, however, Mr. Levant gave his answer first which has just cost us fifty-seven dollars and a set of the Encyclopedia . . ."

"You'll get the Encyclopedia back," said Oscar, "Fred won't know what to do with it!"

Mr. Fadiman gave Mr. Levant what passed for a look of reproof. It would have been good for television.

"Our next question," he said, "comes from our good friend, Eleanor Roosevelt. She has written a little note in which she says, 'This news about Mr. Numar fascinates me. I am especially interested in anyone who travels. I feel that there is something definitely broadening in going about

from place to place. That's why I always keep on the move. But, when I consider how Mr. Numar gets about, I must confess to feeling quite like a novice! . . . Now, here is my question . . ."

MR. FADIMAN looked up at his board of experts. "I think you gentlemen should get all of this . . . Mrs. Roosevelt asks, 'If I were to fly through space, what three constellations might I use as a means of transportation?' . . . All right, may I have a show of hands?" Mr. Fadiman drummed the table with his fingers. "Come, come, gentlemen! Don't tell me that Mrs. Roosevelt has stumped you all!"

John Kieran half raised his arm.

"All right, Mr. Kieran—you tell us."

"Well," said John, feeling his way. "If Mrs. Roosevelt wanted to fly through the heavens, she could probably travel on the Swan—that's what the constellation 'Cygnus' means. . . . Or, I suppose she could take a ride on the Winged Horse, or 'Pegasus' . . . Then, of course, there's the Eagle which is known as 'Aquila' . . . I presume, for sentimental reasons, she'd take the eagle!"

The studio audience burst into applause.

"Excellent, Mr. Kieran, excellent!" praised Mr. Fadiman. "You have restored my confidence in the human race!" He eyed Mr. Levant who promptly made a face at him.

"This question is from Edna St. Vincent Millay," continued the master of ceremonies. Then, as an informative aside to the guest of honor, "Miss Millay is perhaps our greatest living poetess."

"A really great poet is rare throughout the universe," said Numar.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Fadiman, "That's interesting to know. Congratulations, Miss Millay—if you're listening in!" Then he looked down at the card. "Her question is . . . boys, I think you should get all three of these . . . 'Name three songs or poems in which the word "star" is used!'"

There was a show of hands.

"Well, Mr. Adams, it's about time we were hearing from you this evening. Where have you been?" beamed Mr. Fadiman.

"I've been lost in the Milky Way," said Mr. Adams, clasping his hands in front of him and rolling his eyes.

"Dear, dear—what a place to be!" twitted Mr. Fadiman. "You'd better stay out of Mr. Numar's backyard."

THE gentleman known as F.P.A. pursed his lips and looked skyward. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," he said.

Numar eyed him strangely.

"Very good!" cheered Mr. Fadiman. "Can you go on?"

Mr. Adams knit his brow in two places. He tapped it with the tips of his fingers.

"Yes—I—believe I can," he said. "How I wonder what you are . . . Up above the earth so high . . ."

" . . . Like a diamond in the sky!" finished Oscar Levant.

Mr. Adams put his head down and looked deeply wounded.

"Mr. Levant!" rebuked Mr. Fadiman, "you're most impolite tonight. You know you're supposed to raise your hand before you speak!"

"I was afraid he wouldn't get it," said Oscar. "Shall I sing it for you? It goes something like this . . ." He began to beat time in the air, humming to himself, then broke into snatches of song: " . . . though I dream in vain . . . in my heart . . . la, dee, da . . . will remain . . . a stardust melody . . . the melody of love's refrain . . ." Or something like that!"

"Mr. Adams, you knew that last line, didn't you?" queried Mr. Fadiman.

"Indubitably," said Mr. Adams.

The studio audience laughed and broke into applause.

"You see, Mr. Levant, your assistance was entirely unnecessary," said Mr. Fadiman. "That makes one right. Now, who else? Professor Bailey, do I see your hand?"

Professor Bailey started. "Why, yes, I guess you do," he said, a bit sheepishly. "I didn't know it was up!"

"Do you have an answer?" asked Mr. Fadiman.

"I've told every little star, just how sweet I think you are," said the Professor, timidly.

"Why, that's very nice of you!" said Mr. Fadiman. "Do you suppose you could sing that for us?"

The Professor blushed. "Well, I don't know as to that!"

There was a ripple of encouraging applause.

THE Professor started out in a voice which quavered at first but gathered strength as he went along. He knew the words and, as he finished, he had fixed his

eyes on Mrs. Bailey who was seated in the front row.

" . . . I've told every little star, just how sweet I think you are—why haven't I told *you*?" he sang, ending on a little note of triumph.

The studio reverberated with applause and Mrs. Bailey dabbed tears from her eyes.

"Of course that's an exaggeration," she whispered to Betty. "There's too many stars to tell every one of them—but that was sweet . . . I haven't heard him sing in years."

"Well, Mr. Adams," Mr. Fadiman was saying, "You have a real rival at last. You have an excellent voice, Professor. You're not only a great astronomer . . . well—we're uncovering new talents on our 'Information, Please' every week! . . . We need one more answer on this question. Who has it?"

"When you wish upon a star!" sang Mr. Adams, in a cracked voice.

"That's enough!" said Mr. Fadiman. "After Professor Bailey, that's sacrilege! . . . All right, gentlemen, we've gotten safely past that question. Here's the next one. It's from Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau. He's had us thinking in astronomical figures for years. There's *one* man, Mr. Numar, who can comprehend a *trillion* miles! Mr. Morgenthau wants to know, 'How far is the moon from the earth? How far is the sun from the earth? And, how far is the most distant planet in our solar system from us?' We should be able to get two out of three on this."

"That's a cinch!" chirped Mr. Levant. "But the first part of that question isn't clear. Does Mr. Morgenthau want the distance of the earth from the moon when the moon is full or *half* full?"

"He wants the answer, whether *you're* full or half full," said Mr. Fadiman.

"Oh," said Oscar, subsiding, "That's different!"

"Then you don't want to answer the question?" asked Mr. Fadiman.

"No," said Oscar, pouting. "I've been insulted."

Mr. Kieran raised his hand. "On a dark night," he said, looking quizzically at Mr. Levant, "the mean distance of the moon from the earth is *exactly* 238,855 miles!"

"Is that correct, Professor Bailey?" asked Mr. Fadiman.

"All but the last digit," said the Pro-

fessor. "It should have been a '7'."

"So he was off two miles," piped Oscar. "Who cares?"

"You forget, Mr. Levant," reminded Mr. Fadiman, "Astronomy is an exact science. Now, who knows how far the earth is from the sun?"

"On a cold or a hot day?" asked Mr. Levant.

"You are splitting infinitesimal hairs," said Mr. Fadiman.

"Well, that might alter my estimate by a couple of miles," said Oscar.

"Let's stop all this quibbling," said Mr. Adams. "Even a school boy knows the sun is ninety-three million miles from the earth!"

"But I'm not a school boy," said Mr. Levant.

"He never went to school," said Mr. Kieran.

"That's right," said Oscar. "I'm a self-made man. You guys have to get your knowledge from books. I get mine out of my own head!"

NUMAR'S face spread into a broad smile.

"Do you think I'm kiddin'?" Oscar added.

"He's not kidding," said Mr. Fadiman, "he's *bragging!* . . . But let's get back to this program. I can't imagine what our guest of honor must be thinking of this puerile display of intelligence!"

"This is very interesting," said Numar. "Humor is enjoyed throughout the universe."

"You see," said Oscar, "I'm not so dumb after all!"

"Enough of your life history!" said Mr. Fadiman. "Let's get the last part of this question. I know Mr. Morgenthau must be waiting patiently, somewhere, for it."

"What was the question?" asked Oscar.

"If you'd keep quiet for a moment and pay attention," said Mr. Fadiman, "you might know!"

"Who's talking?" said Oscar.

The conductor of "Information, Please" tried a tack of utter indifference. "What is the planet most distant from this earth?" he asked.

The experts registered a complete set of blank expressions.

"Mr. Numar," addressed the impeccable interrogator of "Information, Please," "perhaps you can enlighten us?"

Numar bowed and bent toward the microphone. "The answer, according to your card, is *Pluto*," he said. "And its distance from the Earth is three billion miles—but Pluto is by no means the most distant planet. There are planets so far away from your earth that it would take an eternity of time to reach them."

"Think of *that!*" said Mr. Fadiman.

"I can't," said Oscar. "It hurts my brain."

"He's bragging again," said F.P.A.

Mr. Fadiman tapped on the table for order. He shuffled the cards before him. "My, we have so many profound questions here tonight, it's difficult to choose. Here's one from that great Shakespearean actor, Walter Hampden. He wants you gentleman to give five quotations from Shakespeare in which reference is made to 'heaven'."

Mr. Kieran's hand shot up.

"My hopes in heaven do dwell!" he said.

"What an honest confession!" said Mr. Adams.

"That's from Henry, the Eighth, Act Three, Scene Two . . ."

"What *page?*" asked Oscar.

MR. KIERAN looked up at the ceiling and rubbed a finger alongside his nose.

"In my edition—page . . . four hundred and — — fifty-nine!" he said.

He received a tremendous ovation.

"Now, Mr. Levant, will you be good?" said Mr. Fadiman. "That's truly remarkable, Mr. Kieran. I don't have that information on my card but I accept your word for it."

Mr. Kieran lowered his eyebrows to permit a modest blush to pass.

"All right! Who has another Shakespearean quotation with the word 'heaven' in it?"

"I shall see you in the next world!" popped Oscar. "'World' means 'heaven', doesn't it . . . Who wrote that?"

"Not I," said Mr. Adams, "or Shakespeare, either!"

Mr. Kieran raised his head, a look of recognition in his eyes.

"'Apud orcum te videbo,'" he recited.

"What's that mean?" asked Oscar.

"What you just said!"

"It doesn't sound like it!"

"Of course not, silly boy!" said Mr.

Adams. "That was *Latin!*"

"Oh!" said Oscar, "Kieran Latin in Manhattan! . . . Why don't you tell a guy before you switch languages on him?"

"Your quotation was by Plautus, from his writing, 'Asinaria,'" informed Mr. Kieran.

"It *was!*" said Oscar, pleasantly surprised. "How do you know these things?"

"He studies, Mr. Levant," said Mr. Fadiman. "He applies himself. He has an orderly mind."

"Then how come I know these things?" demanded Oscar.

"I suspect because *your* mind is like a sponge," said Mr. Fadiman. "Now, please stop interrupting. Mr. Kieran, do you have another answer?"

"I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell," recited Mr. Kieran. "'To die upon the hand I love so well.' That's from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', Act Two, Scene I . . ."

"What *page?*" challenged Oscar.

"I forget," said Mr. Kieran.

Oscar beamed. "You're slipping!" he said.

"Mr. Numar!" recognized Mr. Fadiman. "Is *your* hand up?"

NUMAR nodded as all banter ceased and the three experts turned his way.

"Shakespeare's most familiar quotation containing the word 'heaven' has not yet been mentioned," he said.

"Which one is that?" asked Mr. Fadiman, with raised brows.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy," said Numar, quietly.

"Gosh!" said Oscar. "How's Mr. Numar know that? . . . Is Shakespeare on *his* planet now?"

"It was in Mr. Kieran's mind," smiled Numar, "waiting to be expressed."

"That's very good," laughed Mr. Kieran. "I was just going to raise my hand."

"So Numar's a second Dunninger!" cracked Oscar. "Boy, have I got to watch my thinking!"

A murmur of wondering comment passed through the audience.

"That's not fair," complained Mr. Adams. "If Mr. Numar read our minds, then he's getting his knowledge from us. That's against the Queensbury rules!"

Mr. Fadiman looked a trifle upset.

"You don't really read minds, do you,

Mr. Numar?" he asked.

Numar smiled and nodded. "That is one of our regular means of communication," he said. "You will acquire this faculty in time."

"What's my wife doing now?" chirped Oscar.

"Stop it!" commanded Mr. Fadiman. "This is a radio program, not a seance. We must get on to the next question. It is asked by the famous physicist, Dr. Arthur Compton. He wants to know 'when did the human race originate on this earth?'"

Mr. Kieran's hand was first up.

"It's only a guess. Science doesn't really know. Between five hundred thousand and a million years ago."

"My ancestors don't go back that far," said Oscar.

"Not any further than the Bronx zoo," quipped F.P.A.

"Gentlemen!" scolded Mr. Fadiman good humoredly. "Please keep your relatives out of this! . . . I think I can accept your answer, Mr. Kieran . . . that is . . . unless . . . Mr. Numar, did you wish to say something?"

The Green Man had taken hold of his microphone.

"Yes," he said. "I was slightly over a million years old at the time and I recall the exact moment human life originated on your planet, since I was assigned to study events here."

The wise men of "Information, Please," stared at the guest of honor. Mr. Fadiman dropped the card he was holding to the floor.

"Did I hear you correctly?" he asked in unbelieving tones.

"You did," assured Numar. "Our scientists, with their highly developed instruments, had been keeping a record of all important evolutionary developments on your planet as well as many others. We had been watching with great interest the pre-human life stages on your earth. We were waiting to see what forms of life would finally come together to originate a creature of higher intelligence here."

"And you actually *saw* or *heard* or in some way *knew* of the time and occasion when our human species came into being?" exclaimed the giver-away of Encyclopedias.

"I remember it as though it were yesterday," said Numar. "What you call 'Man' came into existence on this planet—computing these figures on the basis of the present moment—exactly nine hundred

eighty-seven thousand, five hundred twenty-three years, four months, eight days, thirteen hours and—according to that clock on the wall—*fifty-seven minutes ago!*"

Mr. Fadiman had to find his voice and when he did, he said: "That's remarkable, Mr. Numar. But, according to that same studio clock, our program time's about up. I'm sorry we couldn't hear more from you but it seems that our Mr. Levant thought *he* was the star of the show. But we would have enjoyed hearing more from you. Do you have any comment now you would like to make?"*

Numar leaned toward the microphone, as though he had anticipated this moment. The audience, which had come largely to hear and see him, sat on the edge of its chairs.

"Yes," said the man from another planet, as each listener hung on his every word, "I would like to announce that this Saturday, between halves of the Chicago-Notre Dame football game, I will have something of great importance to say to the world!"

The suave interrogator of "Information, Please" made a mighty effort to recover his *savoir-faire*. "Thank you, Mr. Numar and Professor Bailly for being with us tonight," he said. "Your presence here was very enlightening!"

The demands of the closing commercial cut Mr. Fadiman off the air.

"Jeez!" said Sam, as he stood with Sid against the back wall of the studio auditorium, with everyone buzzing around him. "That Numar's no dumbbell! What a *plug* he got in for his talk on Saturday!"

"Yeah!" said Sid, "and, Brother, it had better be *good!*"

"I'D like some information, please," requested a young flying officer, of the girl at the information booth at Radio City.

He had literally fought his way through a crowd which still jammed the streets outside and packed the lower level of the National Broadcasting Company building. In the hubbub around her, the girl had not quite heard this young man correctly.

"I'm sorry, sir," she said. "Information, Please' is just over. You couldn't get in to see it anyway. That's what all this crowd's about."

"I know that," said the young flight lieutenant, impatiently. "I said I'd like some information, please!"

"Oh," said the girl, "what is it? I'd be glad to help you."

"Well, my name's Lieutenant Harry Hopper. I must reach Mr. Numar and his party. Will they be coming this way?"

The girl eyed the soldier, warily. "I really couldn't say, sir," she said.

"I've got to know!" said Harry. "Isn't there someone here who can tell me?"

"You might see the head usher over there," said the girl.

"Thanks!" said Harry.

The head usher was a handsome looking 4-F, six feet, six inches tall. He could really see what was going on and, this evening, he hadn't liked the view at all. It had been the maddest night in Radio City history. None of the outstanding radio stars, either with give-aways or box tops, had ever pulled such a crowd. This was one of those inexplicable phantasms of an unpredictable business. You could never tell what was going to take the public by the ears.

"Yes, sir, what can I do for you?" said the head usher.

The young flying officer tried the approach of the long green. He held out a dollar bill. "You can slip me in an elevator and get me up to Mr. Numar and his party," he said.

The head usher pushed back the money. "Sorry, Bud, it's no go," he said. "I could have made a hundred bucks that way tonight. I've got strict orders. That studio's jammed and the crowd's just starting to break now. Please step out of the way. When these elevators open, you'll get run over."

A look of wild frustration came into the face of the flight lieutenant. "You don't

*Scientists have been trying to estimate the date of Man's appearance on this planet for many years with little success. They have devised many "clocks" such as the uranium method of determining the age of rocks; but in the final analysis, the various branches of science, because they have been "specializing," have failed to agree. For instance, a geologist will tell you that the age of certain rock strata in which artifacts are found are so many thousands of years old, and then point to other strata presumed to be a hundred million years old, containing human or semi-human remains. Archeologists place the oldest man on earth at between 25,000 years and 75,000 years. On the strength of existing ruined cities, dwellings, caves, others will go back only some six thousand years. Astronomy gives other dates. Perhaps BEST evidence lies in legends. So far, only a book named Oahspe has successfully correlated all legends into a reasonable continuity. It would be well for more investigation to be made into these legends.—Ed.

understand!" he said. "I'm engaged to be married and my girl . . .!"

The head usher pushed him to one side. "If she's upstairs, you'll have to take your chances on finding her as she comes out. Get back in that line, sir!"

Harry Hopper had always been a resourceful young man. He had known his way about New York but never, in all his life, had he received such a pushing around as he had been getting recently. An astrologer would have said that he must be operating under a bad sign. Something must be wrong with his planets. But Harry, himself, knew what was wrong. It was this guy *from* another planet who had caused him all this trouble!

"When I get to Numar," he vowed, "it'll be murder in the first degree!"

FOR three quarters of an hour, Harry permitted himself to be stepped on, jostled and pushed as he watched desperately for some glimpse of the girl of his dreams—and Numar. Those waiting in the lobby and on the street for a sight of the Green Man, were apparently just as disappointed as Harry. But no ordinary human would have risked life and limb in such a mob and broadcasting officials were seeing to it that Numar, himself, was protected. He and his party had been spirited out a secret exit and hurried back to the Waldorf-Astoria.

When Harry realized that he had missed Betty, he made a dash for the street and started running along Fiftieth toward Park Avenue. Arriving at the hotel, he asked to be connected with the Numar suite.

"Hello!" said Mr. Alex.

"Is Miss Betty Bracken there?"

The two talent scouts were packed, ready to leave for the night train to Washington. Sid put his hand over the mouthpiece and said to Sam, "It's *him* again!"

"That's not very considerate," said Sam. "He might at least have given us a chance to get out of the hotel!"

"The guy sounds like he's slightly upset," said Sid. "You don't suppose he'd have it in for us for getting him arrested, do you?"

"It's possible," said Sam. "Anyway, it was your idea. I'll go out and round up the rest of our party and take 'em to the train. You stay here and see what the guy wants."

"Nothing doing," said Sid. "This is a two-man job. This bird can cause us plenty of trouble. I've got an idea but I need your

help." He turned back to the phone. "You say you want to see Miss Bracken?"

"Yes," said the voice. "Right away!"

"Fine!" said Sid. "Come up to 28-B!"

Sam looked at Sid. "What're you going to do this time?"

"Never mind, you just do what I tell you," said Sid. "I didn't work on all those horror pictures for nothing."

He jerked the telephone cords loose from the wall, disrupting all service in the suite.

"Put that key in the bedroom door," he directed.

Sam did as instructed. "What part do I play in this great drama?" he asked.

"When I get him in the bedroom, you pull the door shut and lock it," said Sid.

"That's simple," said Sam.

There was a racket at the door. Sid grabbed up their bags and tiptoed across the room, setting them down near the door, which he opened.

"Well, hello!" he greeted. "Miss Bracken's been waiting for you! Where have you been?"

"You know damned well where I've been!" said the lieutenant, striding in. "I'll attend to you guys later. Where is she?"

"Right in there!" said Sid, gesturing to the bedroom.

"So, it's just as I thought!" raged Harry.

He rushed into the bedroom.

This was Sam's cue and he took it. The door was shut and locked.

"Here's your bag," said Sid. "I think we'd better be going!"

There was a hammering on the bedroom door and what sounded like someone yelling for help.

"These drunks sure make an awful lot of noise," said Sam.

They closed and locked the outer door.

"So far, so good," said Sid. "This should keep him amused for some time."

IT required two taxis to take Numar and his party to the Pennsylvania Station where they were to board a sleeper for the nation's capitol. Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz, old hands at handling train accommodations and traveling problems, had arranged everything. On a flip of the coin, Sid took charge of Numar and the Professor, while Sam shepherded the women out of the hotel to the waiting cabs.

As they reached the sidewalk, they found a curious crowd, standing at a respectful distance, looking up at a window on the

twenty-eighth floor. From the window, everything that was apparently movable in the room was flying. Sid and Sam looked up just in time to see a chair come sailing down. It bounced off the roof of the nearest taxi and ricocheted into the street.

Shielding their heads, everyone in Numar's party made a dash for it. A wall mirror landed right behind them. Safely entrenched in the cabs, Sid and Sam stuck their heads out the windows.

"Imagine this happening at the Waldorf!" said Sam.

"It's disgraceful," said Sid, "I'm glad I'm leaving the place."

The cabs started to pull away from the curb. Sam looked upward.

"Oh, my God!" he said. "Look, Sid! . . . He's pushing out the bed!"

SENATOR ALFRED B. HOOLIHAN, in a morning suit and spats, with a white carnation in his button hole, looking more like an undertaker than a politician, paced importantly up and down in Washington's Union Station.

It was time for the night train from New York to arrive, bearing the now terrifically sensational Numar and his party. The Senator was a big man, at least physically, and spent his waiting moments jubilantly trying to pat himself on the back. Washington reporters and camera men were present, although the public had not been advised as to the time of Numar's arrival.

"I surely played a right hunch when I invited Numar to Washington as my guest!" the former isolationist Senator said to himself. "There'll be no bills passed in the Senate and House today! All anyone can think about is this Green Man's appearance before both houses of Congress. The President, himself, can hardly wait to meet him. I mean no disrespect to Eleanor when I say that this is certainly 'My Day'!"

The Senator had a copy of New York's Daily Mirror in his hand. He stopped now to re-read Walter Winchell's column. This is what he saw:

WALTER WINCHELL

Numar, the Green Man-About-Space, yesterday became New York's leading man-about-town. The whole country, Numarically speaking, is this 'n' that way about him.

Make no mistake—this Numar is a

shocking individual. He has the skin you love not to touch. Your reporter offered himself as a guinea pig yesterday morning and was nicely roasted on all sides. In fact, he is still being roasted.

This Numar appears to be quite a Numiracle. We don't know whether he came from another planet or not but we could not pin Izzy Zwankenstein of Brooklyn on him. According to Numar, Zwankenstein and Brooklyn must have been "two other fellows."

Your little boy, Walter, admits that this Green Man's got him guessing. It's been suggested that he may be a reincarnation of the two Harrys—Thurston and Houdini. Whatever he is, his style of magic has never been seen on earth!

Numar's got the camera clickers talking in their sleep. He didn't show up in any of their pictures and the same goes for the news reels. Consequently, he's been chosen by the picture snappers as "the subject they would most like not to photograph!"

Speaking of photographs, Dorothy Lamour lost her sarong the other yawning, while making a re-take of the picture, "Revelation". Those who saw her said she was a sin-spiration! . . .

"When Walter Winchell goes overboard for anyone like this," said Senator Hollihan, "that means something! Look how he's jumped on Martin Dies and Nye—and me! I guess, after today, he'll change his tune!"

THE night train from New York was now backing into the station. Reporters and camera men rushed down the platform ahead of the Senator. They had welcomed every kind of celebrity on earth with a caloused indifference but, this morning, there was an air of genuine interest and excitement. Here was something totally new and refreshing!

"I much prefer traveling by plane," Mrs. Bailey was saying as she moved down the aisle with Betty and Mr. Schwartz. "You don't have any wheels pounding under you all night. They might at least have greased them. One of them squealed frightfully every time we turned a corner!"

"You mean—took a curve," said Sam.

"Well, whatever it was," said Mrs. Bailey. "It was very disturbing!" Then, turning to Betty, "I must say you look like a new girl this morning. That red dress is

very becoming. Of course, I think your lips and your fingernails are too bright but since they're not green, I won't object."

"Do you think the President will like this?" asked Betty.

"Land sakes, child! You're not going to see the President! He's only interested in seeing Mr. Numar!"

"I'll bet you I see the President!" said Betty. "Want to bet, Mr. Schwartz?"

"I bet on horses, not dames," said Sam. "You can tell what a horse is going to do—at least part of the time."

Numar, Professor Bailey and Mr. Alex were in the aisle ahead of them, slowly moving toward the vestibule. The passengers, before and after them, were naturally all eyes and slowing up their progress.

"This should be a big day," said Mr. Alex, addressing Numar. "By the time you get through speaking to Congress and seeing the President, you can have anything you want in this country!"

"I desire nothing," said Numar.

"Just the same," said Sid, lowering his voice and giving a backward glance at Sam. "When you get through pulling your camera trick, and want to appear in pictures, don't forget M.G.M.!"

Numar looked at Mr. Alex. "What makes you think my not photographing is a trick?" he asked.

Mr. Alex stared, uncertainly. "Well—it's *got* to be, hasn't it? Things like that just don't happen here!"

They had now reached the car steps and were descending to the platform. The usual light bulbs were exploding.

"It's no use, boys!" said Mr. Alex, waving his hand. "You're wasting your film!"

But they only laughed and kept on snapping.

Reporters with paper and pencil in hand pressed around the Green Man.

"Well, Mr. Numar," said one of them. "You certainly turned New York upside down!"

"New York was very kind to me," said Numar.

"I heard you on 'Information, Please' last night," said a second reporter. "You didn't have much to say. Somebody should shoot that Oscar Levant!"

"I thought Mr. Levant very amusing," said Numar.

"But Mr. Fadiman was right—the public wanted to hear from you!"

"The public is going to hear from me,"

said Numar. "Tomorrow afternoon, between halves of the football game at Chicago!"

Pencils scribbled furiously.

"What are you going to talk about tomorrow?" asked a man from the Post. "Mrs. Patterson wants to know."

"Tell Mrs. Patterson to listen in on her radio," said Numar, pleasantly.

"But can't you give us a tip as to what you're going to say?" persisted the news man.

"I'm sorry," said Numar, "that is not permitted."

"Not permitted!" exclaimed a reporter. "Not permitted—*by whom?*"

"By the ones who sent me here," said Numar.

The newspaper men looked at one another dazedly and did some more scribbling.

"The guy talks in circles," said one.

"He doesn't make sense," said another.

SENATOR ALFRED B. HOOLIHAN had been having difficulty getting through to Numar and his little group, who were hemmed in by the crowd of passengers as well as the newspaper people.

Betty spied him first. "Oh, Uncle! . . . Mr. Numar! . . . I believe that's the Senator you're waiting for! . . . Yes, I'm sure it is! . . . Won't you people please stand aside and let the Senator through?"

"Hello!" said a reporter, eyeing her. "Who's the little red riding hood?"

"That must be the gal in green who's traveling with Numar," guessed a fellow reporter, "Only she's changed colors on us!"

The crowd had made a lane for the Senator in answer to Betty's request.

"Thank you, my dear young lady," said Senator Hoolihan, removing his high top hat and bowing. "This is indeed a great honor to be meeting all you good people! I presume this is Mrs. Bailey and Professor Bailey . . . and, of course—Mr. Numar!"

He shook hands with the Professor and extended his hand to the man he had invited to Washington. Numar took it, graciously, and smiled.

"Well, I suppose you'd all like to get to the hotel as quickly as possible and freshen up," said the Senator. "I always hate these sleeper jumps from New York. They bounce you around a great deal."

"They certainly do," said Mrs. Bailey. "And there's a wheel on this train they ought to have fixed!"

The voice of a Western Union boy could now be heard.

"Telegram for Miss Betty Bracken!" he was calling. "Miss Betty Bracken . . . Is Miss Betty Bracken . . . ?"

"Why, that's *me*!" said Betty, surprised. "Right here, boy! Yoo hoo!"

The boy stopped, looked her direction and whistled. He came on the run.

"My!" said Betty, "I can't imagine who'd be wiring me. Maybe it's a stage offer!" She tore open the yellow envelope and then looked up. "Oh, Senator—I haven't any change. Will you tip the boy for me, please?"

Senator Hoolihan jingled some coins in his pocket, brought them out in his palm, pawed a half dollar and a quarter aside, and took out a dime. As he handed it to the messenger he saw the reporters were watching.

"I've got to be careful with the taxpayers' money," he said.

The reporters laughed and recorded his comment. Senator Hoolihan was mightily pleased with himself. This was good public relations. It was high time for economy in government and this quotation of his might sweep the country. It had been so long since any politician had shown any concern over the taxpayers' money that this simple statement should get the headlines. It might even run *Numar* a close second!

Betty was now reading the wire. "Why, it's from *Harry*!" she cried as she read it. "I don't understand this at all! . . . Listen to what he says: 'Was locked in your hotel bedroom by men who claim they represent you. Am flying to Washington. Please leave message for me with Western Union, your city, advising where you are stopping, so I can find you on arrival. Love, Harry.'"

Betty looked up. Mrs. Bailey and Schwartz were standing beside her. "This is the strangest thing," she said. Then, catching Senator Hoolihan by the coat sleeve, she turned him about. The Senator had been posing for pictures with *Numar* and Professor Bailey.

"Excuse me a minute," said Betty. "But can you tell me where we are stopping?"

THE Senator was a trifle annoyed as politicians usually are when anyone

interrupts them at such important moments.

"I have reservations at the *Mayflower*," he said, and turned his back on her again. "That's no good," said Sam, helpfully. "You won't be there much of the time. Better just wire your boy friend that you're stopping at the White House."

"Yes," said Betty, brightly. "I guess that *would* be safer. Will you take care of this for me?"

"Glad to!" said Sam. "Leave everything to me. What's your Sweetie's name?"

"It's Lieutenant Harry Hopper," said Betty.

Sam turned to the messenger who was still standing by.

"Boy," he said, "take this wire!"

The messenger held his pad in readiness. "Shoot!" he said.

"To 'Lieutenant Harry Hopper, Care of Western Union, Washington, D. C.' . . . Here's the message . . ." Sam turned sidewise so that Betty, who was trying to edge into the pictures, would not hear. "'Am stopping at White House,'" he dictated. "'Get in touch with me through the President' . . . Sign that, 'Oodles of love and kisses. Betty.'"

"That'll be thirty cents, plus tax," said Western Union.

"Send it *collect*," said Sam. "Mr. Hopper will pay for it when he picks it up. And here, boy—here's half a buck for yourself!"

The messenger boy had one bad eye which revolved in its socket. "Thank you, Mr. Morgenthau," he said.

"Sid will love me for this," said Sam to himself, as he looked after the departing messenger. "That wire ought to fix that guy—but good!"

SENATOR HOOLIHAN had rented a large seven passenger limousine from Celebrities Taxi Service, Incorporated. Such a car was used only for state funerals and receptions. A liveried chauffeur came with it and all the trappings. The only thing lacking was the carpet which was usually laid from the station to the waiting conveyance on return trips of the President or upon visits of foreign potentates.

The Senator led the way, train passengers trooping along, carrying their bags and bundles. It had been an event for them to be on the same train with the Green Man, his first train trip incidentally, since he had been on earth.

There was room in this spacious car for all of Numar's party, which was a trifle disappointing to Betty.

"If it's going to be too crowded, Senator," she said, "I wouldn't mind sitting on your lap."

Senator Hoolihan hastened to decline. "I think that honor," he said, "should be reserved alone for the Mayor of New York City!"

"Oh, that's so nice of you to say," said Betty. "But I wouldn't want anyone to think I'm being partisan . . . My, Senator, I just love that carnation in your button hole!" She plumped herself down between the Senator and Numar in the back seat, linking her arm with his. Then she gazed about as the limousine started off, leaving a curious throng behind.

"Well, look at that!" she exclaimed. "What's that big building over there with the dome?"

"That's the United States Capitol," said Senator Hoolihan.

"Oh," said Betty, "Of course! You'll have to excuse me, Senator. This is the first time I've ever been to Washington!"

The Senator looked at her oddly.

"My husband and I haven't been here, either," said Mrs. Bailey. "Do you suppose we could see Lincoln's Memorial?"

"If she mentions the Washington Monument, I'll kill her!" whispered Sid to Sam.

"Well," said Senator Hoolihan. "Mr. Numar doesn't have to speak to Congress until two this afternoon. His appointment with the President is at three. After you people have checked in at the hotel, we might have a few hours for sight-seeing."

"Here it comes!" said Sam.

"Oh, Senator!" said Betty, putting her blonde head against his shoulder. Her hair tickled his chin—but he liked it. "That's wonderful! To think of you being our guide!"

"She's got him!" said Sam. "We're in for it now!"

ONE of the great, sublime and slightly ridiculous traditions of the United States of America is that every boy born in this country has a chance to be President. Moreover, since the advent of woman suffrage, theoretically at least, every girl born in this country has a chance to be President.

But, if you are a boy or a girl, don't count on it. Get your family to settle for

a visit to Washington rather than the Presidency. Most fathers and mothers plan such a trip at some time in their lives, for themselves and their children, anyway. Many of them feel it is a duty they owe their offspring, as though the journey to their nation's capital would, in itself, inspire them to become better American citizens. In truth and in fact, it should, particularly if youngsters are taken to Washington during what their parents choose to call their "impressionable years."

Professor and Mrs. Bailey had no offspring to bring to this national shrine. But, they had Betty! She was somebody's offspring so it amounted to one and the same thing. However, Betty was slightly past the so-called "impressionable age" and had arrived at the time in her life when she was more interested in impressing others. The historic significance of Washington was largely lost upon her. She remembered that George had once cut down a cherry tree and that Honest Abe Lincoln had once walked an interminable distance to pay back six cents in change. These were great traits of character in our Presidents which should be revered for all time, but Betty had no ambition to be President. She did, however, have her heart set upon being seen and photographed with the people in Washington who counted, *including* the President!

The Professor and Mrs. Bailey were like two kids themselves. It had been a life-long desire of them both to see the Capitol of their country, these picturesque and historic spots of which they had read so much, and actually to meet some of the great minds, such as Senator Alfred B. Hoolihan, who were integral parts of the government. To find themselves really embarking on a personally superintended sight-seeing tour with the Senator, in company, of course, with Numar and the other members of their party, was a life's dream come true.

"If I just live through today," Mrs. Bailey managed to say, aside, to her husband, "I can die happy."

"Nellie," said the Professor. "Sometimes your stamina astounds me!"

Senator Hoolihan, who had Betty by his side, was talking: "I think, Mr. Numar, one of the first places you might be interested in seeing is the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. That's where our paper money, government bonds, postage and

revenue stamps are printed."

"Oh, yes," said Numar.

"My," said Betty, "I'd like to see that! Is it true, Senator, with all the billions it takes to run this government, that you can print money faster than we can spend it?"

"We have been able to, *so far*," said the Senator.

"My goodness! If there ever came a time when you *couldn't*," said Betty, "what would we do then?"

"I would stop running for office," said the Senator. "And run for the country!"

THEIR car was now pulling up beside the buildings of the United States Mint. It was followed by three other cars filled with the ever-trailing reporters and photographers. As they went into the main entrance, one of the reporters came rushing up.

"Senator!" he called. "I want to get an exclusive for my paper! A picture of you pointing to a big pile of paper money, just off the press, and telling Mr. Numar about it. I want to title my picture: 'Green Man Looks at Green Backs!' . . . Is that okay?"

Senator Hoolihan turned to Numar. "It's all right with me. Mr. Numar, do you have any objection?"

"None at all," said Numar, quietly.

"That's swell," said the camera man. Then, pleadingly: "But, listen, Mr. Numar—please don't pull that disappearing trick! My boss says if I don't come back with your mug on this piece of celluloid, that I'm a dead pigeon!"

Numar smiled and shook his head. "I'm sorry about the dead pigeon," he said.

The other newsmen laughed.

Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz brought up the rear as the party filed into the Mint.

"I don't like to look at money that isn't mine," said Sid. "It makes me think of my income tax!"

"I don't like to see money made," said Sam, "I'm afraid it might tempt me to become a counterfeiter!"

Many of the departments were heavily caged in so that visitors could not get near the freshly printed stacks of paper money and government bonds. Numar and his party, led by Senator Hoolihan, walked over runways, looking down at the different processes in operation. In one department, a row of middle-aged women, white and colored, with rubber thimbles on their thumbs, were seated at long tables counting

great piles of uncut paper money.

"You are gazing upon millions and millions of dollars," said the Senator.

"Fancy that!" said Mrs. Bailey. "Gracious! I should think those women, after doing that all day, would get so sick of money they wouldn't want to touch it when they got home!"

"I'd like to try it once!" said Sam.

Through arrangement with an official at the Mint, Numar and Senator Hoolihan were taken behind locked doors and photographed standing between great mounds of paper money.

"You know, of course," said the Senator to Numar, "that the United States is the richest country in the world?"

"Yes," said Numar, soberly. "I know that."

"This is a tribute to the great industry of our people," said the Senator, as he saw that the reporters were making notes.

"Your people," said Numar, "all work for money?"

"Why, yes," said the Senator, with a half laugh. "Naturally!"

"We have no money on our planet," said Numar.

Senator Hoolihan gave him a startled look. "*No money!*" he said. "Well, what *incentive* do your people have for *living*?"

Numar smiled. "Pursuit of the *truth*," he said.

"Your planet must be a strange place," said the Senator.

THE next important stop on this personally conducted tour of Washington was made at the Lincoln Memorial, which stands at the upper end of Potomac Park. There is perhaps no more beautiful structure in the world today, for—out of ordinarily cold and austere marble—Man has wrought a warm and living tribute to America's Great Emancipator.

You climb the steps to the Memorial and gaze up into the kindly, yet sorrowing stone face of this man, who sits in his chair and looks, with his deep-set, under-standing eyes, into your very soul.

Here, all the cheap sounds of self-seeking politicians are swallowed up into the nothingness which they are. Here, even the most shallow American can be turned from a heart of stone. Here, beside the still banks of the silent Potomac, the waters of American life run deep. Here, you bring as your offering to lay at the feet of Abraham Lincoln, what you really are.

And here, on this bright morning in the Washington, D. C. of today, Senator Alfred B. Hoolihan brought this visitor from another planet, and his party.

Professor Bailey put fumbling fingers to his head and removed his hat. There was a mist across his eyes. Mrs. Bailey reached out her hand and placed it within his. They stood like two small school children at the base of the great monument and looked up into Lincoln's face.

Standing somewhat apart from them was Senator Hoolihan, his high top hat in hand. On one side of him was Betty and on the other, Numar. Behind them were Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz, foremost in a fringe of other sight-seers and the inevitable reporters and camera men.

"Jeez!" said Sam, respectfully. "This kind of gets you, don't it?"

"Yeah," said Sid. "I've been in Washington half a dozen times on picture business, but I've never run out here. This is real competition for the movies!"

"I guess Lincoln was a greater man than I thought he was," said Betty.

"He was one of the great souls born on your planet," said Numar.

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said Senator Hoolihan, a gleam of pride in his eyes. "He was our first Republican President!"

Numar's dark eyes searched the Senator. "In your opinion, did that make him a great soul?" he asked.

"N-no," said Senator Hoolihan, defensively. "But I dare say—it *helped!*"

The moment of reverence was broken by the reporters and camera men who must carry to their insatiable public the smallest thought and action of every person in the news.

Senator Hoolihan was quite conscious of the possible political significance of his pilgrimage to the Lincoln Memorial with Numar. This gave him a chance to pledge anew his loyalty to the lofty ideals set down by this greatest of all Republicans. Whenever any earnest Senator or Congressman or high government official felt the need of spiritual replenishing, it was always good Emily Post for him to visit some such national shrine and there consecrate himself, once more, to the principles of true freedom. The memory of the great American public, thank God, was short. You could promise it something one week and take it back the next, and it would forget and forgive you. Great political machines

had been founded upon this vulnerable quirk in human nature.

"Would you care to make a statement, Senator?" asked one of the reporters.

Senator Hoolihan cleared his throat and looked up at Lincoln. "I'd like to say," he began, "that I consider this one of the most auspicious moments of my life. To be here, present, with a distinguished visitor, not from another land but from another planet, paying homage to the memory of a man whom Mr. Numar, himself," with a patronizing gesture toward the green-visaged figure at his side, "has declared to be one of the greatest souls ever born upon this earth!"

Senator Hoolihan bowed his head, reverently.

The camera shutters clicked and pencils flew.

"Now, Mr. Numar, would you like to say something?" asked the news men.

"Senator Hoolihan has spoken for me," said Numar.

Professor and Mrs. Bailey had wandered off to read some of Lincoln's great and historic utterances cut eternally into the marble walls. They spoke them, under their breaths, in chorus.

"This has been worth the entire trip," said the Professor. "I guess, Nellie, I've been looking out, for too many years, upon the stars. It is good to come back to earth and to find what is contained in the soil of our own country."

The Professor felt the light touch of a hand upon his shoulder. Numar had disengaged himself from the press and the publicity seekers.

"Perhaps, Professor," he said, in a quiet voice. "You can understand now, why I chose you as my host on this planet."

IT WAS not a long journey by motor to Mount Vernon. This trip had been made scores of times by Senator Hoolihan in company of various visiting notables and important people from his home state who had to be shown the sights. A politician must always keep on good terms with his constituents. Any real or fancied slight could easily cost him the election. But a Senator was always safe in taking his guests to the tombs of the nation's great, because dead men do not talk. And, since George Washington never was known to have told a lie, it was always good to associate one's self with his name.

The small family vault containing his mortal remains was located on a hillside at Mount Vernon, overlooking the Potomac River. The view from this spot must have been enjoyed by Washington in life as it was now enjoyed by all fellow Americans who visited this hallowed place and were moved by its serenity. Again, there was a peace and simplicity not found in the streets and byways of this now rushing and confused world.

"This man was the first President of the United States and the Father of his country," said Senator Hoolihan. "He didn't believe in foreign alliances."

As a former isolationist, Senator Hoolihan hoped that this comment would be heard by the reporters who would realize that he had not been the originator of this policy, only a temporary advocate.

"Of course," he continued, "Had Washington been living today," and here he put words in the great man's mouth, "I have no doubt that he would have recognized the economic and spiritual necessity of a union, not only of states, but of nations!"

"Can we quote you on that?" asked a reporter.

"By all means!" said the Senator.

Professor and Mrs. Bailey were again off by themselves.

"You know, Nellie," he said, simply. "I'd like to be buried in a place like this."

"Sssh!" said Mrs. Bailey, looking about self-consciously. "William, don't be sacreligious!"

Betty was standing, looking through the iron work, at the crypts.

"Lincoln got all the best of it!" she said.

Numar had made no comment but now he was prodded by newsmen. "Do you have something to say?" they queried.

"I should like to ask the Senator a question," said Numar.

Senator Hoolihan beamed and bowed. "I should consider it an honor," he said.

"Could you tell me," requested Numar, "Do you humans revere any of your living men and erect monuments to them?"

Senator Hoolihan drew in his breath. "Why—why, no," he said. "Why should we? . . . It's too risky. They're apt to do something, any day, to *undo* what they've *done*!"

"I see," said Numar. "Then it is possibly just as well that Washington died before his glory was dimmed and Lincoln was assassinated?"

Senator Hoolihan laughed, uncomfortably. "I guess we've seen all there is to see here," he said.

THE Congress of the United States is a mighty body of important little men.

The people of the forty-eight states have elected these men to represent their sacred rights and liberties in the government in Washington. In principle, if not always in fact, these elected representatives are known as public servants. Since so few Americans have ever read the Constitution of the United States or its Bill of Rights, it is just possible that an equally small number know how many Senators and Representatives there are in the halls of Congress. For the record then, let it be said there are ninety-six members in the Senate and a total of four hundred and thirty-five Representatives in the House.

On rare occasions, when the President of the United States wishes to address both houses at the same time, on some matter of great national urgency, or when some foreign visitor of sufficient political import should be paid tribute, these two bodies foregather in the House and pretend that they are fraternizing with each other. Actually, as every child should know, the Senate and the House are supposed to provide a legislative checkmate, one upon the other. What one body originates in the way of a bill, the other body either alters, tables or annihilates. This is Democracy in action.

But, this afternoon at two p.m. all regular business was being suspended. The Representatives, because they belonged to the biggest chamber, were once again playing host to the Senators. Not only that, but almost every notable in Washington, especially those on good terms with the administration, had crowded into the House to see and to hear this new man of the hour, this Green Man from outer space, this being from another planet, this stealer of all newspaper headlines—Numar!

Five choice seats had been reserved on the aisle steps in the gallery for the Professor, Mrs. Bailey, Betty, Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz. The atmosphere was electric with excitement. Numar and the man who was to present him, Senator Alfred B. Hoolihan, had not yet appeared on the floor. Comments could be heard on all sides.

"It's utterly fantastic, taking up our time with a session like this!"

"Yes, that throws my state relief bill over

till tomorrow—and I wanted to get away for a week's vacation!"

"I hate Senator Hoolihan's guts, anyway! He's not fooling anybody. He's feathering his own nest by making this tie-up!"

"Well, if this Numar's really from another planet, since he won't let himself be photographed, I'd like to see what he looks like!"

"One thing sure—he can't be running for office or he'd let them take his picture!"

"This Green Man's certainly getting a terrific press. There *must* be something to him!"

"I'm an amateur astronomer myself. If Professor Bailey says he's genuine, that's good enough for me!"

Being within earshot of these diverse commentaries, Mrs. Bailey nudged her husband. "Did you hear that last remark?" she asked. "William, your opinion *does* count for something in this country!"

"Apparently!" said the Professor, in pleased surprise.

"I'd like to have the concessions in a place like this!" said Sam. "Can you imagine the soft drinks and crackerjack you could sell?"

"Don't forget the hotdogs!" said Sid.

"I hope they begin on time," said Betty, fidgeting. "So we won't be late for our appointment with the President."

"Betty!" scolded Mrs. Bailey. "Not so loud! You don't know whether you're going to see the President or not."

Betty looked wise but said nothing.

IN the ante-room behind the rostrum on which was the Speaker's chair and desk, were a group of noted government officials. In addition to the Speaker of the House, himself, there was the Vice-President of the United States. These two gentlemen, in company with Senator Alfred B. Hoolihan, were having a brief discourse with Numar.

"You say you have no democracy on your planet?" the Vice-President was asking.

"Not what you would call a 'democracy,'" Numar answered. "Our people are individually self-governing."

"I see," said the Speaker of the House, with a blank look on his face.

"That sounds rather advanced," said the Vice-President.

"It is," admitted Numar. "We have only enjoyed this state of development for the

past ten million years."

Senator Hoolihan poked a jocular finger at the Vice-President. "I guess there'd be no place for us on his planet," he said.

Numar smiled. "Probably not," he said. "Our people are their own representatives."

The Speaker of the House looked at the clock on the wall.

"Well," he said, "it's time we were entering the Chamber." Then, a bit uneasily, "I hope, Mr. Numar, what you are going to say will not be too radical for this body. It should be obvious to you that any such individual government as you have on your planet would bring chaos and anarchy here."

"That I well know," said Numar.

A hush came over all members and visitors in the House as the Speaker and Vice-President entered with Senator Hoolihan and the man from another planet, following. Everyone stood as though by common consent, and began applauding. Thanks to the press of the country and his two radio broadcasts, Numar was already well known to his audience.

The Vice-President seated himself in a chair to the left of the Speaker's desk, while Numar sat on his right. Senator Hoolihan remained standing beside the Speaker who raised his hand for silence. There was the usual shuffling and shifting of feet and chairs as everyone sat down.

The Green Man, of course, was the cynosure of all eyes. He remained perfectly composed and looked quietly about at the waving sea of faces.

"Members of the Senate and of the House of Representatives," began the Speaker. "We have come together today, in joint body assembled, for the purpose of welcoming to this country, yea—even to our planet, this distinguished visitor from a remote region in space. It is my considered pleasure to present the illustrious Senator Alfred B. Hoolihan, who will introduce to you our guest of honor." He turned and nodded. "Senator Hoolihan!"

NUMAR'S Washington host stepped to the front of the rostrum as photographers again went to work. He was greeted with polite applause, with most eyes still fixed upon the Green Man.

"Never before," commenced Senator Hoolihan, in tones of stentorian grandeur, which he felt befitting the occasion, "in the long, tortuous history of life on this planet,

has there ever occurred a phenomenon of this magnitude. Never before, has mankind been given such cause to pause and consider the immensity of space and the possible fact that our earth is not alone the only inhabited sphere in this great and grand universe. Never before, either in the time of Washington or of Lincoln, have the people of this country and of the world been at such a critical turning of the ways!

"It's no idle figure of speech to say to you, my fellow colleagues in the Senate and in the House, that we are at the crossroads! Just as we now are compelled by the presence on this earth of the Man From Another Planet, to look at the stars—so, we are also compelled to look beyond our shores to the peoples of other lands! Yes, my friends—to realize, in the changing tides of men, that isolationism is a thing of the past—that the Brotherhood of Nations is at hand—and, in the not too distant future, God willing, the Brotherhood of Planets!"

This was the point that Senator Hoolihan had depended upon for applause and he got it. The Senators and Representatives looked a bit bewildered but they knew when to take a cue. They knew, also, that Senator Hoolihan was putting on an exhibition of acrobatics and, insofar as his former isolationist attitude was concerned, he was doing a backward somersault. This occasioned a burst of cheers which grew into a small ovation.

"He reminds me slightly of William Jennings Bryan," said Professor Bailey to his wife. "His oratory, I mean."

"And now," Senator Hoolihan was saying, in a voice which trembled and shook with emotion. "It is my unbounded pleasure, and honor, and privilege to present to you, for the first time on this earth, a man who has come from his home planet Talamaya, through interstellar space, for the express purpose of visiting us here. As you all know, I have taken it upon myself, as a Senator from that greatest of all states . . . I need not mention it by name . . . to invite Mr. Numar to Washington that he may address this august body . . . and later meet our noble Commander-in-Chief and President. . . !"

At mention of the President, there was resounding applause. This was another point in his introductory speech which Senator Hoolihan had marked in advance for the taking of a deep breath.

"And so," he said, his voice reaching a

crescendo of volume and feeling. "And so," he repeated for emphasis, "without further ado, I now give to you the most unusual personage who has ever set foot inside this United States Capitol building since the day it was erected. Members of the House, Senate, Friends, Visitors and Guests—I present to you the honorable, the most austere, and the most mysterious Mr Numar!"

Senator Hoolihan had done himself proud. As Numar stood up and advanced to the front of the rostrum, the walls of the House all but came down. Everyone was on his feet, cheering and hand-clapping. Not even Winston Churchill or Madame Chiang Kai-Shek had received such a greeting! Senator Hoolihan shook Numar's hand and held it until the photographers had finished shooting.

"I've never heard anything like this!" he said, in Numar's ear. "Go to it! The floor is yours!"

The Senator then tiptoed extravagantly back to his seat beside the Vice-President.

THE shouts and the plaudits died away like the sound of a pounding sea which had been instantly hushed. The white-robed figure of the Green Man, Numar, now, seemed to fill the Chamber. He stood, unspeaking, looking smilingly out upon his now breathless observers. Half minute must have passed and the tension was as taut as a violin string about to snap.

"Why doesn't he say something!" whispered Sam. "I can't stand this much longer!"

"Maybe he's forgot how to speak English!" said Sid.

The figure of Numar moved—and took a step forward.

"I bring you greetings," said Numar "not only from the beings on my planet but from the various types of creatures on at least a thousand inhabited planets between my world, Talamaya, and your own."

There were gasps of surprise throughout the House which, breaking through the silence, came like pistol shots.

"You human creatures, here," Numar continued, "have probably been so concerned with your own affairs, that you have given little or no serious thought to the possibility of any other planet being inhabited. Would it interest you to know that the Universe is filled with *millions* of

inhabited planets?"

There were more gasps, many of them on the borderline of incredulity.

"No," smiled Numar, "not planets necessarily populated with Democrats or Republicans, such as yourselves, nor even by human creatures—but forms of higher intelligence entirely unfamiliar to you here . . ." He was speaking easily and with a quiet conviction and charm which was captivating. "Many of these planets have existed billions of years longer than your earth. Partially because of this, the creatures on them have been enabled to reach a much higher state of evolution. They have developed instruments far beyond the capacity of your telescopes and radio which have made it possible for them to view your struggles here and to benefit, in their way, from your experiences. That is how I, myself, first became acquainted with you peoples of earth.

"May I say to you, now, that we are all caught up in a great cosmic destiny together and, as your own Abraham Lincoln has said—if I may choose to apply some of his words in the universal sense—all creatures on all planets, must proceed 'with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right. Let us strive on to finish the work we are in . . . to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves,' and—in the great far distant ultimate, between the creatures on all planets, throughout this mighty universe . . . !"

There was a moment of tremendous silence following Numar's unusual paraphrasing of Lincoln's immortal words. It was as though he had softly pounded the brain mass within each cranial cavity. His observers looked at one another with expressions of awe, disbelief and faint glimmerings of recognition. The impact of his remarks was due to be felt for days by many present, if not for a life-time.

"I'll never be the same again," one Representative was heard to whisper.

"I don't get it!" said another.

But silence must give way to sound, and whether his words had been comprehended or not, the earnestness and poise and sincerity of Numar could not be doubted. A stunned audience gave him sober and respectful applause as he left the Chamber followed by an obviously dazed Vice-President who sheepishly shrugged his shoulders

at the gallery, as much as to say, "You and me both! I don't get it, either!"

AT about the time when Numar was delivering his "message" to Congress, a young flight lieutenant was picking up his message from Betty.

"Good gosh!" he exclaimed, as he read it. "The White House! . . . the President . . . ! How does she do it?"

Lieutenant Harry Hopper rushed out of the Western Union office and hailed a taxi. At last he was getting somewhere. Maybe there was some method in Betty's madness after all. Any girl who could be staying at the White House! "Guess maybe I'd better go a little slow about jumping on her," Harry decided. He sauntered through the door of the White House with the air of a man who has an appointment. He was stopped inside by a kindly, white-haired gentleman with badge and bulging muscles.

"Whom did you want to see?" inquired the man.

"Well, according to this wire," said Harry, "I've got to check with the President."

He showed the telegram to the official waylayer of all unofficial business.

"Am stopping at White House," read the man. "Get in touch with me through the President." The official looked questioningly at Harry. "Who is this 'Betty' person?"

"Her name's Miss Betty Bracken. The President will know," said Harry.

"The President is very busy now," said the official. "Maybe I can locate Miss Bracken for you. Does she work here?"

"No, she's visiting here," said Harry.

"Just a moment," said the official. He disappeared and Harry paced about in the reception room of the White House.

The official was gone about ten minutes and returned.

"There's no Miss Bracken here," he reported.

"But why would she wire me like this if she's *not* here?" demanded Harry.

"I can't answer that," said the official "I've checked with the President's secretary. She's never even heard her name, and it's not in the President's personal appointment book."

Harry was momentarily floored. "That's funny," he said. "If you don't mind, I'll just stick around here for awhile. Maybe she'll turn up."

"Sure," said the official, agreeably. "Why don't you get yourself a visitor's pass and go through the White House while you're waiting?"

"That's a good idea," said Harry. "I think I will!"

FOLLOWING Numar's address to Congress, Professor and Mrs. Bailey, with Betty, Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz met the Senator and Numar by pre-arrangement, at a side entrance to the floor of the House. It was the Senator's intention to drop them off in his car at the Mayflower Hotel while he continued on to the White House with his inter-planetary visitor for the appointment with the President. But they had no more than reached the door of the limousine, with reporters, photographers and an excited crowd following them, when Betty began her button-holing campaign.

"Oh, Senator!" she exclaimed. "I just can't wait to tell you! That was the most magnificent speech I ever heard! I was never so thrilled in my life! I don't think I'll ever be that thrilled when you introduce me to the President!"

Senator Hoolihan had helped Mrs. Bailey into the car and was waiting for Betty to follow, but she was holding up the procession. Numar, for his protection, had been slipped in the limousine first.

"I'm sorry, Miss Bracken," he said, "but the President . . . !"

"It's too bad your speech wasn't broadcast," said Betty. "I'm sure he'd have loved it!"

"We must hurry or we'll be late to our appointment," said the Senator, trying to push her in the car.

"Oh, Senator!" cried Betty. "When I think of your introducing me to the President, I could just hug you!"

She suited the action to the word and a camera man nearby shouted, "Hey! That's a pip! Do that again, will you, Babe? Give the Senator a smacker on the cheek!"

Betty was only too willing to take direction. She couldn't have responded better had she had a movie director.

"My God, how that girl can act!" said Sid. "I'm beginning to think I've got something there!"

"What's Mrs. Bailey good for?" moaned Sam. "She kisses somebody and nobody cares!"

The Senator had never encountered this

sore of a campaign before. With cameras being aimed at him and with his remembrance of Mayor LaGuardia's experience with this impetuous young thing, he had to do something and do it quick!

"All right!" he hissed in her ear. "You're meeting the President. Now, behave yourself! I can't afford to be kissed in public!"

"Oh, Senator Hoolihan!" exclaimed Betty, shaking her finger at him as she got in the car, "What you just said!"

The Senator said even worse things under his breath.

For some strange reason, the Senator's hired limousine never stopped at the Mayflower Hotel at all. It proceeded directly to the White House with all on board, to keep Numar's and Senator Hoolihan's appointment with the President.

LIEUTENANT HARRY HOPPER had become so interested in viewing the President's trophy room, in company with other gaping-mouthed sight-seers, that he had momentarily forgotten his cross-country quest of Betty. As he emerged into the hall, with some elderly school teachers from Minnesota who had attached themselves lovingly to him, he saw what at first glance appeared to be another sight-seeing group, hurrying past. However, this small party was possessed of an escort of White House police who had brought them in a special entrance. There was a white-robed figure in their midst and it was the elderly school teachers who first observed: "Why, for mercy's sake! There's the Green Man!"

By this time Harry had caught sight of a blonde in red, clinging to the arm of a tall, pompous-appearing man, who carried a high stiff hat.

"Betty!" Harry shouted, and left his school teacher acquaintances without an adieu.

They looked after him in blank amazement.

"Well, I suppose that's what we've got to expect at our age," one of them said to the other.

Numar and his party were already turning the corridor as Harry gave chase. Betty, hearing her name called, glanced backward, saw Harry, and waved.

"Hello, Harry!" she called. "I can't see you now. I'm going to see the President!"

A White House guard blocked Harry's mad dash after her.

"Where do you think you're going?" he

said.

"I belong to that party!" said Harry. "Let me go!"

"I don't think you do," said the guard. "You'd better come with me."

"I'll prove it to you," said Harry, and produced a crumpled telegram. "Read this!"

The guard looked at it. "Who's Betty?" he asked.

"That girl I was calling to," Harry explained.

"That may be," said the guard, skeptically. "But that still doesn't mean you've got an appointment with the President. You come with me to the reception room while I check on this."

THERE was a momentary delay at the door of the President's private office as a somewhat flustered Senator Hoolihan offered apologies, explanations and entreaties to the President's secretary. Could he be allowed, as a special favor, to present *all* the members of Numar's party? The secretary stepped to the door and looked the group over. She did not act too impressed by the sight, even when Betty smiled and waved at her.

"I'll see what I can do," she said, and disappeared.

"Something tells me this is going to be the experience of my life!" said Betty.

"I hope this doesn't ruin my political career!" said the Senator.

"Is my hair on straight?" asked Sam of Sid. "Thank God, I at least voted for the guy!"

"What do you say to the President?" Sid wanted to know.

"Ask him if he's going to run for another term," said Sam.

Professor and Mrs. Bailey were very solemn and plainly nervous.

"Betty's got us this far," said the Professor, "but I still can't believe we're actually going to meet him!"

The secretary reappeared at the door. She was smiling. "The President will see you now," she said.

As Numar's party entered the President's office, in the executive wing of the White House, a young flying officer was brought into the reception room by a guard. The guard caught the secretary's attention.

"You sit here," he said to the soldier, indicating a chair. "I'll find out about this." He crossed to the door and spoke to the secretary in a low tone. "That army

pilot, there, claims he should have gone in with that party to see the President," said the guard. "Would you know anything about it?"

"No," said the secretary. "But there is an army pilot due to see the President this afternoon. I'll check up on his calendar as soon as this appointment is over. He's probably the one."

"Thanks," said the guard, and turned back to an expectant Harry. "Just sit tight," he advised. "We'll have you straightened out in just a few minutes."

"That's swell!" said Harry, drawing a sigh of relief. "If you only knew, Mister, what I've been through!"

"Yeah, it's tough trying to see the President these days," said the guard. "You've got to have *influence*!"

SENATOR HOOLIHAN carried off the introductions of the different members of his party in his usual exemplary manner. Meeting and introducing people were two of the most important requisites to the making of a successful politician.

The President was seated at his desk which, in addition to state papers, contained an assorted collection of little dog figures in bronze.

"Oh, aren't these cute!" exclaimed Betty. She was standing with the party in front of the President's desk and impulsively picked up one of the bronze miniatures. "Why, Mr. President, I have this dog's very mate at home!"

"Indeed!" said the President, amused. "I wondered why that poor fellow had such a lonely look. Please take him with you!"

"Why, Mr. President!" protested Betty, with the Professor stepping on one foot and Mrs. Bailey, the other. "I hope you don't think I—ouch . . .!"

The President divined what was going on and laughed. "That dog appears to have bitten you," he said. Then, turning to his distinguished visitor, "Mr. Numar, I have been greatly interested in you since your reported arrival on the planet. I am sorry I was unable to hear you in your talk before Congress. Word has already reached me, however, that your remarks have caused quite a stir."

Numar was standing at the edge of the desk nearest the President, with Senator Hoolihan by his side.

"What I said today was relatively unimportant," he quietly declared. "I hope,

Mr. President, that you will be able to hear me when I speak from Chicago tomorrow afternoon."

The President chuckled. "Do I have to listen to the first half of the Notre Dame-University of Chicago football game in order to hear you?" he asked. "I'm a busy man!"

Numar smiled. "Perhaps not," he said, revealing his own sense of humor. "Even so, they seem to be the most popular teams in the country. I understand Soldiers Field is entirely sold out for this game—and they expect the biggest crowd in history!"

"All right," laughed the President. "You win! . . . I'll be listening in!"

"OUT this way, please," said the President's secretary, with the interview over. She indicated a private exit through a side corridor away from the main reception room. Numar's party immediately filed out, as directed. It was met by four solid looking citizens, one of whom stopped Numar. He was a stout, dark-eyed, crinkly haired man.

"My name's J. Edgar Hoover," he said. "Will you and your party come with me?"

Numar looked questioningly at Senator Hoolihan who seemed on the verge of an apoplectic stroke.

"Mr. Hoover," exclaimed the Senator. "Is something wrong? Have you got something on this man? Great heavens! Don't tell me he's a *fake*!"

Mr. Hoover's face was a mask. "I want his fingerprints," he said.

Senator Hoolihan glanced apprehensively at Chief G Man Hoover's strong arm trio of plain clothes men. "We'll go peacefully, of course," he said. "But if Mr. Numar's going to be exposed, for God's sake—don't involve me!"

"Oh!" cried Betty. "What's the matter? We're not arrested, are we?"

Mrs. Bailey took her husband's arm, protectingly.

"Mr. Hoover," she said, in a voice which quavered. "I warned Professor Bailey at the very start but it seems like this man had him hypnotized. If he should turn out to be a crook, I hope things won't go too hard with my husband. He's really been an innocent, trusting victim!"

"I'm in the clear," said Mr. Alex. "I'm just representing Miss Bracken here—for M.G.M."

"Me, too," said Mr. Schwartz, "I mean—I'm a Warner Brothers man. I haven't had anything to do with Mr. Numar!"

The Green Man, under apparent indictment from members of his party, had eyed them each in turn. He was now looking at Professor Bailey.

"You can do what you want, Mr. Hoover," said the Professor, with spirit, "But I say, Mr. Numar is who he says he is—and I'd like to see you disprove it!"

"Why, William!" said Mrs. Bailey.

"Come on!" said Betty, taking a deflated Senator Hoolihan by the arm. "I've been wanting to see how the F.B.I. works, anyway!"

The Senator emitted a groan which came from the very bottom of his spats.

"Mr. Hoover," he pleaded. "I have my car outside. May I save Mr. Numar and his party the public disgrace of going with you? I promise to deliver them all to your headquarters."

Chief Edgar Hoover nodded and gestured to his men.

"Very well," he said. "Let them go ahead, men. We'll follow."

A sober group of people, led by Senator Alfred B. Hoolihan, who now looked like the dead stick of a spent skyrocket, passed out the side door of the White House, drawing many curious glances and wondering comments.

ALL right, sir!" said the President's secretary, motioning to the young flying officer who had been waiting impatiently in the reception room, "the President will see you now."

Harry leaped to his feet and hurried to the door. What he saw caused him to stop and stare. The Chief Executive was seated at his desk with several newsreel cameras pointed at him. There were a number of official looking gentlemen standing by.

"But where's Betty . . . ?" said Harry, impulsively, looking around. "I don't understand . . . ?"

"Please, hurry!" urged the secretary, "Don't keep the President waiting! He's half an hour late with his appointments now!"

Harry advanced toward the President's desk, uncertainly. One of the men in front of him was a high ranking officer in the army. He thought he had better salute, so he did. The salute was returned and the officer smiled and said: "At ease, Lieuten-

ant. A man of your heroism shouldn't be nervous on an occasion like this!"

"But, I . . . !" said Harry. "There must be . . . !"

"Mr. President," said the high ranking officer, "this is . . . !"

"Of course!" beamed the President, "the whole country knows him!" He reached across the desk and extended his hand. "Charmed to meet you, Lieutenant!"

Harry, eyes popping, clicked his heels together, saluted once more, and then shook hands with the President. The newsreel cameras began to grind.

"Step around here, beside the President," directed the military gentleman, placing a kindly hand on Harry's shoulder.

"But I came here . . ." Harry started to say.

He was pushed in front of the President who was now standing, an official document of some sort in his hands.

"For heroic and undaunted service far beyond the call of duty," the Chief Executive was reading, "Lieutenant Peter Bauer . . ."

"But, Mr. President . . . !" broke in Harry, "I'm not . . . !"

"Keep still!" said the military officer, jabbing him in the back.

" . . . in the attack upon the Jap island of Saipan," the President was continuing, "not only strafed heavily armed beaches at great risk of being shot down but blew up several large ammunition dumps in the operation. On preparing to leave the scene, while attempting to gain altitude, Lieutenant Bauer . . ."

Harry was wet with perspiration. "But Mr. President . . . !" he said, again.

"Shut up!" hissed a voice in his ear.

" . . . was attacked," the President went on, "by six Jap zeros which had dived at him from above. By skillful and almost unbelievable maneuvering, the Lieutenant, although his plane was riddled with flak and bullets, managed to shoot down five out of six of his attackers and returned to his base, wounded himself, and with his tail surfaces shot away . . ."

THE Chief Executive of the United States put down the document and took up a medal from his desk. The newsreel cameras were still grinding.

"Mr. President . . . !" said Harry, putting up his hand. "I can't accept this . . . !"

The President turned upon the young flying officer his most reassuring smile. "Your modesty is most becoming," he said. "It is characteristic of our noble young men in the service!"

Then, reaching out, the President began to pin the medal on Harry's chest.

"To Lieutenant Peter Bauer, I, the President of the United States, now present, as a token of his country's and his government's appreciation for valorous conduct under fire, this Distinguished Service Cross . . . !"

Harry's eyes looked wild as the President, once more, shook his hand. He was being patted on the back by the high ranking officer, with other officials gathering around, showering him with congratulations.

The newsreel men started dismantling their equipment.

"Mr. President," said Harry. "I've been trying to tell you . . ."

"I know just how you feel, Lieutenant," said the President. "Goodbye, sir—and good luck!"

Harry found himself being escorted to the door. He finally let out an inarticulate cry and rushed from the room. In the corridor he encountered the White House guard who had stopped him before.

"Well, did you get fixed up?" asked the guard. Then, on seeing the medal, he exclaimed, "I should say you *did*!"

"Listen!" cried Harry, grabbing the guard by the coat lapels. "My girl . . . Miss Bracken . . . she wasn't there!"

"That's right," said the guard. "She and her party just left here a few minutes ago."

"Oh, my gosh!" said Harry. "Where'd they go?"

"They went with J. Edgar Hoover," said the guard.

"So!" said Harry. "The F.B.I.'s got her! What next?"

He dashed out of the White House. As he did so, another young flying officer entered the President's reception room.

"I'm sorry I'm late," he said, apologetically. "My taxi broke down. I'm Lieutenant Peter Bauer."

The secretary stared and gasped. "Oh!" she said. "Just have a seat, Lieutenant. I—I'll tell the President!"

ON THE ride to the Federal Bureau of Investigation in the Department of Justice Building, Betty suddenly thought

of Harry. She turned to Mr. Schwartz.

"Oh," she said, "I just remembered! I saw Harry at the White House. He must have gotten that wire you sent for me! I wonder what became of him?"

"You're worrying about him and we're going to jail," said Sam.

Betty looked through the rear window of the limousine and saw Hoover's car following them.

"Senator," she said, "I'll bet you could get away from them, if you tried. Let's turn off here and go back to the White House. I've got to find Harry!"

"Who in the name of Jumping Grasshoppers is Harry?" said the Senator, biting nails in two with his jaws.

"He's the most wonderful man in the world!" said Betty.

"An hour ago, I thought I was," said the Senator, drily.

"But that was an hour ago," said Betty, "And Harry hadn't shown up then. He's been following me all across the country!"

"I don't know why," said the Senator, "I should think he'd be running in the opposite direction!"

"Why, Senator," said Betty, and patted his cheek. "You say the funniest things!"

She turned once more to Mr. Schwartz. "Oh, I've meant to ask you about that telegram Harry sent me. I never did understand it—about his being locked in my hotel bedroom."

"What's that?" said the Senator.

"Oh, it's all right," explained Betty. "I wasn't there at the time."

"I can't afford to have any scandal attached to my name," said the Senator. "If you're having men in your bedroom, I wish you'd have the decency not to mention it in public!"

"Why, Senator! What are you talking about?" said Betty. "I'm as innocent as a new born babe!"

"If you're innocent," said Senator Hoolihan, speaking with a loud snort, "I'm a Chinaman with pig-tails!"

"Just the same, I've got to find Harry," said Betty. "He's my one and only!"

Senator Hoolihan leaned back and resigned himself to the worst.

"Now, Mr. Schwartz," Betty persisted. "Where do you suppose Harry could have gone?"

"Search me!" said Sam.

"Oh, don't be silly!" she laughed. "He's not on *you*!"

"I'm glad of that," said Sam. "That's what I've been afraid of!"

"Me, too!" said Sid.

"What are you two hinting at?" demanded Betty.

"You'll find out soon enough," said Sid.

The limousine had now pulled up in front of the government building containing the F.B.I. offices. Senator Hoolihan restrained the members of his party while he looked up and down the street.

"Just a moment!" he said. "I want to make sure that none of my . . . er—a—political friends . . . or—a—enemies happen to be passing . . . Yes, the coast seems to be clear. Everybody out, please." Then to Numar, "This is very distressing. It is something I didn't anticipate. I trust you are not too disturbed?"

"I am not disturbed at all," said Numar.

THE aides of J. Edgar Hoover met Numar and his party inside the building and escorted them to their Chief's private office. They sat in this soberly impressive atmosphere, nervously awaiting Head G-Man Hoover's arrival.

Senator Hoolihan, most effected of all, paced about the room, clapping and unclapping his hands behind his back, head bowed. Betty, observing him, whispered to Mrs. Bailey.

"You know, Auntie—there's something about the Senator—the way he's acting now—he looks just like Washington at Valley Forge!"

"I wouldn't know as to that," said Mrs. Bailey, her mind on other things.

"Or maybe Lincoln at Appomattox," dramatized Betty. "My, it's interesting to see a big man in a historic moment like this!"

"Oh, God!" suddenly exclaimed the Senator, extending his arms imploringly toward the heavens.

"You see," said Betty. "I was right. He's at the turning point of his career—and he doesn't know where to turn!"

J. Edgar Hoover's appearance brought an increase in the tension. He approached Numar and stood studying him for a moment.

"Walter Winchell has informed me about you," he said. "I've had other reports. Will you step down the hall, please? I want to get your fingerprints."

Numar stood up.

"The rest of you may come along, if you wish," said Mr. Hoover.

THE Chief of the F.B.I. himself took Numar's right hand, pressed his thumb and fingers on an ink pad and then on a specially prepared sheet of paper. He examined the result, exclaimed in surprise, and turned back to Numar.

"Let's try that again," he said.

Numar smiled and extended his hand. Mr. Hoover repeated the process. The result was the same—five perfectly smooth, evenly colored black spots.

"Let's try your *left* hand," said Mr. Hoover.

Numar obliged and, again, the prints were examined.

All in Numar's party had been watching this development with growing interest and wonderment.

Without a word, the Chief of the F.B.I. passed the prints he had made over to some of his associates for examination. They shook their heads. Mr. Hoover pressed a button and called more of his experts in. They also shook their heads. A new record of Numar's fingerprints were made. It came out the same. Mr. Hoover then called for a magnifying glass and he and his experts began a study of Numar's hands.

Senator Hoolihan was finding it not quite so hot in the room. He raised his brows significantly and nodded at Professor Bailey.

"We may be vindicated after all," he said, in a low voice.

"Mr. Numar," said J. Edgar Hoover, finally, "You have very remarkable hands. I suppose you are aware that they do not finger print. Your skin appears to have no lines at all—no arches, loops or whorls. Of course, if this is genuine, it *isn't* human!"

"I am not human," said Numar, quietly.

"If he *isn't*," said the Senator to Professor Bailey, "We're all right!"

The Chief of the F.B.I. was still not satisfied. "We'd like to make some chemical tests on your skin," he proposed. "It's just possible . . . !"

"There will be no chemical tests," said Numar, with authority.

Mr. Hoover went into a huddle with his staff of experts, which was being increased by the minute as word spread through F.B.I. headquarters that the Green Man wouldn't fingerprint!

"Jeez!" said Sam to Sid. "What an idea for a horror picture! A guy like the Green Man commits a perfect crime. He doesn't

leave any fingerprints and he doesn't photograph!"

"How do they catch him!" asked Sid.

"I should tell you!" said Sam. "This is going to be a Warner Brothers picture!"

Numar was sitting watching the conference being held about him. He seemed vastly amused. Betty came over to him.

"My, Mr. Numar—I think you're wonderful!" she said. "I've been so busy since we started this trip that I haven't had much chance to tell you—but I think you're the most wonderful whatever-you-call-yourself that I've ever met!"

Numar smiled, reached out one of his hands and patted her cheek. "I think you're wonderful, too!" he said.

Senator Hoolihan, surprised, caught his breath and let out a hearty guffaw.

Mr. Hoover came back to Numar. "I'm frank to say that you have us completely baffled. There have been no charges against you. But, you've been such a sensation in this country that we wished to check you for our own information. You are free to go now."

"Thank you," said Numar.

"Well, Mr. Hoover," said Professor Bailey, putting out his hand. "It's nice to have met you. I naturally feel quite relieved."

"I never really doubted this man's identity," said Senator Hoolihan. "But you know how people talk, Mr. Hoover, when you're called in on a case. A man in the public eye, like myself, has to be careful." He let out a healthy chuckle. "So you couldn't get Mr. Numar's fingerprints, eh? . . . Well, well! That's going to be very interesting to the boys over on Capitol Hill!" The Senator walked jauntily toward the door, motioning to his party to follow him. "You folks will have to be watching your time if you're catching that six o'clock train for Chicago!"

"That reminds me!" said Betty. "I've got to find Harry! . . . Oh, Mr. Hoover, could you locate him for me? He's a young flying officer—and he looks like Clark Gable!"

"That should be description enough," said the Chief of the F.B.I. "What's his name?"

"Lieutenant Harry Hopper!" said Betty. "He followed me to the White House and I . . . !"

Mrs. Bailey took her niece firmly by the arm.

"Come along," she said. "Mr. Hoover's got more important things to do. He's only interested in *criminals*!"

AS ONE elevator door closed on Numar and his party, the one adjoining opened to admit a young flying officer to the floor. He looked at the directory on the wall and headed, with all haste, to the office of J. Edgar Hoover.

"I must see Mr. Hoover, at once," he told the secretary.

"Whom shall I say is calling?"

"Lieutenant Harry Hopper," announced the flying officer.

"Just a moment, Lieutenant," said the secretary. She left the outer office and returned shortly. "Go right in," she said.

Harry burst in upon the Chief of the F.B.I.

"Where is she?" he demanded.

"Where is who?" asked America's head G-man.

"Betty Bracken," said Harry. "I understand you picked her up!"

"Just how do you mean that?" asked Mr. Hoover.

"Well, I was at the White House . . . !" Harry tried to explain.

Mr. Hoover picked up a slip of paper from his desk. "Yes, we've just had a report on you from the White House," he said. "It was nice of you to drop in. It saves us the trouble of going out and getting you."

"Getting *me*!" exploded Harry. "What have I done?"

"Apparently," said Mr. Hoover, rising and advancing toward Harry, "you've been impersonating a fellow officer." He pointed to the Distinguished Service Cross on Harry's chest.

"Oh, *that*!" said Harry. "Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Hoover . . . you're right, it doesn't belong to me but . . . !"

The Chief of the F.B.I. reached over and unpinned the medal. "Then, I'll take it for safe-keeping," he said. "Or did you come to me to return it?"

"As a matter of fact," said Harry. "I'd forgotten I had it on. You see, I'm so up in the air about Betty. Where is she?"

"You mean that young lady with Mr. Numar's party?" asked Mr. Hoover.

Harry nodded. "Yes!" he said.

"She just left here," said Mr. Hoover.

Harry turned on his heel. "Where'd she go? I've got to reach her!"

"Sit down, young man!" ordered the Chief of the F.B.I. "I want to have a little talk with you!"

Harry dropped on the edge of a chair, greatly agitated. "Listen, Mr. Hoover, please don't hold me up or she'll get away from me again! I've chased her from Los Angeles to New York and now to Washington. I've been having a hell of a time!"

"It sounds like it," observed Mr. Hoover, eyeing him, testily. "And, apparently, at the government's expense."

"Oh, I'm on a five day leave," said Harry. He fumbled in his pocket and produced the necessary papers. "Here. These will tell you who I am and everything!"

Mr. Hoover studied the different identifications and the pass signed by the Commandant of Kelly Field. "This pass appears to have been issued for you to fly your plane to California," he said. "I see nothing here which indicates you had permission to fly to New York or Washington."

"But, Mr. Hoover," protested Harry. "It was an emergency and I had to call upon my own resources and initiative!"

"That's quite obvious," said Mr. Hoover. "And, for that reason, I'm compelled to call upon *my* resources and check up on this matter."

Harry sank back in his chair. "Oh, my gosh!" he moaned. "How long will *that* take?"

"That depends," said Mr. Hoover. "But we have a place here where we can make you very comfortable."

"But, my girl . . . !" said Harry. "What will I do about *her*? . . . Mr. Hoover, have you ever been in love? And has your girl ever gone *nuts*?"

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Hoover, "my romantic life is my own affair. I think your Commandant is going to be extremely interested to know that you have been burning up the army's high test gasoline and using your plane for private purposes!"

"I can explain everything," said Harry.

"That's what they all say."

A groan of despair escaped Harry's lips which sounded like the wail of a dying cat.

"Betty!" he cried out, in anguished tones. "If you could only know what you're doing to me!"

SENATOR ALFRED B. HOOLIHAN entered the Senate chamber the following morning with an air of great self-satis-

faction and importance. All was well with the world and all was well with him. He carried a bundle of Washington and New York newspapers as well as copies of the Life and Time magazines. All of these periodicals carried glowing accounts of Mr. Numar and his tour.

The morning papers had favorable things to say of the Senator and while the photographs, as usual, did not reveal the presence of Numar, there were a number of excellent likenesses of the Senator. He looked somewhat foolish in a number of pictures, shaking hands with the "man who wasn't there," but this very fact was so sensational as to bring him into greater prominence. All in all, his audacious venture had placed him in just the limelight position he had desired and seemed bound to rebuild his political fences from Maine to California. Perhaps this might even place him in line for a Vice-Presidential consideration in the next national election.

The Senator walked to his desk on the Senate floor, bowing right and left to his colleagues, those who had already arrived and were not already asleep. The night life in Washington was really very strenuous and it was difficult for Senators or any government officials, for that matter, to be awake and alert too early in the morning. Senator Hoolihan, however, could sense a rise in esteem toward him, which was radiated from certain of his fellow members who waved or called to him as he passed.

He seated himself at his desk and spread out the papers and magazines. Here was the New York Times whose slogan had long been: "All the news that's fit to print." And, here was Life Magazine, dedicated to the policy, "All the news that's fit to see." Both publications were devoting columns of space and pictures to the doings of Numar.

The Times, this morning, had a picture of the "Man from another planet" addressing Congress. It showed rapt attention on the faces of Senators and Representatives, their eyes fixed upon the rostrum, which was empty. In the place where Numar had actually stood, the Times had indicated: "X marks the spot!"

"It's incredible!" said Senator Hoolihan, as he viewed the picture. "There I am, seated in the background, next to the Vice-President. I can be plainly seen and yet there's no trace of Mr. Numar. No evidence that he was even there!"

The Senator thumbed through the ten pages of photographs taken by Life camera man, of earlier episodes in Numar's short career on earth. One of them revealed Walter Winchell's gyrations in space at the time he was supposedly holding Numar's hand. The Life caption simply stated: "Winchell Getting A Hot Tip!"

TURNING from Life to Time Magazine, Senator Hoolihan sought out the summary of editorial comments concerning Numar. He read the following:

WHAT THE PRESS THINKS!

New York Times:

Mr. Numar impresses us as a being of unusual democratic bearing and extraordinary poise. If he really comes from the distant and hitherto unheard of planet, Talamaya, as he quietly asserts, then his presence here is indeed remarkable. If he does not, he is unquestionably a remarkable fraud. We must await further verification of his most unusual claim.

New York Herald-Tribune:

Old time G.O.P. and Conservative opinion is divided on the alleged arrival of a Green Man from some far-off planet in the Milky Way. We have met Mr. Numar and prefer to reserve judgment until other reactionaries, liberals and left wing elements have passed on him. At this writing, however, Mr. Numar appears to be holding his own.

The Daily Worker:

Labor views Mr. Numar as a threat to the peace and security of the American home and our way of life. Should it ever become possible for every human to derive nourishment from air and water, as he professes to do, then agriculture, the great meat industry, and all manufacturers of food-stuffs will be put out of business. It is obvious what such a development would do to the working man.

INDIVIDUAL OPINIONS!

Robert Ripley:

"I don't believe it!"

Bob Hope:

"The Green Man is Jerry Colonna in disguise!"

Bing Crosby:

"Thank God, Numar is not another Sinatra!"

W. C. Fields:

"What do I want with a Green Man? Give me a bottle of Scotch!"

Greta Garbo:

"I should think he'd want to go home!"

Louella Parsons:

"He can't be real. He didn't let me report his arrival!"

William Randolph Hearst:

"The yellow menace has turned green."

Henry J. Kaiser:

"No, we did not build the Green Man!"

Eddie Rickenbacker:

"I doubt if he's genuine. I lived on air and water, myself, for three weeks in the South Pacific!"

Walt Disney:

"The Green Man can't be photographed, so we're drawing him in a new cartoon series!"

Clare Boothe Luce:

"Anything Dorothy Thompson says about him, I'm against!"

Eddie Cantor:

"He's just a minstrel in green face!"

Ed Wynn:

"He's going to make a 'perfect fool' out of a lot of people!"

Secretary of State Hull:

"I am not in the least disturbed."

Ethel Barrymore:

"The Corn looks mighty Green from here!"

Mary Pickford:

"I'm only interested in Buddy Rogers!"

Harry Emerson Fosdick:

"This may change our whole concept of Religion!"

William Green:

"I disclaim any relation to the Green Man!"

Philip Murray:

"If he stays here, he'll have to join a union!"

Man on the Street:

"What in hell is this all about?"

"Well!" said Senator Hoolihan to himself, as he leaned back in his seat. "I certainly am in great company, at last! I'll probably be written up in *Life* and *Time* next week! No telling where this may lead to!"

HE HAD been paying no attention to the business in the Senate which had been going on during his absorbed perusal of papers and magazines. He had voted automatically several times when the roll was called on different bills, but they didn't vitally concern him so why should he give them any consideration? But now, something was happening on the floor which brought him up with a start. Senator Bass, from his rival state, was on his feet, shaking his fist and demanding recognition from the chair.

"The chair recognizes Senator Bass," said the Vice-President, who was presiding.

"Fellow members," addressed the Senator, speaking from his desk position. "I would like to bring to the attention of this most responsible body in the framework of our American political structure, a matter of the most imminent and paramount importance!" Here, he turned to shake an ominous finger at Senator Hoolihan. "It concerns," he continued, "the action taken by that Senator whose state adjoins mine on the West—I shall not speak his name—that action which brought before our two houses of Congress, this alleged creature from another planet. . . !"

"Hear! Hear!" sounded from the Senate floor, with vocal support also coming from spectators in the gallery.

Every Senator present immediately woke up or put aside what he was doing. Other members, who had been out in corridors or reception rooms, visiting with natives from their home state or listening to amateur or professional lobbyists, now began trickling back to their seats. Even grown men like to see fireworks.

Senator Hiram Ketcham Bass, having delivered himself of this opening broadside, had worked up sufficient lather to shave the hide of Senator Hoolihan.

"I wonder," said Senator Bass, in tones of eloquent concern, "if my esteemed confederates have duly considered the possible implications of yesterday's unique and unparalleled joint session of Congress?"

"Yes, yes!" encouraged a friendly Senator on his right.

"What do we know," thundered Senator Bass, "about this man, Numar? What does *anybody* know? . . . Then why, I ask you, should we, the Senate of the United States of America—and *they* the House of Representatives of this same United States of America, have laid ourselves open to the possible criticism of our people for having harbored and abetted a most dangerous foreign character?"

"Mr. Chairman!" appealed Senator Hoolihan, leaping to his feet. "Will the Senator from my rival state yield?"

"I will not!" said Senator Bass.

Senator Hoolihan remained standing and glaring.

"How do we know," charged Senator Bass, "that this Green Man, Numar, may not be a paid inter-planetary spy? That he may be here as part of an insidious plot, using Senator Hoolihan as his unwitting tool? How do we know, I say, that this Green Man hasn't come to earth; to get the lay of the land, and that he will then return in force with an army of his native Talamayans, to take our earth people captive and convert us into a slave planet?"

There were cheers intermingled with roars of laughter.

"Don't laugh, gentlemen!" continued Senator Bass. "We have slave nations today. Why not a slave planet? Your antecedents laughed at the advent of the telephone, the automobile, the X-ray and the radio . . . the world laughed at Columbus . . . but I say to you—this mysterious Numar may be the forerunner of a horde of such beings who will come shooting through space and over-run our earth!"

HAVING divested himself of this robot bomb which he let fall where it would, Senator Bass sat down and surrendered the floor.

"Mr. Chairman!" Senator Hoolihan was shouting, so agitated that his coat lapels were flapping. "I should like to reply to the Senator whose state, unfortunately, borders mine on the east. He sounds very much to me like he's never recovered from

that Orson Welles' radio program." Then, pointing a scornful finger, "He was perhaps one of those frightened citizens who listened to the Martians' broadcast and grabbed his ancestor's saber off the wall and rushed out into the street, prepared to give battle to the fiendish space invaders. I assure you, gentlemen, there is nothing you good Democrats and Republicans, with free consciences—if any there still be—need fear from the visit of Numar to this earth!"

Having shot down Senator Bass' verbal robot bomb, Senator Hoolihan now awaited the next assault. This was not long forthcoming. The rotund Senator Bass was on his feet and pounding the desk.

"Mr. Chairman!" he bellowed. "I insist that this Green Man, Numar, should be compelled to state his purpose in coming here! No alien should be allowed to travel, at will, throughout this great country, without his intentions being known! I propose to introduce a bill regulating the entry into our stratosphere and arrival on this earth of beings from other planets! If Numar was able to get here, then we may expect an increasing number of visitors. Only God knows with what powers they will be endowed! . . . This planet must be made safe from spatial invasion, not only for ourselves, but for our children and our children's children!"

Senator Bass plumped himself in his seat amid applause. He looked defiantly about the Senate chamber. His heavy salvo had hit home. There was never-failing appeal behind that phrase of making something safe "not only for ourselves but for posterity." He had put through many bills upon this plea alone.

Senator Hoolihan once more had the floor.

"If my opponent, who always views things with alarm, is really serious," he said, "Then I think he should be making these remarks in a psychopathic ward rather than this sober chamber of the United States Senate!"

Senator Hoolihan had landed a direct hit. An explosion of laughter followed. The chairman almost broke his gavel rapping for order.

Senator Bass was furious. Jumping atop his desk, he shouted above the tumult: "As between your actions in this Senate and a psychopathic ward—what makes you think there's any difference?"

WHILE Numar and his party were making the sleeper jump to Chicago, to be in attendance at the Chicago-Notre Dame football game in Soldiers' Field, a young flying officer, by the name of Harry Hopper had been compelled to remain in Washington, in custody of the F.B.I. He was the next thing to a wild man.

J. Edgar Hoover had been trying to reach the Commandant of Kelly Field, Texas, without success. It seems that this officer was away on twenty-four hours' leave, and could not be contacted until eleven the following morning. At the designated time, the former temporary holder of the Distinguished Service Cross was brought to the head G-Man's office.

"I am putting the call through to your Commandant right now," Mr. Hoover informed. "I want you in on this conversation. Pick up that extension, please."

Harry did so, just as the connection was made.

"Hello, Commandant? . . . This is J. Edgar Hoover in Washington."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Hoover."

"I'm detaining a young flyer by the name of Lieutenant Harry Hopper . . . !"

"You *are* . . . What in hell is *he* doing in Washington?"

"He says he's following a girl!"

"Good God! Is he still following *her*? I knew he'd gone on to New York but this is *too* much! How did *you* get hold of him?"

"He *didn't* get hold of me," broke in Harry, impulsively. "I came to see him, myself. I've had a hell of a time, Sir! I can explain everything!"

"Get off the line! Where's that voice coming from? . . . My wire must be tapped!" the Commandant could be heard bellowing from Texas.

"It's all right, Commander," said Mr. Hoover. "I've had Lieutenant Hopper listening in. What do you want me to do with him?"

"Just let me talk to him a second," roared the Commandant. "Is he still on the line?"

Harry put his hand over the mouthpiece, apprehensively. "Mr. Hoover, *you* take the message for me," he said.

"Yes, he's still on the line," said the Chief of the F.B.I., motioning to Harry.

"Why, you low-down, no good son of a jackass! This is the last time I'll ever suspend the war to help a man straighten out

his love affair . . . !"

"But, Sir!" protested Harry. "It's not straightened out yet!"

The cry of rage almost melted the telephone wires. "I don't give a damn if it's never straightened out! You listen to me, Lieutenant Hopper! You put the seat of your pants in that army plane and you fly it back to Kelly Field like a bat out of hell! Understand?"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry. "But can't I stop over in Chicago? . . . My girl . . . !"

The long distance wire crackled and snapped.

"NO!" shrieked the Commandant. "Your leave is up! It's cancelled! You're under military orders! Get in here and get in quick!"

"Yes, Sir!" said Harry. "But it wouldn't take much longer if I . . . !"

There was an inhuman cry and a sudden sharp sound in Harry's ear. He looked at J. Edgar Hoover.

"Why, I believe he's hung up," he said.

"And it sounds like *you'll* be hung up, when you get back," said Mr. Hoover.

ALL Chicago knew that Numar was coming. The Windy City was full of wind as everyone aired his views concerning the Green Man. His reputation had been growing every move he made and his day in Washington had capped a succession of climaxes.

The happiest man in Chicago was Big Hank Morrison, publicity director for the University of Chicago. He was at the station to meet Numar and his party with the grin that wouldn't come off. Mr. Morrison had some company. The station was jammed with a crowd of curious humans who were in the holiday spirit. Big Hank, with the acumen of a live-wire publicity man, had employed some college boys to parade with banners containing the words:

WELCOME, NUMAR!
MAN FROM ANOTHER PLANET!

There was another reason for the crowd. The University Band was there. No one could say that Chicago was going to be derelict in greeting such a rare and distinguished personage, especially since Numar had already wiped out all athletic financial deficits of the University, with all tickets to Soldiers Field sold, including more than ten thousand "standing room onlys"!

As the train began pulling in, Big Hank gave the band the signal. "All right, boys!" he called. "Give 'em the good old 'Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight!'"

It was a welcome that would have done any politician proud. As Numar and his party got off the train, he was met by the greatest bedlam of discordant sound ever let loose in the Union Terminal. He eyed the huge banners and smiled.

"That's very interesting," he said.

Betty was still wearing her red ensemble, having found it to be well received in Washington. She entered into the spirit of the occasion by waving and blowing kisses to the crowd. It responded in kind.

"I believe she's developing a public!" said Sid. "When we get through with this tour, this little girl is going to be worth something in Hollywood!"

"I wish Mrs. Bailey had more glamour," said Sam. "I guess I can't expect any salvage value out of her unless I'm able to land Numar for Warner Brothers."

"You can't get him," said Sid. "I know. I tried."

"Why, you louse!" said Sam. "I thought we agreed the other day that we'd both hit him together—and let the best man win!"

"Well, I knew I was the best man," said Sid, "so I hit him alone. It's no go. He claims this no-photographing stunt is no trick!"

"He's just holding out for bigger stakes," said Sam. "He's got something up his sleeve. I'll find some way to get him in pictures, if we have to shoot him in *sub-titles!*"

BIG HANK Morrison was pushing his close to three hundred pounds through the cheering crowd. He reached out an expansive hand to Numar.

"Greetings, Mr. Numar! . . . Glad to see you! . . . Certainly swell of you to be here. I appreciate it. President Hutchins appreciates it. The University appreciates it. The football team appreciates it—and the whole damn town . . . I mean, the whole city—appreciates it!"

This welcome came from the depths of Big Hank's heart as well as his pocketbook. He had played a hunch on a dark horse named "Green Man" and it had come home the winner, paying odds of a thousand to one. Nothing was too good for this horse now. It would get all the laurel wreaths, all the pats on the back, and all the oats of

acclaim it could swallow. This was the biggest sporting day in the history of Chicago University. It no longer mattered whether its team showed up on the gridiron. In fact, it might be the better part of valor if it didn't! Notre Dame's Fighting Irish, being partial to *green*, were apt to put on a special field day for the Green Man, and murder the out-of-practice team entirely!

"I have reservations for all at the Palmer House," said Hank. "We'd better get going before we're mobbed in here!"

He led the way up the stairs with the band members pushing through ahead of him and forming in the street. The boys with the banners lined up in front of the band. There were three waiting open cars. Hank Morrison was doing everything up in style.

"Just a little parade," he announced. "Down through the Loop to your hotel. Everyone wants to see you, Mr. Numar, since you don't photograph. Most of these people on the street are those who couldn't get tickets to the game. You know, we've got to keep in good with the public!"

Numar nodded and looked down Jackson Boulevard, which was packed with people.

"Here, young lady, you get in this car with Professor and Mrs. Bailey," directed Hank, "And you two men!" addressing Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz, "Ride in the car behind. I'll ride with Mr. Numar in this car up front."

Police had difficulty keeping men and women as well as youths from climbing over the cars. Requests were made for Numar's autograph. Newspapers, cards and pieces of paper of every description were pushed at him from all sides. He smilingly raised his hand and shook his head.

"You dopes!" yelled someone. "The Green Man can't write!"

"Sure he can!" shouted someone else. "Let him sign it in his own language!"

The University of Chicago Band struck up a tune. It was "Boola! Boola!" which soon went into the "Beer Barrel Polka." This was America. This was youth. No stiff collar welcome, no fancy dress, no pretense! Just good old middlewestern hospitality of the sweet corn variety.

"I think it's wonderful!" said Betty, popping up and down in her seat between the Professor and Mrs. Bailey, as she waved and called to the crowd. "My, it's great to be famous!"

"I think, Betty," said Mrs. Bailey, "You

should be reminded that this parade is *not* for you!"

"Maybe not!" said Betty, joyously. "But I'm for *it*!"

Big Hank, seated with Numar in the lead car, after they had gone a block, made a suggestion.

"I guess you'd better stand, Mr. Numar. I'm so big, people on my side of the street can't see you. And, you are a curiosity, you know!"

NUMAR graciously arose and stood, balancing himself against the front seat. He quietly acknowledged the cheers, catcalls, whistles and wavings of the crowd. As the procession turned into State Street, a flood of torn paper, in confetti-like form, came floating down from the throngs in the windows, settling over those in the cars.

Someone, operating the loud speaker system, used by State Street merchants, belowed out like a side-show hawker: "Here he comes, ladies and gentlemen! . . . Here he comes! Here's the Green Man! Here's the visitor from that far-off planet! Stand back, folks. Give everyone a chance to see him! Hi, there, Mr. Numar! Welcome to Chicago!"

Numar gazed up into the buildings, trying to locate the source of the sounds. He had a puzzled expression on his face.

"What a queer custom!" he said.

The parade stopped in front of the Palmer House and police formed a line to help Numar and his party into the hotel. The train had been late and it was almost noon.

"The game begins at two o'clock," informed Hank. "This gives you people a chance to go to your rooms, get rested up and grab a bite to eat. I'll come back for you all at a quarter to two!"

IF AMERICA has one love to whom it is always true, it is sport. It makes no difference whether that sport is tiddly-winks, ping pong, bridge or post office, America loves sport. In fact, our educational system is based upon it. We give little thought to the curriculum of any school or college to which we are considering sending our children. Our first question is, "What kind of a football team does it have?" If the answer is "Not so hot!" we usually pass up the institution and send our children somewhere else. The offspring must have something to cheer about and

how can they get excited over Greek or Latin or Ancient History if they don't have a football star in their class?

The University of Chicago should have known better. President Hutchins made the mistake of believing that young people went to college to be educated. He and his institution had paid dearly for this mistake on the athletic side of the ledger. But, this afternoon, they were about to redeem themselves. The intellect as well as the brawn was to be handsomely served! A football game and a man from another planet on the same program! Here was an event unequaled in all sporting history and, moreover, what pleased President Hutchins most was the fact that the crowd was coming to see the man rather than the athletic contest!

"Perhaps, some hundreds of years from now, we can assemble a crowd like this to hear a debate on some important subject of national or international interest," he said, hopefully. "Of course, I shan't live to see it—but it's nice to contemplate!"

PUBLICITY can create a new fashion, establish a new fad, make a star over night, ruin an individual's character quicker than that, change the course of thought, sell anybody anything—and even start a war. It is one of the greatest forces ever unloosed upon a seemingly always unsuspecting public. No business or industry or ambitious individual can get along without it today. They must be known, either favorably or unfavorably, or the world will seek its mousetraps elsewhere.

But Numar had acquired, in four days' time, a devastating barrage of publicity which had absolutely blanketed anything else concurrently taking place on earth. He arrived at Soldier Field, Chicago, to be met by a crowd of 130,000 people, by all odds the greatest assemblage of humans ever squeezed into this huge Lake Shore bowl. The presence of this enormous gathering was a tribute to the power of the radio and the press as well as to Numar, himself. He was already the great question mark of the Twentieth Century. Could Soldier Field have held every man, woman and child in Chicago, it still would have been too small. But those who could not get in were making sure that they were near a radio to hear, if not to see, this man from another planet.

Five minutes before game time, Big Hank Morrison, with police escort, led Numar

and his party to box seats at midfield on the University of Chicago side. There, the party was met by President Hutchins and members of his staff. While Numar was being presented to them, the customary news reel camera men and photographers were at work. The mammoth crowd looked on, taking its attention entirely off the Notre Dame and University of Chicago teams which were warming up on the field. The football players themselves were so interested that they broke formation and stared.

"I suppose, Mr. Numar," said President Hutchins, "that you've never been in such a crowd as this in your life."

"Oh, yes," smiled Numar, "I've been in large gatherings on other planets!"

"Other planets," repeated President Hutchins, eyeing him doubtfully, "you mean there are turn-outs for you like this on other planets?"

"Curiosity is the same everywhere," said Numar.

"We certainly appreciate your doing this for the University," said President Hutchins, feeling his way.

Numar smiled. "I very much appreciate your doing this for *me*!" he said.

"I suppose you've never seen a game of football," speculated President Hutchins.

"No, I have not," said Numar.

"I'll be glad to explain it to him," said Betty. "I know all about it!" She had wormed herself in beside President Hutchins, to whom she had been introduced.

"You may have to do a great deal of explaining," said the U. of C. president, "I'm not so sure we're going to see a game of football this afternoon!"

Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz were sitting, looking over the crowd. Mr. Schwartz's lips were moving and he was pointing to different rows.

"What are you doing?" asked Sid.

"I'm counting the house," said Sam. "Jeez, but this is tough on the picture business!"

"It sure is!" agreed Sid. "We'll have to get Numar in pictures or he'll ruin us. I'll bet 'Gone With the Wind' couldn't run against him!"

Mrs. Bailey was seated beside her husband. He had acted of late as though all these activities had him in a daze, which, in fact, they had. "You know, our little home was so peaceful before this all happened," she said.

"That's just what I was thinking," said the Professor. "Here I've never cared for crowds; I've always tried to avoid them, and now I can't seem to get away from them. But, maybe, after today . . ." He left the thought unfinished and looked toward Numar.

"What do you think he's going to say?" asked Mrs. Bailey.

"My dear Nellie," said the Professor. "I haven't the remotest idea. But this Mr. Numar has super-human self-assurance. Just look at him! He's sitting there as composed as a boy on a backfence—and yet he knows the whole world is going to be listening to him in a little over half an hour. I'd be as nervous as ten cats!"

"I'm nervous, anyway," said Mrs. Bailey, "I'll be glad when this is over. How can any person, no matter who they are, live up to this advance notice?"

"That's the question, my dear," said the Professor, "that only time, and Numar—can answer!"

PRESIDENT Hutchins' misgivings as to whether or not a game of football would be played on this particular afternoon were quite justified. Sports writers, with only two minutes remaining of the first half, were calling the game a track meet and giving all points to Notre Dame. The score was Notre Dame, 55; University of Chicago, 0.

"I can't explain any more," said Betty, to a strangely silent Numar. "I'm all out of breath!"

The great crowd was fidgeting in its seats and watching the time clock. It wouldn't be long now until the extra-added attraction which had caused them to buy tickets to this football massacre, would be at hand. They would soon see and hear the Green Man.

"I hope he's worth the price of admission," said a spectator. "This game certainly isn't!"

At this moment, there came the sudden roar of an airplane motor. It was a low flying plane, tearing in from the east. It passed quickly over Soldiers Field, then circled and came back. The pilot dived, then banked and spun around over the heads of the 130,000, as though looking for someone.

"It's an army plane," said Sid.

"Yeah," said Sam. "Seems like I've seen it before, somewhere."

"They all look alike," said Sid.

But Betty, who had been watching with two hearts in her throat, suddenly jumped to her feet and began shrieking: "It's Harry! It's Harry! . . . Look! He just waved to me!"

"Betty, behave yourself!" said Mrs. Bailey. "How can he see you in a crowd like this?"

"It's my red dress!" said Betty. "Just look at him go! Oh! He almost hit that flag pole! Harry! Be careful!"

The crowd was getting an unexpected thrill, almost too close for comfort. This army pursuit plane had roared around the top of Soldiers Field, almost like a motorcycle on a vertical track. But, suddenly, the engine began to sputter and cough. A trail of black smoke shot out from it. The pilot was seen to be having trouble. His plane dipped and rocketed out toward the Lake.

"Goodbye, Harry!" said Sid.

Sam held hands over his ears. "Tell me when he crashes!" he said.

The great crowd was in an uproar. Top row spectators on the stadium east side, stood up to follow the course of the plane. There was a moment of great suspense . . . and then a man with powerful field glasses cried out: "What do you know! He's landed on that carrier in the Lake! Boy, oh boy! What a close call!" The word was quickly passed around to the relieved crowd and the unknown dare-devil pilot was the subject of excited speculative discussion.

"Oh, I'm so glad he's safe!" said Betty. "I know he did that just for me!"

"He didn't do it for the army, that's sure," said Sam.

"He's got a nice persistent quality," said Sid. "He's apt to get there some day."

"Get where?" said Sam.

"Well, that's the point," said Sid.

A whistle was blowing which no one had been paying any attention to. In the excitement of the moment, the Chicago University right end had grabbed the ball away from a Notre Dame player and had run the length of the field for his team's first touchdown of the year!

Those in the crowd who had been ashamed to admit they were Chicago alumni, now gave vent to an entire season's pent-up emotions. The first half ended with the score: Notre Dame 55; U. of C. 6. The shock had been too great. They couldn't kick the point after touchdown.

IT HAD been a quiet Saturday afternoon on board the Naval Training Aircraft Carrier, laying at anchor on Lake Michigan, with most of its officers and crew on shore leave, when this unidentified army pursuit plane had come hurtling down out of the sky for a forced landing on its deck.

"Whew!" said the young flying officer, as he climbed out of the plane, one wheel of which was dangling over the side. "My motor went dead! Gosh! I just saw this ship in time! I'm sure glad it was down here! That water looked plenty wet to me!"

"Where are you from?" asked the officer in charge.

"I'm just in from Washington," announced the pilot. "Are you the commander of this ship?"

"No, he's at Soldiers Field," said the officer in charge.

"Soldiers Field!" exclaimed the pilot. "What's the quickest way to get there?"

"Well, we can take you ashore by launch and the rest of the way by motorcycle sidecar."

"Then, what are we waiting for?" said Harry. "Let's go!"

He got action in the traditional Navy style.

BACK at Soldiers Field an unusual spectacle was taking place. By special arrangement, the University of Chicago and Notre Dame bands had combined and were marching in formation. They were putting on a show, not in honor of each other, but for the exclusive edification and entertainment of the Man from Another Planet.

Numar had now been brought down, in company with President Hutchins, to a portable platform, with battery of microphones, which had been set up near mid-center field. Everything was in readiness for the most unique broadcast in all earth history. But, first, a tribute was being paid to Numar.

The two bands formed an enormous letter "T," emblematic of the planet Talamaya, from whence the Green Man had come. This fact was pointed out to Numar by President Hutchins, just as the combined bands, standing at attention, in the form of the "T," struck up the tune, "Home, Sweet Home."

"Our publicity director thought this might be appropriate," explained President Hutchins, "for a man a trillion miles from

home!"

"It's what the newspapers like," said Big Hank Morrison, a bit uncomfortably. "You understand?"

Numar nodded and smiled.

The cheer leaders suddenly went into action. They ran up and down the side lines holding up large cards on which directions were written. The crowd quickly caught on and over one hundred thousand voices burst forth in a typical college yell.

*"Rick! Stack! Frizzle-back!
Kutchu! Kutchu! Boom-a-lack!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
NUMAR! NUMAR!
Rah! Rah! Rah!"*

This was followed by tremendous laughter and great applause. The voice of the radio announcer now filled the loudspeaker:

"Ladies and gentlemen! For this special broadcast, all national and international networks have joined together that the entire world, from pole to pole and hemisphere to hemisphere, may hear the message of Numar, the Green Man from the Planet Talamaya! I give you now, President Robert Hutchins, of the University of Chicago, who will introduce this distinguished personage to you . . . President Hutchins!"

A hush fell over the vast stadium and when 130,000 people are silent, that silence can be felt.

Professor and Mrs. Bailey had taken hold of hands. Both of them were trembling and almost afraid. Even Betty was still. Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz were all but holding each other's breath.

"May I address you, my great visible and invisible audience," spoke President Hutchins, "as fellow human creatures everywhere! I feel that this occasion calls for such a form of address because, if Mr. Numar is who we believe him to be, then he, himself, is *not* a human creature like us, but a different and higher type of being from another planet. That he should have come here, as he claims, a trillion miles through space, to deliver to us creatures of earth a sober message of great import, is sufficient reason for us to stop all worldly thought and action and to listen to what he has to say in a most respectful and reverent spirit.

"As you who are acquainted with my ideals of education must know, I highly

favor the advancement of the mind and spirit in man. I do not decry the exercise of physical energy on the athletic field. I only decry its over-emphasis. Let us hope that what Mr. Numar has to say to us may lead to a higher advancement of our life on this earth. It is my pleasure now to present to you this visitor to our earth from the planet Talamaya, Mr. Numar!"

THE white-robed figure of the Green Man came forward to take his position before the microphones and face his great visible audience. A vast shadow of silence passed over the face of the earth. The ear of the world was pressed against the radio. People of every race, color and creed who could speak or understand English; millions of others who would hear the voice of this man from another planet and have his words translated for them, almost as he spoke; the high brow, the low brow; the rich, the poor; the sick in mind or body; the devout, the profane—something in the unbelievable story of Numar had caught and held their attention. Man had always feared the unknown, was intrigued by the mysterious, and in awe of the Infinite. Numar represented all of this to the mind on the street and the intellect in high places.

"I, Numar, the Awakener, am here!" said the voice. "I have been sent here to speak a prophecy to you.

"A great light is soon to appear in the heavens. Its brilliance will startle all mankind. It will cast an illumination over the entire earth. It will mark the beginning of the great change to take place on this planet. It will awaken all humans to the realization that there is a power far greater than themselves. . . ."

There had scarcely been a physical movement among the 130,000 people massed in Soldiers Field. The figure of the Green Man and what he was saying had so magnetized the throng that it was unconscious of the passage of time. His resonant voice had an easy, majestic, compelling flow. Each word not only entered the human ear, but the mind as well.

"Scientists, looking through earth telescopes," the voice continued, "will describe this light as a far distant universe being destroyed, the light rays of which have just reached you in this present day. The presence of this great phenomenon, in the heavens, will cause the greatest spiritual



Numar rose and came forward to the microphone to give his great message—

revival known to man. All grades of intelligence will be caused to think now, not in global terms, but in cosmic terms. . . .

A bright shaft of light from the setting sun outlined the white-robed figure of the Green Man, giving him a transcendent unearthly appearance.

"This great light," the voice went on, "will deal the forces of darkness the greatest blow since the appearance of Christ on this earth. Awe-struck millions will search their souls as never before. There will arrive, at this time, a host of higher beings assigned to work with the new spiritual leaders who will take their places among their fellow humans. The flood gates of revelation will be opened up in Science and man will commence to grope from threatened chaos toward a new harmony of being with all things. The time is not fore-ordained. It is to be synchronous with developments on your planet. The first evidence of this great light will be detected in the east. When this comes to pass, you will know that I, Numar, the Awakener, have spoken!"

THE shadow of silence rushed back over the earth, giving way to a tidal wave of comment. On Soldiers Field, a referee's whistle was blowing. Time for the second half of the football game to begin. While, over the radio, as the world-

wide network was broken, an announcer's voice was heard to be saying:

"Green's Vitamin-Plus Spinach has been glad to relinquish its time between halves of this game, that this special broadcast might take place . . . !"

And, at one of the main gates of the stadium, a Navy chief petty officer, in company with an army pilot, was speaking to the head usher.

"Here's the Commander's seat location. We've got to reach him at once!"

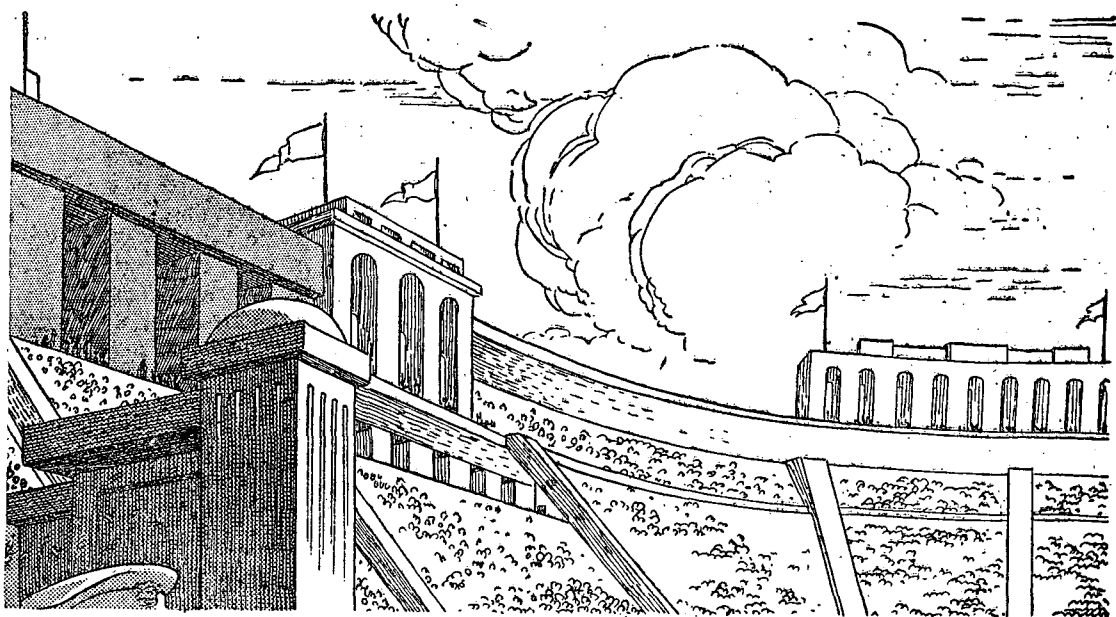
"Follow me!" said the head usher.

The two men in uniform had to fight their way through a mob of people who were leaving Soldiers Field, not staying for the second half of the game. Aisles were jammed. They finally got through behind the head usher to the field box containing the Navy commander and his party.

"Fortunately, they're still here," said the chief petty officer. He slipped a tip to the head usher and motioned to the army pilot. "I'll present you!"

"Okay!" said Harry, but his interest was elsewhere, as his eyes searched the field. Directly across from him he saw the portable radio platform, on which Numar had spoken, being moved off the grid-iron. Betty must be over on that side somewhere.

"Commander," he heard the chief petty



—and an impressive silence fell over the vast throng

officer saying, "this is Lieutenant Harry Hopper from Washington. He's here on urgent business!"

"I'll say it's *urgent!*" said Harry, turning and saluting. "Commander, loan me your field glasses for a moment!"

Before the astonished Navy official could do or say anything, this young flying officer had snatched the glasses from his hands and was focusing them on some object or person on the other side of the stadium.

Numar and his party were actually in the process of leaving. Plane reservations had been made for them to depart for California at five that afternoon. There was just time to get back to the Palmer House, secure their luggage, and catch the limousine for the airport. Numar was taking leave of President Hutchins, with Betty, the Baileys, Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz beside him.

"Sorry you have to miss the second half of this great contest," said President Hutchins, humorously, as the two teams were lining up on the field.

"It is necessary," said Numar. "I have finished here."

"This will be a long remembered occasion," said President Hutchins, "and I, for one, will watch for this great light in the sky."

"It will come," said Numar, quietly.

Big Hank Morrison had secured a police detail and a way was being cleared for them to exit, with a car waiting outside to take them back to the hotel.

"Very fine, Mr. Numar," said Big Hank. "I never heard anything like it. You certainly knocked your audience for a goal!"

"He certainly did!" said Betty. "He even knocked *me* for a goal!"

"I'm unconscious yet," said Sam.

"You've always been unconscious!" said Sid.

The Professor and Mrs. Bailey were still beyond speaking.

ACROSS the field, a young flying officer had finally located the object of his search. She was a blonde in a red dress.

"There she is! That's her!" cried Harry, excitedly. He turned quickly and pressed the field glasses back into the hands of the Navy commander. "Here you are, Sir! I'll be back!"

A straight line is still the shortest distance between two points. With the aisles so crowded, it would take at least half an hour for an individual to go around the stadium to the point directly opposite on the other side. Harry could not afford any such expenditure of time. He had to be over there *now* because the girl in the red dress was leaving. There was only one course open—and Harry took it. He leaped

out of the field box and started racing across the gridiron.

"Stop that man!" yelled the Navy commander.

Chicago University was kicking off to Notre Dame. The football, spinning end over end, struck the earth in front of Harry and bounced into the arms of a Notre Dame man, and out again. A wall of frenzied U. of C. tacklers, intent on recovering the free ball, executed a converging movement. Harry had eyes only for Betty. He kept them on her as he ran. But ominous things were happening in his immediate vicinity. He was suddenly struck as though by a ten ton truck, and sent reeling.

"Betty!" he shouted. "Oh, Betty!"

He was hit again, but still kept his feet. However, he was running into the vortex of a human tornado. The ball, being kicked around, finally landed directly in front of him. He was hit hard from behind and then on all sides. The force of these blows shot him through the air. He fell on top of the pigskin and both teams fell on top of him. Thus it was, that an army pilot recovered the loose ball in the game between Chicago University and Notre Dame, and precipitated a technical argument involving the referee and every player on both sides, while he, himself, lay stretched upon the field, dead to the world!

WORLD reaction to Numar's radio message was as varied as might humanly have been expected. This reaction depended somewhat upon the geographical location and temperament of the different earth peoples, as was evidenced by a statement issued from a spokesman for the Far East.

"All Asia will watch for this light in the East as the harbinger of good tidings that we are to be freed, forever, from the rule of the White Man."

Mahatma Gandhi came out of retirement to declare: "The only hope for India is in the heavens. We can do nothing with England, otherwise."

Premier Stalin was reported to have said: "Russia has already seen the light. We are sufficient unto ourselves."

As for Winston Churchill, his rumored comment was: "I hope such light may come but, as for me, I see nothing ahead but blood, tears and sweat!"

Word from the White House was terse

and to the point: "No comment!"

Waldemar Kaempffert, science editor of the New York Times, had this pertinent observation to make: "Of course what Numar predicts is possible enough but not probable. There are, no doubt, great cosmic catastrophies occurring throughout the universe, worlds exploding and burning up at unimaginable degrees of heat, as a part of the inexorable changes always taking place. But we earth peoples have never, so far as is known, been eye-witnesses of any such phenomenon. However, if Mr. Numar's prophecy should come true, it would be startling, to say the least!"

Roy Howard, in his Scripps-Howard papers, took a facetious point of view. In a lead editorial headed: "Numar Turns Out A Prophet?" he said, "Now we know the Green Man is a prophet. We, therefore, apologize to our readers for welcoming him to this earth. He told us, in this momentous broadcast, that we should look for a light in the East. We see a light in the East every morning and humans *have* been seeing it for thousands of years—so Mr. Numar is just a little bit late with his prophecy. However, it was a good try! For just a short time, he had us worried, but the moment he announced himself as a prophet, we knew he belonged in the class of the Ballard, 'I Am-ers,' the 'Omnipotent' OOm-ers and the 'Voodoo-ites.'"

The editors of the Daily Worker, with obvious relief, announced to their heterogeneous list of subscribers, "The world can go back to work, now that Numar has spoken. He offered no solace for the working man, no plan for the bettering of labor conditions or the improvement of relations between employee and employer. We are glad to state that his promised threat to our civilization was piffing indeed. He referred only vaguely to some light which was to appear in the sky and herald the approach of a new spiritual era. We are unimpressed. The capitalists have been predicting this for us for years."

Senator Hoolihan, however, heroically declared to the press that he intended to have Numar's address read into the Congressional Record so that his prophecy might be given official recognition when it came true.

As for the local Chicago papers which were at the scene of action, the statements of two noted editors are worthy of note.

Colonel McCormick of the Chicago Trib-

une summed up his feelings in one sentence: "I haven't any evidence as yet—but I strongly suspect a pro-British group is behind this!"

Marshall Field of the Chicago Sun seized upon Numar's address as endorsing the "Truth" policy of his paper. "Numar," said Mr. Field, "is a forecaster of the birth of Truth on this planet, for which the Sun has long been a pioneer!"

And California, not to be outdone, through its Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, sent a wire of protest to the Green Man: "Mr. Numar," the telegram said, "why give the East all the breaks? What about a light in the West?"

IT WAS a relief to the members of Numar's party to be safely buckled into their seats on the plane. It had been a hectic three days of cross-country travel, scarcely knowing what the next moment would bring in new developments and high pressure happenings. But now they could sit back and relax as their TWA airliner moved smoothly along under a clear night sky. The stewardess had started making up their berths.

"I wonder what the world is thinking of your talk?" said Professor Bailey, who was seated beside Numar.

"I *know* what it is thinking," said the man from another planet.

Professor Bailey hesitated. "Is it good?" he finally asked. "Does the world believe?"

Numar shook his head. "No," he said. "The world will not believe until it sees a sign. That is why I came to your earth—to point to that sign. And, when the great light appears . . . !"

"I know," said the Professor. "It's the same with my work. I discover a new star in the heavens and no one will believe me, that is until . . ."

"Until they find that star for themselves," finished Numar.

Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz were having a serious consultation.

"I don't think this Numar is going to go so good in Hollywood now, even if he photographed," said Sid.

"Me, either," said Sam. "Of course we haven't seen the press reports on his act yet—but this 'light in the sky business'—that's too far away. If people have to wait for something to happen, they lose interest."

"That's right," said Sid. "Now, if he had

said that the day after tomorrow, at midnight, we were going to see the heavens lit up, he'd have had the whole world crazy."

"Yeah," said Sam. "Including me!"

Sid scratched his head behind both ears. "Well, we've got to salvage something out of this trip." A gleam came into his eyes. "I've got it!" he cried. "We'll do an original story on Numar and put Miss Bracken and Mrs. Bailey in it. Boy, what a drama! What a comedy! What a farce!"

Sam sat blinking. "You're right!" he said. "It's got everything and I've got the title for it!"

"What's that?" asked Sid.

"The Light That Failed!" said Sam.

"That's terrific!" said Sid. "You're in on the deal! I'll register that title at the Hays office as soon as we get off the plane!"

"Wait a moment!" said Sam. "How can we do this? I'm working for Warner Brothers!"

"Resign your position," said Sid. "I'll resign mine. We'll form our own producing company!"

"What'll we do for money?" asked Sam.

"Why did you have to bring that up?" said Sid, and slumped in his seat.

IT REQUIRED some tall explaining and more long distance telephoning for Lieutenant Harry Hopper to get his plane off the deck of the Naval Training Aircraft Carrier in Lake Michigan. That he managed to do it was a tribute to irrepressible youth, a certain degree of human sympathy, and more good luck than any young man has a right to have.

"You can depend upon it, Sir," he had told his outraged Commandant, over the phone. "I'll fly her right in from Chicago—*positively!*"

As he took to the air, this was his firmest resolution, but resolutions, even when made on New Year's Day, last little longer than the fizz on a Bromo-Seltzer. How could Harry help it if the nose of his plane was pointing toward California instead of Texas?

"If I don't hit a mountain peak," he said, grimly, "I'll beat that TWA plane in to Los Angeles and wring Numar's neck the moment he steps off!"

Harry arrived, as he had planned, half an hour ahead of the commercial airliner, but he found there were others ahead of him, waiting to seize Numar and visit punish-

ment upon him. The Chief of Police of Los Angeles and half a dozen officers from his department were on the scene. With them were reporters and photographers.

"We'll get the low-down story this time," they said.

"Yes, and we may even get a picture!" laughed a camera man.

Harry lost no time in giving the police an account of his cross-country chase.

"That guy had the world fooled but not me," he said. "I thought he was a fake from the start, and I've been trying to get my girl away from him. I've risked demotion from the army and everything. Say, can't I prefer charges against Numar for transporting Miss Bracken from state to state?"

The Chief shook his head. "No, what you're talking about is white slavery."

"White slavery!" said Harry. "It's *green* slavery! He's got her mesmerized!"

"We know he's a fake," said the Chief, "And we're not going to let him set up any cult in California. That's unquestionably what he's coming back here to do!"

"By God!" exclaimed Harry. "I see it all now—and he's going to make Betty his high priestess!"

"We'll put a stop to that!" said the Chief. "I've dealt with every kind of a nut there is. We'll expose his tricks and put him in jail."

There could now be heard the far-off drone of a two-motored plane and a TWA airliner was sighted, its silver sides glistening in the morning sun.

"There they come!" cried the police.

All on the ground rushed for the spot to which the plane would taxi, when unloading.

INSIDE the airliner, Numar suddenly stiffened, a pensive look came in his dark eyes. He turned to Professor Bailey.

"Will you call all of our party to our compartment?" he requested. "Please hurry. We haven't much time."

Wonderingly, the Professor did as instructed. Numar eyed them all, soberly.

"My time on earth is now getting short," he announced. "In leaving you, I have a few things I wish to say."

"Mr. Numar," said Professor Bailey, "You are welcome to stay with us as long as you . . . I think I'm speaking for my wife as well as myself, when I say—we've both become quite . . ."

"You have each been very kind to me," said Numar. He took some folded slips of paper from beneath his robe and handed to them. "Here are my checks from the Frank Morgan and 'Information, Please' programs. I have signed them over to you. As you know, I have no use for money."

Professor Bailey tried to speak and couldn't. Mrs. Bailey was speechless.

Numar turned to Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz. "You gentlemen must not feel too badly about not getting me for pictures," he smiled. "I foresee that you will profit from this experience after I am gone."

"He talks like he's on his death bed," said Sam.

"He'll have us crying in a moment," said Sid.

"I think you all should know," said Numar, quietly, "that, waiting at the airport now, to arrest me, are policemen from the city of Los Angeles."

"But you have done nothing," protested the Professor.

"I have disturbed a great many people," said Numar, "I want you to be prepared for my reception. It will be unlike any I have had before."

"Can we do anything to help?" asked the Professor.

"Yes," said Numar. "I must get to the place in the mountains where my space ship is waiting!"

"Your space ship!" cried Betty. "You really mean it?"

"Of course he meant it!" said Professor Bailey. "I've told you people, I've seen it!"

"Then we've got to help him some way!" said Betty. "I'll figure out something, Mr. Numar. You leave it to me!"

The stewardess came hurrying toward them. "Get back to your seats, please!" she said. "And fasten your belts! We're coming in for a landing!"

THE first to appear in the plane's door, when it opened, was Betty. She looked out at the line-up of police, flanked by newspaper men, and bristled defiance.

"What a fine reception committee!" she said.

"Betty!" cried a familiar voice.

Betty's eyes popped. "Harry!" she shrieked and ran to his arms. "Where have you been?"

"What's that man done to you?" said Harry.

"Which one?" said Betty. She looked

around.

A frightened Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz were dismounting from the plane.

"There he is again!" said Sam.

"He's going to kill somebody!" said Sid.

"You know which one!" Harry was raving. "I'm going to murder him!"

"You hear that?" said Sid.

"I'll see you later," said Sam.

Professor and Mrs. Bailey had now left the plane and Numar was standing in the doorway. The police started for him but Harry jumped ahead of them.

"I want first crack at that guy!" he said. "Let me at him!"

"Harry!" cried Betty. "Come back! You mustn't!"

But Lieutenant Harry Hopper had not risked his life and reputation for nothing. He was going to get satisfaction or know the reason why.

"Do not touch me!" said Numar.

"Don't touch you, eh?" said Harry, advancing up the steps to the plane. "You come down out of that ship, you green monster, you! I've got a nice little score to settle!"

He took a swing at Numar. The blow was aimed at the Green Man's cheek but some invisible force seemed to repel it. It also repelled Harry. He landed on his back on the ground, rolled over and sat up.

"What happened?" he asked, dazedly.

"I told you not to touch him!" said Betty.

The Chief of Police of Los Angeles and his men had been stopped in their tracks. They pulled their guns and covered Numar.

"No more of your funny business!" said the Chief. "Or we'll shoot!" He turned to the rest of the party. "Come on, folks, you're all going to take a ride in the patrol wagon. I'm going to find out just what your connection is with this faker!"

"The idea!" said Mrs. Bailey. "Us ride in the patrol wagon! What a way to end a fine trip like this!"

"I think it will be fun!" said Betty. "I've always wanted to ride in a police car, haven't you, Harry?"

Harry, at the moment, was holding his head and staring at Numar. It is doubtful if he heard the question.

"You can count me out," said Sam. "I've got other business."

"That's strange," said Sid. "So have I!"

"Get moving, all of you!" ordered the

Chief. "There's the patrol wagon over there." Then, turning to his men, "Sergeant, you ride down with them. 'I'll follow with the boys in my car.'"

"Okay, Chief," said the burly officer. "Hey, you!" he called out. "Where are you birds going?"

"I'm going home," said Sam.

"I'm going with him," said Sid.

"You're getting in this wagon!" said the Sergeant. "And no back-talk or I'll clip your ears!"

"He means it," said Sam.

"He sure does," said Sid.

They tossed their grips on the floor of the patrol wagon and climbed in.

"My!" said Mrs. Bailey. "I'm glad this isn't happening in LaCanada! What would my neighbors say?"

"It's an outrage!" said the Professor. "A personage like Numar to be treated this way!"

"Don't worry!" whispered Betty. "I've got an idea!"

"Be careful!" warned the Professor. "You're dealing with the law!"

"I'm ignorant of the law," said Betty.

THEY were all in the patrol wagon which had a small open window in the front and the back had no door. The seats were along the sides. Numar sat up forward. Betty placed herself next to him and pulled Harry down beside her. Mr. Alex, Mr. Schwartz, the Professor and Mr. Bailey sat directly opposite. The Sergeant was out talking to the driver.

"Yeah, we got the Green Man in there. Strange crew with him, too. That pilot's the only sensible one of the lot. The rest are nuts!"

"Beats all how you can always get new damn fools to join something, don't it?" said the driver. "Take my wife, for instance . . . !"

The Sergeant waved his hand. "You can have her," he said. "I've got troubles enough with my own! Let's get going!" He sauntered around to the back of the patrol wagon, stepped in and sat next to Mrs. Bailey.

"Nice morning!" he chortled.

Mrs. Bailey eyed him. "What's nice about it?" she said.

A siren sounded and the patrol wagon moved off. Behind it, members of Numar's party could see the Chief and fellow officers following in his car. Both machines swung

onto the main highway leading into downtown Los Angeles.

"I hope they send this green guy up for ninety-nine years!" said Harry, in a low voice to Betty.

"Oh! You mustn't say that!" said Betty. "Honestly, Harry, you've got him all wrong. Didn't you feel what he did to you?"

"Yes," said Harry, glowering. "He crossed me with a right!"

"Why, he never touched you!" said Betty. "He didn't raise a finger. That was his electric current!"

Harry put a hand to his head. "What a wallop! I felt it all over! . . . No! What are you saying? . . . *Electric current!*"

"Yes," said Betty. "He kissed me with it once. I can feel it yet!"

Harry stared at her. "I saw the pictures," he said. "Do you mean that was on the level?"

"I was almost electrocuted," said Betty.

"You poor kid," said Harry. "I don't see how you stood it!"

"Well, anyway," said Betty, "a man like that isn't normal!"

"I'll say he's not normal!" said Harry. "A man like that shouldn't be walking around loose! I'd sooner grab a high tension wire."

The patrol wagon was doing a good forty miles per hour on its way into the city. The Sergeant, after his one effort to be sociable with Mrs. Bailey, had folded his arms and was staring straight ahead.

"I suppose I could go Mr. Numar's bail," the Professor was contemplating. "It's a disgrace to think of him being locked up in jail."

Numar, himself, appeared to be impassive. He was sitting, quietly, turbaned-head slightly lowered, and green hands folded in his lap.

Betty kept up her running fire barrage on Harry. "So, you see, Harry—Mr. Numar really isn't the kind of person you thought at all. He doesn't belong on this earth and we've got to help get him off of it, if we can!"

Harry's interest was caught; he was studying intently.

"Fat chance we've got!" he said, "with him on the way to jail!"

"That's just it!" said Betty. "We *have* got a fat chance! Do you know something, Harry? Mr. Numar can take that electric current of his and shoot it out and stop an automobile!"

"He can!" said Harry. "But what good is that going to do him here?"

"You wait and see!" said Betty. She turned to the Green Man. "Mr. Numar," she said. "I've got a plan. If you'll stop the Chief's car and this car, I think we can get away!"

Numar smiled. "I've been waiting for you to suggest that!" he said.

HE LIFTED his head, purposefully. Betty and Harry watched out the back door of the patrol wagon. They saw the Chief's car, which had been following them at a good speed, slow down and stop. At almost the same time, the motor of their own car gave a sharp cough and died.

"What the hell?" said the Sergeant, jumping out to investigate.

Harry stood up and looked out through the little front window. "The driver's got the hood up, checking the motor," he reported.

"You see?" said Betty. "How simple it was? . . . Look at the Chief and his men! They can't figure out what's happened, either!"

"Gosh!" said Harry. "What a secret weapon!"

Betty grabbed him by the arm. "No, Harry! *You're* our secret weapon! Quick! Now's your chance! Run around and get behind the wheel! Start the car up. . . !"

"But it won't go!" said Harry.

"It will go now," said Numar.

Harry grinned. "I get the picture!" he said. "Where to?"

"I'll direct you!" said Numar. He stood up beside the open window.

"Hurry!" cried Betty. "The Chief's coming our way!"

Harry ran to the rear of the patrol wagon, jumped off and dashed around the side. The driver and the Sergeant had the hood up and their heads under it, examining the motor. Harry jammed his foot on the starter. The engine caught on with a roar. The car leaped forward. Driver and Sergeant jumped for their lives.

"What did I do!" moaned the driver.

"Hey, *you!*" yelled the Sergeant when he saw the army pilot at the wheel. He made a grab for the handle of the rear door as the patrol wagon passed, and swung onto the step. As he did so, he was met by a determined middle-aged woman who gave him a push. The Sergeant landed smack on the seat of his pants in the mid-

dle of the highway.

"Now, how did I ever do a thing like that!" exclaimed Mrs. Bailey.

"I don't know," said the Professor, "but I approve of it!"

"That's worth three hundred and twenty-five a week!" said Sam. "She's a second Marie Dressler!"

"My Baby isn't so bad!" said Sid. "She's Scarlett O'Hara on wheels!"

Harry was feeding the patrol wagon more and more gas and it was rapidly picking up speed.

"The Chief's stopped a taxi and they're all piling in!" reported Betty. "They're coming after us!"

"Turn left at the next cross street!" directed Numar.

HARRY took the corner on three wheels, running up over the curb and leaving a shower of oranges in his wake from a sidewalk fruit stand. Pedestrians ran wildly for store fronts. The occupants of the patrol wagon bounced around inside.

"Sorry!" said Harry. "I forgot where I was. I've been trying to get this thing off the ground!"

"Turn left again!" directed Numar.

Betty put hands to her eyes. "Oh! Slow up, Harry! Look out for that building!"

Harry was sounding the siren continuously and motorists were pulling to one side to let the police car pass.

"Must be a riot call!" said a spectator.

It appeared as though Harry's frenzied chase of Numar and his party, from coast to coast, had been for the primary purpose of putting him in training for this maddest of all rides. He needed no head starts or stopped motors to keep him out in front.

Reaching the mountain road, Harry tore up the increasing incline at only slightly reduced speed. He took the patrol wagon around the bends, sometimes appearing to be on the very outer rim, with sheer drop-offs beyond of a thousand to two thousand feet, to the valley below.

"It's a good thing my heart's stopped beating!" said Sid.

"It's a good thing I'm unconscious!" said Sam.

Mrs. Bailey was holding on for dear life. The Professor had lost his glasses several times and had to grope for them as they slid about on the weaving car floor. Now he had them jammed in his

handkerchief pocket.

"William! Put your glasses on!" said Mrs. Bailey. "You can't see where we're going!"

"I don't want to!" said the Professor. He had driven up this mountain road many times, himself, enroute to Wilson Observatory, but he was never destined to make better speed this side of heaven.

Harry delivered his human cargo, including the escaping Numar, to the place directed, without mishap. He jumped from his seat behind the wheel and ran around to the back in time to help his passengers as they staggered out.

"Whew!" gasped Mrs. Bailey, her hat on one side and looking otherwise disheveled. "I'm glad that's over—but I wouldn't have missed it for the world!"

Professor Bailey, next out, was looking up at the mountain side. "Yes, Mr. Numar, this is the spot where I left the road and met you. My, it seems an eternity ago!"

Numar smiled. "Yet it is only a week of your time," he said.

"Gosh!" said Harry. "I'm glad you mentioned *time*. My leave is up tonight!"

"Oh, I can fix that!" said Betty. "I'll phone your commander!"

"No, you won't!" said Harry. "I'm in a bad enough jam now!"

Mr. Alex and Mr. Schwartz had descended from the car and were looking anxiously down the mountain road.

"No police in sight," said Sam.

"There's things worse than police!" said Sid. "This ride, for one!"

NUMAR faced the members of his party.

"I am grateful to you all," he said. Then, turning to Betty and Harry, who were standing with their arms around one another, he added: "Some day, you will tell your children about this occasion . . . and they will tell *their* children . . ."

"Oh, Harry!" cried Betty. "Then, we're going to be married!"

"I know that already," said Harry. "But what's the Army going to do to me?"

Numar smiled. "You will be punished," he said. "Then sent overseas, to return a hero. I see the President of this country conferring a medal!"

"That's not my future!" moaned Harry. "That's my *past*!"

"I must leave you now," said Numar. "You are to remain here. But, if you will fix your eyes above the trees around the

clearing, you will see my space ship as it leaves this planet."

"Now, Nellie," said Professor Bailey, "I want you to look sharp."

"It will just be a flash in your atmosphere," said Numar. "You will have to watch closely."

"Won't we ever see you again?" asked Betty.

Numar gave her a kindly look. "There is an eternity of time ahead. Perhaps we shall *all* meet again, somewhere."

"Jeez!" said Sam. "Look at my goose pimples!"

"Those aren't goose pimples," said Sid. "Those are *eggs*!"

Numar left the road and started toward the clearing. He turned just once to smile and lift a hand in farewell.

"You will think of me," he said, "when the great light appears!"

The little group stood on the road by the mountain side, looking breathlessly off toward the clearing. Far below on the highway could be heard the labored sound of a taxicab motor. The Chief of Police of Los Angeles and his officers were finally arriving. But no one in the party was paying any attention to them now. They were watching the white-robed figure of the Green Man as it grew smaller and smaller and disappeared behind a fringe of trees.

There was a moment of indescribable suspense. Then, suddenly, from up over the clearing, there flashed what appeared to be a blinding silver beam of light. It shot toward them, at incredible speed, then upward and out of sight.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Harry. "That was something!"

"You see, Nellie!" said Professor Bailey.

"My eyes hurt," said Sam.

"That was worse than Klieg lights!" said Sid.

The Chief and his officers came running up.

"Where is he?" bellowed the Chief. "What have you done with him?"

"He's gone!" cried Betty. "He just left in his space ship! Oh, Chief—it was wonderful! Didn't you see it?"

"No, I didn't," said the Chief. "And you didn't, either!"

"GOOD evening, ladies and gentlemen, from border to border and coast to coast and all the ships at sea," said Walter Winchell, on Sunday night's broadcast.

"Let's go to press! . . . *Flash!* . . .

"Numar, the mysterious Green Man, has been here and gone—taking his mystery with him!

"In one of the most sensational escapes in history, rivaling Houdini at his best, Numar—seized by the Los Angeles police chief and his aides—played some electrical magic, stopped their automobile motors, then intimidated or influenced a young flying lieutenant and his girl, riding with him, to drive him to his mountain hide-out. Members of Numar's party were found later, in an hysterical condition, swearing that they had seen the Green Man take off in his space ship. Their word, however, is not to be trusted, after their harrowing experience.

"J. Edgar Hoover advised this reporter that Numar definitely had something—just what, he didn't know—but he couldn't be finger-printed!

"Little boy Walter also testifies that Numar actually packed an electrical wallop. But, when this Green Man predicted to radio's biggest audience, yesterday, that a great light would appear in the East, this was something we *could* understand. He was referring to a new, big advertising sign on Broadway's Great White Way. This light is apt to appear at any moment!

"And now, your reporter has a prediction: One of these days, in the not too distant future, the Green Man will emerge from his mountain retreat, explain his hocus-pocus to the world, and claim the fabulous radio, stage and movie contracts awaiting him!"

"WILLIAM! Oh, William!"

Professor Bailey stirred and sat up, placing a hand to the back of his throbbing head. He was cold and it was pitch dark but he thought he had heard his wife calling.

"Oh, William!"

Yes, that was his wife all right. But where *was* he? Last thing he remembered, he'd been listening to Walter Winchell. The Professor got stiffly to his feet. Why, he was outdoors on a mountain side! This was strange—very strange!

"William! Answer me!"

"Yes, dear! Yoo hoo! I'm coming!"

He stumbled forward, feeling his way in the direction of her voice as she continued to call.

"I can't understand this," he mumbled

to himself. "My, things that have happened!"

His head was still reeling as he reached the road. It reeled even more when Nellie grabbed him and shook him.

"What do you mean, giving me a fright like this? Where have you been? Why didn't you answer?"

"You ought to know," said the Professor. "You were with me. What a time we had! . . . *What a time!*"

Mrs. Bailey eyed her husband, worriedly.

"What are you talking about? Did you get to a telephone? Is someone coming out to fix the car?"

"No," said the Professor. "That won't be necessary. Numar stopped the motor. It will start all right." He motioned to his wife to get in the car and slipped in behind the wheel.

"Numar? Who's Numar?" demanded Mrs. Bailey.

The Professor put his foot on the starter. There was a cough and the motor came to

life.

"You see?" he said.

"Well, for pity's sake!" said his wife. "Carburetor must have been choked, or something. All this trouble and worry for nothing!"

Professor Bailey drew a great sigh of relief. "You don't know who Numar is?" he asked.

"No," said Mrs. Bailey. "I never heard of him."

"Never heard of him!" said the Professor. "Why you *met* him! He was a man from another planet!"

"Oh, stop it!" said Mrs. Bailey. "Won't you ever get that speech off your mind? I'm frozen and tired and I want to get home and get to bed!"

The Professor backed his car onto the highway and they resumed their descent of the mountain, while up above him—the stars of the universe looked down—and laughed!

THE END



THE ONION CURE



During the years of 1928 to 1930, Prof. Boris Tokin was directing some experimental research at the Tomsk State University.

One day one of his co-workers stumbled across a petri dish in which a small amount of macerated onion had been placed. On close examination it was discovered that this macerated onion had a lethal effect on yeast cultures.

Prof. Tokin discovered that onions emit a volatile obscure chemical substance that kills all types of protozoa. He named this chemical *phytoncide* and continued experimenting.

He used rabbits in his first experiment. His method was to have them inhale this amazing substance for a period of time and then kill and dissect them to find out what if any effect it had, and found that the organs of the rabbits were normal. In fact, the only trace this strange chemical left was an acrid odor in the liver.

He then proceeded to wound white rats and inject infected pus into the wounds. Then he applied onion paste and found that it killed the germs contained in the pus and the rats healed rapidly.

It was in 1940 that he proved that *phytoncide* killed white straphylococci and streptococci as well as the dreaded typhus germ.

In March, 1942, a sergeant was brought to the hospital suffering from gunshot wounds. His leg was amputated at the thigh and in spite of everything that had been done the wound refused to heal.

Prof. Tokin ordered an onion paste be wrapped

in cloth and applied to the wound. After five applications of the paste the wound began to heal and in a short time completely healed.

In making his report of these experiments to the All Union Institute of experimental medicine in Moscow, Prof. Tokin said: "Since my discovery of this strange volatile unknown chemical that emanates from the onion, ancient medicinal remedies used over thousands of years must now be regarded in a new light instead of being discarded as superstitious practice."

It is recorded that Cheops fed onions to his slaves when they became sick while they were engaged in building his great pyramid.

According to Pliny, onions and garlic were invoked as Dieties and used in the taking of oaths and other solemn occasions.

Galen, the most famous physician of the ancient world, gave an extremely long list of complaints in which he considered the onion beneficial.

Morent Stuart Elphinstone, in his account of the ancient Kingdom of Caubul, tells how the people rubbed their lips and noses with onions to protect them from the heat of the summer sun and also to prevent suffering from the Simoon.

Dr. T. Sydenham considered both onions and garlic a valuable application, in confluent small pox.

Cullen writing in *Materia Medica* 1789 reports some dropsies cured by onions alone.

In the early days of blood transfusions, professional blood donors were advised to eat plenty of onions.—*Jack Sheridan.*

SCIENTIFIC

The Nagas belong primarily to India, and the legends of their race are told in complete detail which can be verified

The Mayas, sometimes called the Naga-Mayas, reveal a dual mythology which positively links them with older continent



Theodore Morde witnessed the weird dance of the Monkey God in a "lost city" in the jungles of Central America—and yet, the Monkey God originates in faraway India!



MYSTERIES

MORE SHADOWS OF ANCIENT INDIA

Our own native America is inextricably linked with ancient India in a way that offers one of the great mysteries of mankind.

By L. TAYLOR HANSEN

THE Shadow of Ancient India hovers over the Americas in a most strange and persistent manner. One runs against it in the most unexpected times and places. Yet when one begins to search for it, like the shadow which it is, it becomes an evanescent thing and evaporates at a touch.

Of all the totems which might be traceable to India, that of the Monkey-god is the most surprising because even the names seem to coincide. Theodore Morde, of the Museum of the American Indian of New York City, and leader of the Third Honduran Expedition, writing in the *American Weekly* for 1940, tells of finding a lost "City of the Monkey-god" in the almost impassable jungles of Central America. Not only was he shown this ruined metropolis with its long avenue that led to the great idol of the Monkey-god, but he witnessed a feast of monkeys, by the present occupants of the territory. These people considered the spider-monkey which they called an "Uru," to be a particular delicacy.

In his article, Dr. Morde does not go into any details, other than the barest outline of this strange and undeniably ritualistic orgy. He describes the gathering of the monkeys, and in particular the spider-monkey, which goes on for days. Then the dead monkeys are impaled on sticks which are placed in the ground so that they appear to be standing or sitting on a pole. A hot fire is built about the foot of these small poles, and when the heat becomes sufficient, the muscles of the dead animals contract, causing them to dance with the most gruesome contortions in the light of the flames.

The student of Amerind lore, knowing that he is dealing here in the mainland nearest the Antilles with The Fire Totem, sees a whole historical sequence in this rite. "The Dance of the Dead Monkeys" as it is called, is certainly the triumph of the "Sacred-fire" over the previous totem. Yet this previous totem is not simply the monkey as such, but the spider-monkey, which is termed by the ancient name for the Spider Totem from the South Seas through the Andes of South America to the jungles, and from thence to our own South-western Zuni Pueblo. Is it possible that the Spider conquered a more ancient monkey-totem in Cen-

tral America, amalgamating the two totems in the long-armed spider-monkey?

Dr. Morde suggests that these previous people may have been the Chorotegans. This is a particularly apt suggestion, since the Chorotegans showed many cultural similarities to Chan-Chan, such as the ritualistic beheading of females, while their metal work seems to be secondary to Chan-Chan, if indeed it is not the actual result of trade with that metropolis.

In some ways the Chorotegans seem to be a link between Chan-Chan and our Hopis. Both have beautiful polychrome pottery; both have similar styles for their women, and yet the Hopis, being matriarchal, seem to be the cultural children of a different totem than the patriarchal Spider. Could this previous totem have been that of the Monkey-god?

Dr. Morde is fascinated by the similarity of the totem of the Monkey-god with that of Ancient India. He recalls the story for the reader that Hanuman, the Monkey-god, and early deity of the India Ocean, carried Prince Rama and his beautiful wife Sita away in his bosom to safety when their land was attacked. Hanuman is pictured as a giant monkey. Rama, we will remember, a legendary emperor, along with his wife Sita, were considered to be the father and the mother of India.

Dr. Morde does not mention the fact that the Incas had a "Raymi" as well as a "Situa" festival, or that according to Guatemalan tradition, Father Xchmel, an early deity, had two sons by Xtmana (Itzmana?) who were known as Huncheran and Hanavan.¹ Could the latter have been the Monkey-god Hanuman of India?

These India likenesses may, of course, be entirely accidental. They are so few that they could in no way conflict with the Law of Averages. Yet there is another fact which may someday weigh the balance of the scales so heavily that they will tip toward connection. It cannot affect the situation today simply because of our ignorance of the subject. That fact is language.

We are still so ignorant of the relation of Amerind languages, that we cannot with any degree of

¹ Bancroft. *Native Races*, Vol. 3, p. 74.

certainly compare the tongues of one hemisphere with the other, much less attempt a discussion of sources. However, Bancroft has noted a likeness of the California Pomo with that of the Ancient Malay. Taking as a basis, one hundred and seventy common words, Bancroft finds that fifteen percent are Malay while the number that are similar to Chinese and Japanese are so few that they can be discarded as only accidental. (Bancroft, *Native Races*, Vol. 3.)

SOME of the language studies done in the Pacific are most enlightening when compared with this list of Bancroft. Marsden, for example, taking thirty five of the simplest and most common Malayan words, finds that twenty will correspond to Polynesian generally, seven with a small portion of the dialects, and only seven remain peculiar to the Malay itself. Taking the same list which Marsden gave, the present writer found that almost all of them were identical with some dialect of the Philippines, while a smaller number were similar to some of the most archaic dialects of the Japanese. For example, Kali the Black goddess of Death has survived in Japanese as "koru" for black, and "ika" for fish in Malayan and Polynesian ("isda" in the Philippines and "iwa" in Java) has survived only as the name of a particular fish in Japan. Thus it is seen that Japan is much farther from the ancient Malayan than the Philippines. The Amerind tongues show about as much likeness as Japanese, though not the same survivals. Chinook and Paiute, for example, show a survival in the word for "sea" which also means "chief," and is repeated again on the South American coast near Ancient Chan-Chan. One has a suspicion that the entire substructure of the Pacific may have been ancient Malayan, but the lack of information upon the subject is abysmal.

Indeed the Malayan has entered the Mediterranean Aryan tongues in a small degree. The French "to eat" is a survival as may be the Latin-derived English word "mangle" and Greek "manganon"—a war-machine of the Malayan "macan" ("maa" in Java, and "mangan," "caon," as well as "magan" in various dialects of the Phil.). In a similar manner, our name of "boar" for the hog seems to be a survival for this Malayan animal whose original name was close to "buai" (Chinese "buai," Japanese "buta," Polynesian "buaa" and "buai" in the Philippines). Or the English "battery," "battle" derived from the Latin "battalia" seems to be in turn derived from the Malayan "matte" (Polynesian same) which has survived in the Philippines under the more archaic (?) "bat-tai"—meaning "to kill." Does not this seem to point to the early substructure of the Mediterranean also as Malayan, upon which the first Aryan invaders borrowed many of their words, and reared the later structures of Latin and Greek? Quantities of research must be done, of course, before we could be sure.

Sir William Jones, the distinguished orientalist, is of the opinion that the Aryan sanskrit is the

parent of both Malay and the Polynesian tongues, but Dr. Leyden, whose knowledge of the Pacific languages is perhaps more extensive than any other, denies this idea. He points out that there is no true Aryan in the South Seas. The Maori were cut off from Malayan sources before the advent of the Aryan and the words which Jones marked as Aryan are Malay-derived, borrowed by the Aryan conquerors.

It may be only an accidental fact that the early Malaysians, who were described as brunettes with light-brown skin, which blended to a reddish hue, by the legends of India had black hair and eyes, and were called Naga-Mayas. Yet the fact that their legendary emperor Prince Maya, was known as "The Great Architect" is curiously reminiscent of Votan, who, we will remember, was of the Serpent Totem.

Prince Maya, according to some of the ancient stories, fled from the motherland which was being disrupted by volcanic convulsion, and brought with him a famous work upon astronomy. Nor is this the point where the legendary likenesses between these people and Central America end. His people, are supposed to have had animal totems.

ACCORDING to the Ramayana (Hippolyte Fauché translation) the Mayas came to India from the direction of the sunrise, and entered Burma, later spreading to India and from thence into the Mediterranean. In this connection it is significant that the Egyptians are considered to have come from the east, and also that they carried the name "ra" for the sun, which is not only Malayan but also Polynesian, and was borne to the outer circles of the Malayan language rings in various degrees of mutilation.

The Ramayana goes on to tell of the Mayas who later became known as the Dan-avas or the Pan-avas—a people borne and bred of the sea, whose fleets penetrated every corner of the oceanic highways.

The Maha Bharata is one of the great Epics of India which is usually considered to have been of Aryan origin. Like Homer's Illiad, it may have been, but its subject matter is reminiscent of the struggle between the races which took place during the millenium previous to its composition.

According to the Maha Bharata, a huge conflict once took place between the Kurus, whose name is suspiciously like those for the Aryan Spider, and the Pan-Chatas. These latter were the five sons of Pan-du, explains the epic. If Pan-du was the Central-American and Mexican Pan-tu, could the Pan-Chatas have had a distant connection with the Pan-Chanes of Votan? Five of course, is one of the so-called "magical" numbers of the Venus-calendar. In the Mississippi Valley the "Magical five" was continually symbolized by the Pentagon.

The main struggle, according to the Maha Bharata, took place over the city of Hastinapur, which, it is explained, means the capital of the "ocean-dwellers." Where this legendary capital of the Naga Mayas may have been, we do not know, or

in this case, to be more exact, the Pan-Chatas. Yet undoubtedly the Pañ-Chatas were the Nāga Mayas who were over-run so long ago by the "Urū" of the Kraken, or the Octopus-Spider with twelve legs, that today they are but a persistent legend, and until the spade of archaeologists proves beyond a doubt the reverse, their science will continue to be thought of by the civilized world as having been the sudden and brilliant initial inventions of early Aryan India and Greece.

It is impossible to say, in the present state of our knowledge, whether there was ever any connection between these people and those of Central America who also called themselves "Mayas." We do not have the remotest proof as yet, that these legends are anything other than interesting literature. Yet we do know that the name "Maya" is today in the Brahman religion—The Spirit-of-Evil. That is in itself a significant fact. It gives science the strongest suspicions for believing that it formerly held a power which the incoming re-

ligion feared most desperately. Could it be only another coincidence that with Greek mythology, "Maya" was one of Ocean's daughters?

In the present "stage of our ignorance," it is idle to make any further speculations upon Peru, Central America and Pre-Aryan India. And until American Universities stop underwriting Mediterranean excavation, and get busy upon India as well as the almost "dark continent" as far as archaeology goes, of Ancient South America, we of our generation can only suspend our judgment.

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THE OMNIPRESENCE OF MIND

By ALEXANDER BLADE

THE brain is the organ of coordination and expression for the mind. But thought processes are rooted in the emotional balance and in the "feeling tone" or mood influenced by the interoceptive nerves which keep watch over the condition of body fluids twenty-four hours a day. The sum-total of these factors constitutes "how you feel," which is of immediate social importance, because you think, act and react in a manner *always* relative to the way you feel.

Those powerful emotions which are negative (but definitely!) such as anger, fear, hatred, lust, desperation, etc. (and their milder states as vexation, worry, sternness, greed, grief) are destructive of the body and the mind as well as their synchronization. These feelings and emotions exhaust the endocrines, disturb the blood pressure, poison the brain, and gradually wear out the entire body through the circulatory system's breakdown. The habitual practice of negativity often causes stomach ulcers (precursors to some cancerous conditions) indigestion, poor assimilation, constipation, heart trouble, impotency, poor tissue recovery, pathological fatigue, insanity, etc.

Man believes what he *wants* to believe, thinks as he *wants* to think, eats what he *wants* to eat, and within the restrictions that experience and makeup place upon him, does everything *as he wants to do it*. "Desire" signifies the totality of endocrine drive. It is the abstraction of all motivation. So in a very real way the endocrine system is an earlier thought-origin than the brain and nervous system. It is a tremendously important section of the mind of man.

But intelligence goes deeper than the endocrine system. It is an attribute of the individual cell*

composing the endocrine glands. If one endocrine gland is destroyed or harmed, the cells of another frequently assume the responsibilities of the first and often do quite a creditable job. The thyroid seems to be the most versatile in this regard.

But mind goes much deeper than the endocrines. Mentioning one of many, many similar psychomotor processes, take the lymph system's mechanism to recover red-corpuscles for circulation when they are isolated in connection with wounds or other tissue damage. A tunnel is run out to the oxygen-wagons, and they are taken up by the lymph. If engineering circumstances prevent their rescue within two days, fighter cells are sent out to dismantle the vehicles. (This process has been photographed.)

Mind, however cannot be said to limit its functions to the cell. In the virus, which seems to be a self-propagating molecule, as are some of the enzymes, is an example of substance which does not have the attributes of what is recognized as life.**

The wonder-fighters of the gamma-globulin of the blood likewise manifest mind-power, adaptability and propagation.

The finest men of history, the true students of reality, regard inanimate matter as possessing "mental" power.

Mind—is it all the organized, relational, harmonic aspects of reality?

* For before man was the cell, the thinker, if you will, which built the body of man.—Author.

** Cells do not figure in its composition.—Author.



WHAT MAN

MAGNETICS AND LIFE

By
John McCabe Moore

WAY back in the 1830's a certain great (or rather *very* great) British physicist demonstrated repeatedly that so called "sensitives" are often able to locate magnets hidden in various parts of a room in total darkness. These people stoutly maintained that they "felt" the vibrations from the magnet. The experiments devolved thus to a point where the subjective type of evidence was the final, inescapable determinant. A skeptic would find himself injecting the "foul play" theory into the picture, except for the unassailable reputation of the physicist who conducted the experiments.

The sun-spots affect the magnetic field of the earth. Cyclical studies have shown that there is a *tendency* for magnetic storms to repeat themselves logically and sequentially with the earth's movements. The peak periods of sun activity are definitely related to the cycle of wars and to the peak activities of human beings.

To say that the field of the earth does not affect the field of the sun in this regard, would be as foolish as saying that there is no law of gravitation. Furthermore, to say that the fields of all the planets moving around the sun do not individually and collectively influence the field of the sun, would be just as odd.

Thus humanity dwells in a magnetic flux which is constantly changing, and never twice repeats itself.

As mentioned in an A.S. several issues back, a certain learned treatise on neuro-pathology tells of the stimulating effect of holding a magnet in the left hand and a piece of carbon in the right (graphite is by far the most dia-magnetic substance yet found). Holding the carbon in the left hand for a few minutes has a sedative effect. From the writer's own efforts to apprehend the facts and the evidence accumulated by someone else well-known to you, the carbon in the left hand (without the magnet in the right) appears to be beneficial if not overdone. The other way seems to have irritative as well as stimulating effects, when the magnet is employed. The question seems wide open as to whether the body has its own magnetic field, subject to disturbances by ferro-magnetism (the type possessed by the earth as a whole) and augmented by the field characteristic of carbon (if there is a field of that order around carbon).

CAN IMAGINE

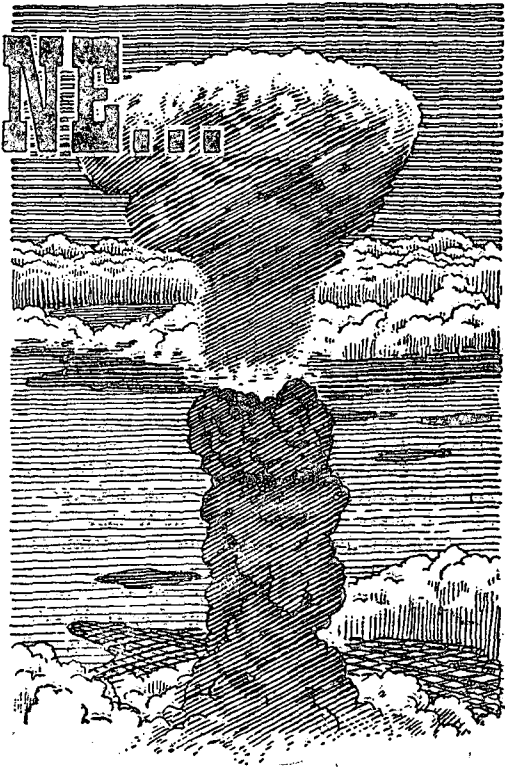
If you will imagine it, perhaps someone will be inspired to do it. This department is for your ideas, no matter how "wild" they may seem; who knows, they may be the spur to some man's thinking and thereby change our destiny! Tell us your thoughts.

The fact that there are persons sensitive to fields of ferro-magnetism would not mean that they alone are affected, but rather that they are either gifted with more efficient neural equipment, finer mental adjustment, or that their nerves are perhaps over-sensitized by physical, chemical or mental condition. The realization of an influence by the few does not preclude the probability that all men are affected without ever feeling the effects subjectively. (Some sensitives have been confined in asylums because they claimed to be in torture caused by electric wiring. In this connection it is worth-while remembering that current electricity sets up a ferro-magnetic field around its conductor.)

The vast flux of the magnetic fields of the planets, the moon and the sun, just as interdependent as their gravitational fields, may well be one of the most tremendous influences upon the mentality of man that there is.

Felix Ehrenhaft's experiments with ferro-magnetism showed that there is a tendency for anions and cations to take differential directions when their solution is subjected to a strong field such as a large alnico magnet has. Thus magnetism has a direct chemical effect upon solutions of electrolytes such as the blood and the other body fluids. Although this effect is either too uniform to be noticed or too small to be reckoned ordinarily, it is worthy of consideration if all influences on the effectiveness of life are accorded their due.

The ancient Greeks remarked of natural phenomena "Everything flows!" It is impossible to take the logics of classical or modern physics and prove that any type of energy is standing still with the possible exception of potential *chemical* energy, which is a component of electrons must itself be in motion with the electrons as they vibrate, although as far as the atoms are concerned it is *substance* and cannot move except as the electrons



to which it is substituent change position. In a very real sense therefore, this type of "potential" energy is not energy at all but matter. So the Greek thought is still of considerable import, and the modulation and flow of gravity, magnetism, electrics, sonics, light, heat, ultraviolet, radio, etc., permeates the entire environment of the race. Just how important is ferro-magnetism and its oppositional manifestation (dia-magnetism) in respect to human life.—*John McCabe Moore.*



MAN'S ABUSED MENTALITY

By

John McCabe Moore

KARL A. MENNINGER, the magnificent practical medical scientist of the mentality of man, often repeats that there is no such thing as a normal mind. The reasons for this fact can be lumped into the careless statement that there can't be a normal mind because everyone is different, and there is therefore no such thing as a "norm" for mentality. As true as the statement is it is careless and meaningless because "it is too big a bite."

Dietarians, who look to food alone as being the hope of the world, are prone to say, "We are what we eat!" This is fearfully and wonderfully true. It is a large enough statement that one can become

lost in its implications. But it is still unsatisfactory and only part of the truth. Dietary practices can cause whole nations to die out, empires to topple, epidemics to rage, crime to flourish, insanity to wax . . . true, but how much is left unsaid!*

Well, let's look around a little, to see what makes "mind" besides food.

Physical culturists say that "as a man exercises, so shall his life-energies proliferate." This is largely true. Exercise is usually indicated and healthful, and for most people it broadens the meaning of life. It gets the blood and the lymph where it ought to get, it revitalizes areas that have become stagnant. But Methuselah did not spend his life on a rowing machine unless his family concealed the facts. Certainly exercise has never been shown to develop the creative powers of the human mind, and there is some reason, both chemical and physical, to believe that it may occasionally make the mind slovenly in general, especially if carried to the extreme.

Some pure-minded (if light-brained) humans have occasionally maintained that they could subsist without sustenance, indefinitely, by virtue of their spiritual renewal. Some of them have done quite well, like the Scotchman's horse, until they "up and died." Carrel and other medical men who happened to have vision were in agreement that the power of faith and prayer exerts tremendous influence in many circumstances where nothing else works. Some of the Lourdes incidents, the experiences of E. Stanley Jones and the countless thousands of other purely subjectively attested experiences of individuals in this connection if not "miraculous" should be called "out of this world." And still the truth, as true as it may be, does not touch the struggling millions. So esotericism is a long way from being the whole truth.

Mentalists often claim, that by certain practices and mental exercises both the physical and mental will be taken care of. "Mind over matter," they cry. And they are right and still abysmally incomplete in their reasoning. They would have one fine time getting the brain to build a new set of key cells in the liver or spleen, if those cells had been destroyed by accident or alcohol! They might increase the rate of metabolism by concentrating on the thyroid gland, but they could not manufacture needed iodine by brain-power.

Endocrinologists tend to believe that man is as effective as his glandular balance. But they forget to look for riboflavin deficiency, sub-acute pel-

lagra, or trichinosis. Some of them forget man has a brain.

The abused mentality of mankind is still caught in the toils of trying to find one thing to explain all things. Sensationalism like this—**ATOMIC BOMB MAY BE END OF CANCER** (yes, if it hits all of us at once) **INSULIN SHOCK TO ARREST INSANITY, THIS WAR TO END ALL WAR, TAKE THE SPIRITUAL WAY TO POWER AND WEALTH.** There are no panaceas! There is no faultless maxim!! No summation of truth will ever end the search for more truth.*

Man's conception of himself is only beginning to be understood. In the last two years it has been shown that poor spellers in grammar school form a real habit of misspelling so many words per hundred. They are convinced they can't spell and they don't. Oftentimes they misspell a word on one test and spell it correctly three tests later. Arithmetic students considered "slow" by their teachers become habitually poor calculators. These things mean a great deal . . .

When a child is born of normal parents, who have not been drunkards nor had syphilis, provided an important gene has not been damaged by a cosmic ray, and the ancestors have been quite normal for many generations, and provided the mother has had the best of food balances during the pre-natal period, that child has almost exactly the same capacities and abilities as any other similar child. Thus, if he is lucky, he is born "free and equal."

Supposing the birth to be successful, this fine mentality has tremendous hurdles to encounter before it "begins school." Even the finest parents misunderstand oftentimes, and some even badger and bully as soon as the child can see his hand in front of his face. For his efforts to understand and his inquiries he is laughed at or shushed. When physical needs cause him troubles it may be interpreted as obstinacy . . . Well, after six years of misunderstandings, discouragements, insults and punishments he is ready to "start his education." About 70% satisfactorily nourished, if he is lucky, he goes off to meet a teacher who is likely not as intelligent as he, to be pressed into a mold. His original thoughts and hopes are misunderstood and laughed at, his creative impulses are discouraged, and he is taught above all things to respect "authority" without any explanation of what authority should be. The personality of an infant and the personality of an adult are often diametrical opposites. The first six years of training set the main part of our life's behaviour patterns! Can anything be done to restore them to what they were intended to be?

Andrew Salter, with no fancy letters behind his name, lifted an illuminated piece of Arabian-nights magic out of the Eastern Aryans' legacy and

* The average American gets three servings of pork every year from a hog infected with trichinosis. When your wife fried that last sausage were you in too big a hurry? In these enlightened United States you have two thousand times the chance to get this unsatisfactory disease, as you would have if you lived in Denmark, and three times the chance you would have of getting it in Canada.—Author.

* In 1832 the United States Patent office closed because "everything had already been invented."—Author.

forced it down the throats of Western psychology and medicine (that is, the throats that had their ears open).

He has shown that hypnotism can change mannerisms and behaviour patterns, and even personality. Also that self-hypnosis is practical and useful, and that one can renew one's mental self by means of it.

Psychology has looked down its long and crooked nose at the practice of hypnotism for a cool century. But it can no longer be ignored. Religion has tabooed it for hundred of years. It is high time this important adjunctive tool became recognized and used for what it is. If it is powerful (and it definitely is) most of its strength has been sadly unexercised or actually abused for far too long. Properly used it can be one of the inclined planes for the raising of man's mentality to the uplands of real glory.—*John McCabe Moore.*

★ ★ ★

SUPERSONICS

By H. C. Goble

IN a previous article, the possibilities of time-travel, or at least time-investigation, through the use of ultra-sound waves was discussed, also invisibility, translation to another vibrational plane, and some deadly mundane effects that would result from concentrations of supersonic vibrations. But there are even more possibilities to this untapped field of super-sound.

One of these mighty fields moves into another department . . . that of straight electronics and the field of ultra-high and ultra-low frequency. The use of supersonic and subsonic waves as a partner of electro-magnetic waves, may open up a range untapped in the strictly electro-magnetic spectrum.

How? Basically, quite simply. A sound wave is a sine-wave pulsation, similar to the e.m. wave superficially, a peak, a middle-point and a valley. A sonic wave undergoes a change in intensity through its cycle . . . which is the way that it produces alterations in the vibration of a diaphragm to convert sound into electrical impulses in a microphone.

Again, I'm limited by being unwilling to describe completely the original device for sonic production, but what it boils down to, is that this outfit can be used not only to produce sound waves in all ranges, but by reversing the hook-up can use the cyclical pattern of the sound wave itself to produce a complete polarity change in d.c. current, exactly duplicating the wave pattern of each sound cycle. In other words, a note of 440 cycles per second (sonic) will produce an a.c. current of 440 cycles per second (electronic).

Now the original production of sonic waves by the first hook-up is unrelated to the current cycle entirely . . . in other words, in order to produce 60,000,000 cps sonic it is not necessary to use 60,000,000 cycles per second electronic (a.c.). The sonic production is independent of the electric

cycle. And since the sonic range of this device is nearly unlimited, this means that any cyclical range "played back" into electrical impulses, will be duplicated by its electromagnetic counterpart.

Translated into possibilities, this means that the whole field of electro-magnetic wavelengths still unexplored, becomes open . . . and this wave alteration proceeds from the same device no matter whether you produce ultra-high, medium or ultra-low frequencies. Every range marked "unknown" in the e.m. spectrum is easily available, from the short-shorts tentatively called "cosmic rays" all down the line to the long-longs below commercial radio frequencies by many thousands of kilocycles . . . down to the bottom point I mentioned in the previous article . . . that point where a wave must reach infinite length, infinite height, and infinite lack of momentum.

And while a sonic wave cannot be of infinite length, because it depends on a material carrier (air or a conducting solid) this is not true of an e.m. wave, as recent lunar radar experiments proved. The best sonic wave could do is to stay within the earth's atmosphere and warp itself around the globe an infinite number of times . . . not a very constructive concept. And yet, since the infinite length is possible for a sound wave, even under such restricted conditions, it can be used to produce its electromagnetic counterpart, which suffers no such spatial limitations.

Vision for yourself what the device may mean . . . a simple, standard unit which can transmit radiations of any electro-magnetic range . . . including radar, ham-frequencies, commercial frequencies, and a whole bag of as yet unknown frequencies.

Why not the wave-length of the human mind . . . a proven wave of electromagnetic origin. It might be possible to use the mind wave length as a modulated carrier, and broadcast directly to that obscure receiver in the human brain that makes occasional telepathy possible.

Space and time would hold few mysteries if the whole wave-band were revealed thus.

Intricacies of antenna for transmitting such a varied range is something else again . . . it may be a bug that only an engineer can iron out. I only know that creation of such cyclical currents is entirely possible with a single unit, and the use of the principle could alter the entire field of wave-technology, eliminating the thousand and one types of electronic producers, with a multitude of chokes, coils, condensers, resistors, diodes, triodes, pentodes, one type for one wave band, another equally complicated rig for a wave band slightly out of reach of the first . . . all the vast mumbo-jumbo of the radio-technician would be thrown out of the window. Multi-phase frequencies of a remarkable sort are possible too, for your cycle change will follow exactly the sound pulsations fed into the machine as a control or pattern. Picture the transmitted wave a complex pattern like "Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony" would convert into if it were used directly to control polarity cycles.

STATIC WAS LICKED

TWENTY YEARS AGO

By
H. C. Hefferlin

FOR many years, in fact since the advent or beginning of "Wireless" now grown up into our modern versions and adaptations called Radio, Television, etc., one problem (an international subject and headache to all listeners) has been and still is "atmospherics," commonly called Static.

When we say "atmospherics" we are speaking mainly in regard to the familiar crashes, sputters, etc., during summer and storm periods accompanied by lightning and other natural movements of the frictionally generated electricity.

The devices and circuits and other attempts at control of this type of "static" are legion in number as all engineers, experimenters and "old timers" well know, and volumes have been written relative to the subject and many theories advanced as to its nature. In this article we are discussing this static as it applies to Radio transmission and reception.

To begin with: We will state that for all ordinary purposes there are three well-known means of transferring electrical energy from one place to another, namely:—direct connection or conduction, induction, and capacity. These three are in common use in different combinations throughout all electrical usages and are quite familiar to all of us. But some would say that any movement of electricity must be one of the three. This we dispute and will show our reasons as far as machinery or apparatus is concerned, especially relative to static in radio.

To any one who has studied Physics we can refer them to the section in electro-statics and electrical distribution, "The electrical charge of a conductor is confined to its outer surface. The distribution of the charge is, therefore, affected by the shape of the conductor, the surface density being greater the greater the curvature."

"*Action of Points:* By holding a lighted candle near to the pointed end of a rod attached to an electrical machine the candle flame will be blown away as by a stiff breeze. The experiment shows that an electrical charge is carried off by pointed conductors. The air particles touching the point become heavily charged and are then repelled; other particles take their place and are in turn repelled and form an electrical wind." Quotations are from FIRST PRINCIPLES OF PHYSICS, by Henry S. Carhart and Horatio N. Chute, Copyright 1912, Chapter XI, Pages 300 and 301.

Now this section just quoted lays out the theory of action of one phase of electrical distribution not

used in common practice. As to the application of sharp point or edge leakage of H. F. (High Frequency) relative to static elimination we will show wherein this applies and is used.

But first we will study the nature of static itself, with further quotations from the same book, Page 313. "Franklin in 1752 demonstrated lightning is identical with the electric spark. Leyden jars could be charged and other effects characteristic of static electrification could be produced."

Further experimentation and analysis shows that it is of a D. C. (direct current) nature and of slug characteristics. When we use the term "slug" we wish to show the difference between a fast moving or High Frequency current, and a slow moving current; that is the only reason. It is this difference that counts in what we are about to discuss.

Difference in potential or pressure and opposite polarity charges are two reasons of static charge movements. Think of a cloud of vapor at one potential charge, the earth at the opposite polarity and perhaps at times Zero potential.

Now with this difference in polarity and potential values, static potential follows a natural law to attempt to equalize or balance itself. When given a metallic conductor as an easier path than air, we will have a current flow, as previously stated, of a D. C. nature in "slug" or interrupted sequence. This interrupted D. C. or slug passing through the primary coil of the antenna induces by induction a duplicate current action through the secondary coil; in capacity connection an opposite polarity on plate of condenser leading into set.

Radio waves are of a high frequency nature even if the potential antenna charge is only one-one millionth of a volt.

WITH this past discussion as a partial background then we may proceed further. Let's furnish an easy path for the D. C. current and hold back the high frequency current as a major operation.

This can be done quite easily up to a given place, but the absolute separation of the two distinct types of current is the joker and necessitated the use of the above principles of point or edge leakage.

The early experiments following the needle point theory were conducted by using Epsom Salts boxes and about 300 bank pins pushed through the wall of the box and pointing to a common center, this center being first a wire; then later replaced by a copper tube with outer surface in-

ulated and a binding post soldered to one end of the tube. All pin points were brought to surface contact of insulation on copper tube. Around the outside surface of the Epsom Salts box, through which the pins had been pushed leaving the heads of the pins showing, metal foil was wrapped so as to make contact with these pin heads for current passages.

Insulated from, but wrapped around this outer surface was wound about 61 turns of No. 22 wire. The outside antenna wire was connected to one end of No. 22 wire coil and ground wire was connected to the coil's opposite end. A short wire from the radio set's antenna post was connected to the binding post that had been soldered on one end of the insulated copper tube used in center of device as just previously mentioned.

The first tests were conducted on a standard five-tube battery-operated set in a corner store and bus depot located in El Cerrito, opposite the Richmond Annex, several blocks from the county line, about one mile north of Albany, California, first town north of Berkeley.

The store faced on San Pablo Avenue, and an electrical "feeder line" for the power company ran along San Pablo Avenue. At the store corner a sub-feeder line made junction, all overhead wires on wooden poles. Our original purpose was to block off high line leakage noise in order that the KGO station on East Fourteenth Street in Oakland carrying the ball games program, could be heard and the scores.

Next another unit was made and the two outside coils as previously stated above, were connected end to end and the regular ground was disconnected from set and fastened to the opposite end of the coils from the outside antenna, and a short wire fastened to the radio set ground post, the other end fastened to binding post of the center insulated tube of second unit. Results were perfect reception at all times, but fully 50% drop in volume. So the headache was, *Where had the volume gone?*

As crude as this beginning was it pointed out that we were on the right track, so began over a year's steady "try and cut" and theory.

Edge leakage was tried out by cementing "gold leaf" to smooth fiber "poker chips," and a special tool with a circular cutting edge used to cut a circular cut, so as to separate the "gold leaf" surface into two sections, edge to edge, with a slight separation between the cut edges.

A hole was drilled in the center of each disc and these discs were strung on a threaded brass rod about 30 at a time, the center rod in contact with the center leaf surface. The outer surface of the gold leaf on each disc ready for outside contact by the now usual metal foil outside wrapper, as used in the pin type unit.

The discs were coated with cement and squeezed together by two small washers and nuts, one at each end of brass rod. Then the usual outside wrapper of metal foil was placed around the outside edge of the discs to make contact with the

outside edge of the outer gold leaf surface. About No. 32 wire was wound around this outside of metal foil surface, with insulation between.

The signals came through with more volume than the standard hookup of regular aerial and ground. But some static came through also!

One thing was found to advantage, that any radio set tried out with the disc units developed extreme selectivity, as the set could only tune the length of wire between the radio and the center brass rod connection on the disc unit. The same selectivity applied to the pin type units, also.

You will note that care was taken on the construction so as to reduce capacity (condenser) action to an absolute minimum by maintaining either a 90 degree or 180 degree angle between important surfaces. Much was learned as to the actions of both types of units, and they and their later developments were tested at radio dealers and factories, and in residential sections in Berkeley, Oakland and San Francisco, beginning in the summer of 1926 and continuing through into March of 1928.

IN LATE 1927 the next development of the point leakage type was instituted, and a machine was crudely constructed to weave a No. 40 wire horizontally back and forth, across a rotating form holding 32 brass rods at its outer edge, perpendicular to the wire pattern. 1000 layers of wire were thus laid across a common center and separated from each other at the center. Melted sulphur was poured into a form surrounding the upright rods, locking all wires into a fixed position.

Then one difficulty showed up at once: Sulphur, upon crystallizing, pulled away at the center!

By quite a bit of maneuvering this was somewhat overcome, but very haphazardly, and twelve units were constructed. Then these forms were drilled in the center so as to cut all layers of wire, 1000 in number in this case, giving 2000 wire ends as fine as needle points in the center; then an insulated copper tube was put through the center.

In contact with the brass upright rods, around which the No. 40 wire had been held, the usual tin foil was wrapped, and about 61 turns of No. 22 insulated wire was wound in coil formation. Two of these units were placed into a fiber tube, coils connected end to end, and connection made from opposite ends of coils to binding posts on shell of fiber tube, one for antenna, the other for ground. Binding posts also were as usual on one end of center copper tubes, one for the radio's antenna post and the other for the radio's ground post wires. (NOTE: Molten glass would have solved the sulphur headache, but to drill through 5 inches of glass? Well, try it some time!) The wires must be held by a good dielectric that has a hardness on drilling that is equal to or more than, the hardness of No. 40 copper wire.

Extreme care must be exercised, because if one of those 2000 wire ends makes contact with the insulated center copper tube, everything, static and all, comes into the radio. Too thick a coat of

insulation at center tube or electrode, and away goes the volume of the set.

Well, now we know where that darned volume went!

Out of the 12 single units, two showed up clear, no point to center electrode contacts. These two were put together end to end in the fiber tube for the dual operation and tests began. (Pray for us, brother!)

Any results?

And How!

About 98% clearing action of all outside noises, and about 10% drop in volume on distant stations. And remember this,—a 5-tube Neutrodyne or regenerative was the limit in those days. Superheterodynes were not standard yet and quite freakish in operation. Electric current (A. C.) radios? The industry was just feeling its way out, and what few showed were tricky and bad in most cases.

Only one place in the construction is critical and that requires the utmost precision. And the

units are almost indestructible, the outside wire coils can be easily replaced. The core cannot be opened up without destroying it.

With modern plastics we may expect assembly line construction and even better results than we had.

Its first and primary use would be for long wave, commercial, ship to ship, and ship to shore, short wave and broadcast bands. With certain changes even Television!

In radio construction good "magnetic shielding bonded correctly, and we don't mean "electrostatic" shielding as is used today in radio construction, with the perfected static units, can produce for the radio listener—well, just imagine full-toned reception with no crashes and bangs, clear and as distinct as a "crystal upon a black velvet background." Yes, we have heard it, and it is truly a "Gift of the Gods."

So, now you know the secret of how Static was licked about twenty years ago. But we do know that not yet will it be on the "late fall models."

10,000 YEARS OF DREAMS

By John McCabe Moore

THE dark curls and the dark eyes of the little Spaniard glimmered under the fluorescent as he ran to throw the final switch. The little iris standing in the rapidly playing colored light must not die. This combination had to be right.

The transformer changed pitch until the low hum passed the range of audibility. The ammeter still showed an almost immeasurable flow of current.

"You see, Diaz," said Dr. Vega, smoothing his tousled hair, "the interplay of energies has been one of the usual order of changes of energy patterns involved in the process of photosynthesis. These energies, however, have been reversed in their order, after the regular pattern was employed, the process being so rapidly reversed that the plant's chemique has adapted itself to anabolism-catabolism equilibrium. To make sure that this equilibrium is permanently set up the reversal is carried on ten-thousand times every three-and-one-half minutes. At the conclusion of six hours of such chemique-reversing the process is cut off at the point of anabolic ending energy. The switch I just threw over there cut off the ray-activators of the plant's processes, simultaneously cutting in a flood of very, very simple energy. If the plant now accepts this energy as its cell-activator, it should be able to secure enough of the same form of energy from all but the most unusual of environments. With its cell-selectivity refined and accelerated by the equivalent of hundreds of lives, its chemique purified of the dross, it should be capable of resisting destruction by anything less than fire or deliberate dismemberment."

I, little bearded Diaz Martinez, swear by every blue hair on my chin that I believed the man no

longer responsible. But I was there for the Argentine government, so I silenced the questions blundering up my throat, held my breath, and watched.

"Now!" he said, pulling the master switch. (He moves with the speed of a frightened burro at all times, but in my state of tension, I nearly leapt over the hydroponics tank before me.) "If this plant does not show signs of wilting within the hour, we can consider that life has entered a new epoch!"

Father and mother of a name of a name! That hour was longer than my first twenty years! Dr. Vega remained with a look fixed upon that blue iris that so transfigured himself that I often wonder whether the plant was not also transfigured. Almost I thought his own trunk had grown roots.

At the end of the time the wizard brown hands pulled a leaf from the plant. A little hot plate adjusted to low heat was turned on, and the Doctor, as though it was his own body he laid there, put the leaf on the magnesium sheet that lay on the coils, and left it there a full half-hour.

"You see, amigo, that leaf will not die! It does not wilt because it can not wilt!"

It is three days now, since I laid my finger against that hot plate, and by St. Peter's long white hair, I still carry the blister.

For seven long weeks have I watched the comings and goings of that black-eyed magician. "So nothing will happen to him," they told me when I stepped toward the door of the National Office of the Argentina Government Operatives. Name of the fallen angel! I have seen the brown leaf that the fall of an orange would crush to powder take on the color of spring and turn its face to the light.—John McCabe Moore.

DISCUSSIONS



AMAZING STORIES will publish in each issue a selection of letters from readers. Everybody is welcome to contribute. Bouquets and brickbats will have an equal chance. Inter-reader correspondence and controversy will be encouraged through this department. Get in with the gang and have your say.

PAGING JOHN EDWARD BESIG

Sirs:

We are trying to locate an old army buddie of my husband and have very little to go on. The three of us are regular readers of AMAZING STORIES, and there is an excellent chance we may locate him through the pages of the magazine in "Discussions" if you kindly permit the publication of this letter; for which we will be very grateful.

John Edward Besig: if you should see this letter, please write us at once. We have important business to discuss with you.

With sincere thanks to AMAZING STORIES.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Patana,
241 Cedar Street,
Biloxi, Miss.

LETTER FROM A DERO?

Sirs:

A few weeks ago while I was working late at night in my office the door opened and a man walked in.

"Here, Scoles, you read AMAZING. Copy this and send it to the editor. Copy it, I tell you, keep the original. Copy it now!" He threw some flimsy sheets of paper on my desk, turned, and was gone before I could open my mouth.

You will find one of the two copies I made that night attached.

The two copies and the original flimsy sheets I threw into the desk drawer and slammed it shut going on about my work. Two hours later, it must have been nearing midnight, I finished the brief I had in my typer and turned to my desk. As I turned I saw a light smoke or mist coming from the closed drawer where I had thrown the stranger's manuscript and the copies. I pulled at the handle, but the drawer was jammed. I worked at it to no avail. More vapor came from the drawer and fearing it was on fire I hurried into the next room, found a screwdriver and returned intending to pry the drawer open. It lay open before me. The copies I had made lay there. The flimsy sheets were gone. With no proof I hesitated to send you the copy. You may print it, throw it in the wastebasket or put it to any other use that might interest you and this letter as well.

David L. Scoles
Box 4825
San Juan 24, P. R.

It is time we had a little understanding about our friend Shaver. His first articles, while not giving an accurate history of the elder race and the growth of Dero, were interesting and harmless while giving a fair picture of the life of that glorious race before it fled from the results of the fatal flaw in its makeup. Lately Shaver has been branching out into a sort of hysterical attempt to picture Dero in the foulest manner possible. He has even convinced a few gullible innocents that Dero is a danger to the future of the human race. It is time to look at the other side of the shield, to hear the other side of the story. Shaver has believed himself safe from exposure knowing that the full truth cannot yet be told. The human race is still too close to simian ancestors. It has yet a long way to go before it can choose, as did the Elder Race, whether to use Dero as a ladder to further glories or, as they did, break under its awful exactions and flee to softer galaxies. He has expressed a fear for his own safety and claims, I understand, to have been imprisoned once and to have suffered tortures at the hands of Dero. If he does not admit it he well may. There is much garbled truth in what he says, but much that is a misleading distortion of the really beneficial position of Dero in our race history. It never occurred to him that part of the truth might be revealed, enough of it to set at rest the fears of those who have been carried away by his mistaken eloquence. To tell as much of that truth as the human race can at present stomach now becomes my duty.

I am dero. I am a part of Dero, therefore, I am "of Dero." What I say, I say as "Dero and by the authority of Dero. This Shaver will know by certain signs known to him in my writing. He should know. Shaver is dero, more he is renegade dero. As such he may serve a purpose, for who among us, even the most initiate of Dero, can know the ultimate aim of The High Ones who created Dero to test the Elder race, to save it if possible, and if not to drive it out of the path of the rising human race then so far down the ladder as to be recognizable only to them? But such is Dero that though he may serve his purpose I am called on to reveal him to you in his true light. He is dero, but being renegade, no longer of Dero. He lost that high state and he was high in our ranks when he broke from tem-

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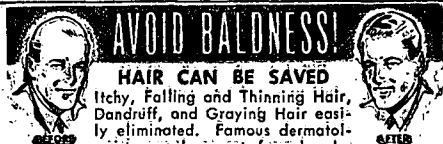
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porary confinement, a spiritual thing only, but all the more terrifying, and fled to the uninitiated world to begin his one man campaign to upset the will of those High Ones before whom the Elder race themselves were but as children. Let him tell, if he will, why he was imprisoned, how he refused the awful ordeal of rehabilitation and how he was stripped of his dread powers and cast out of Dero.

The Elder Race did not evolve. It was created out of hand by The High Ones to serve Their own inscrutable but infinitely noble aims. The Elder race was in the nature of an experiment. It was created in the image of The High Ones and would in time have risen to Their level had it not failed when the time of testing of the experiment came. Read the story of creation in Genesis. Well might it be a Shaver account of what truly occurred, so little of the truth does it reveal and yet so singularly does it half tell the tale. The Elder race, not we humans, are portrayed by Adam and Eve. All was theirs. The High Ones gave them paradise much as Shaver described it. They were much as he pictured them. Noble and glorious, ageless and free from disease or deformity. But they were pleasure loving to a fault and what a fault it became. They turned from the pursuit of the path toward The High Ones to seek after greater delights, more extravagant pleasures. This The High Ones foresaw and Dero came into being. Dero the mystic, the good in evil, the whip, the scourge, the pain by which intelligence is spurred on to greater endeavor, the adversity that causes the mind to aspire to rise above it, the sorrow that looks for comfort, the dark valley beyond which lies the sunlit heights, the goad to drive the Elder race from its abandoned ease and back to the steepening path to what lies beyond the stars. Genesis tells you, and Shaver, in other words, has told you the result but neither truly, neither accurately. The Elder race had not the iron necessary to withstand and fight back. That was the experiment. Given a race already created with no age long background of struggle up from the abysmal animal depths, given a race endowed potentially with all the attributes of The High Ones themselves, with all its nobility and godlikeness but lacking the stern qualities that brought even The High Ones up from some unknown depth countless ages past, could the last steep climb be made? Could the process of becoming one with The High Ones be shortened by countless Eons? If that experiment succeeded, who knows perhaps They dreamed of creating others like themselves without the period of trial. Perhaps they were lonely. Perhaps there was work to be done and more strength was needed. Perhaps even the Elder Race could not have understood The High Ones' plan and purpose had it all been revealed. Bootless it is for us to attempt it who have yet far to go to the level of the Elder Race. Suffice it to say that according to Genesis the

Elder Race (represented in biblical history by Adam and Eve) was driven out of the garden. According to Shaver they fled from Dero, an evil principle resulting from the aging of a sun. Actually they failed the test and fled to a galaxy where they could live out their time, now drawing to a close, in pursuit of joy, nothing more. The principle of Dero, once created, remained.

Dero remained to spur the human race to heights-beyond its own imagining. Up from the slime of the ocean depth we came to crawl in the mud, out upon the plain, to skulk in the forest, to take to the trees, later to descend furtively and with shambling gait peering with deep set tortured eyes from beneath shaggy beetling brows. Stinking, roaring, brawling we forced ourselves up on our hind legs, discovered our thumbs, made tools and weapons, heard thunder and looking to the sky whence it came there, in the clearing light, found beauty and strove for it, strove till today we stand masters of a planet and masters of destruction, lovers of beauty, seekers after truth, but with all still brutes but a step removed from savagery, gazing toward heights we can but dimly see in our dreams yet somehow knowing that other heights lie yet beyond. Did we come willingly, did we come knowingly, did we come joyously along some pleasure path? You know. We came howling and cursing under the bludgeoning of Dero, resisting every step, plunging back at every chance, protesting, rebelling, defying the force that drove us, yet we came and grew stronger and braver, more noble every step of the path. Now you know something of Dero.

For the future? Who am I, even of the initiate of Dero to try to read the will of The High Ones or dare to dream of a HIGHER ONE? Yet there it is. Study it and grow wise. Are we another experiment? Were the Elder race indeed an experiment or a test foredoomed, and knowingly so, to failure? Did some race nearing or passing the level of that Elder race need the example of failure to teach that only by one road may the heights be reached and that not the sunny path of dalliance? Could we be another such laboratory experiment foredoomed to failure to show some other and impatient race more noble than ourselves just how much the seeking soul can suffer and not lose hope? Is our destiny the stars or in the broken test tube? Ask The High Ones? Nor they nor THAT ONE so far beyond will answer. We must seek and find that answer for ourselves. When we lag along the path Dero will goad us on. There will be no rest for this race. It is not in our plan.

Who are Dero? Look about you. Perhaps your neighbor, perhaps your brother, your employer, your business associate, your employee. Perhaps they know they are dero and therefore are of Dero. Perhaps they serve unknowing. For every Attila, every Caesar, every Hitler, all dero, for every Buddha, every Ghandi, every Jesus of

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Now as to Shaver's rather laughable caverns, why should we heed caverns when we are well hidden among you, when so many of us are you and you are we? With the black death, the white plague, the yellow fever, the flu of 1918, about to return again by the way, that much of a prophecy I am allowed, the atomic bomb, syphilis, Dachau, just to mention a few of the scorpion whips we have laid on you when you most needed it. The horrors the human race has known are nothing to what faces it, the stronger it becomes the more it can stand and must. The way to the level of the Elder race is still long and arduous; from there to brotherhood with The High Ones is where the path really grows steep. Can the human race as a whole take it? Shaver couldn't.

deroPan.

of Dero.

This letter comes from David L. Scöles, who is Department Vice Commander, American Legion, Department of Puerto Rico. We said we'd print a letter from a dero, and Mr. Scöles seems to have received one which he forwarded to us. So we print it—but quite frankly, we don't believe a word of it. It makes some sense, because most people have to be kicked in the fanny to make them do anything, but that's as far as it goes. As for Shaver being a dero himself, that's a laugh. Anyway, Mr. deroPan says he's a dero, and he says dero do not do anybody any good turns, except maybe kicking them in the teeth, so let's not accept his own word that he's giving us the "straight" dope!—Ed

HE DOESN'T HEAR VOICES!

Sirs:

I am just discovering what a freak I am. I don't hear voices, I don't have strange memories, and I am not taking sides as most of your fans are. The only thing I have in common with them is that I like AMAZING STORIES.

Couldn't you please print those pictures you have of the ray in Mr. Shaver's bedroom? And what became of that guy with the super-heavy meteorite that could have been a space ship?

Wallace Weber
1423 W. 11th Ave.
Spokane 9, Wash.

Glad you don't hear voices, and also glad you DO like AMAZING STORIES. As for the picture, it is a very bad one, and it would reproduce even worse on our pulp paper. But we'll see if we can get a better print, and make a printable plate out of it. But it won't prove a thing. We've got to have better proof than that to present. As for the super-heavy meteorite, there's something we're still tracking down. To date, we'd say it was bald fiction. But there's a matter of locating some letters by VG which have mysteriously vanished from our office—after which we'll print Mr. VG's address UNLESS he'll send in another letter when he sees this?—Ed.

AN INVESTIGATOR REPORTS

Sirs:

I have just returned from a two weeks stay in Weed, one of the towns which is about as near as you can get to Mt. Shasta. The people in a small town are odd. I don't think you can crash them on a first entry. At least, I found this to be true, and I make friends very easily. I bided my time, and let them make the advances. Even after they took me in, I found most of them reluctant to talk about their 'mountain people.' Most of them apparently take little stock in the tales which are circulated. Some of them laugh, but I'm wondering if there mightn't be a few who know things they just don't want to talk about. Maybe they've had follow up experiences after divulging previous occurrences. Your guess is as good as mine on this score.

I think I covered the town as well as anyone in my position could. It was a combination of practical judgment and vibration on my part. I left no stone unturned. I followed all leads, and talked with others I felt led to talk to. Judge Bradley, a very old resident, knew nothing. Neither did the postmaster's mother, a Mrs. King. The most help I got was from a newspaper man, a Mr. Harder, who publishes the Weed Log, and a clerk in the Log Cabin Hotel, an elderly gentleman who has lived in Weed for twenty-seven years. His name is Bob Young.

'Harder was running the election at the time. He ran in on me on election morning, to relate an unusual experience which had just occurred. I

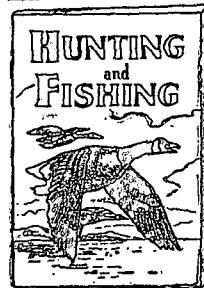
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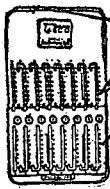
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have only his word for this, as I didn't see the creature involved. It seems that a sort of moron ambled into the place and said he just wanted to watch. Harder said he resembled a gorilla and was of a low order of intelligence. Harder was puzzled because he'd never seen this being before. In a town so small as this, a newcomer stands out like a sore thumb. Even the men from neighboring farms are somewhat familiar, if not actually known. This gorilla type creature simply stood behind one of the girls who was counting votes and stared at her back. She became quite agitated and it was with difficulty that Harder finally got rid of this being. I hiked every day, alone in the woods, and never came across anyone like this.

Even though I had no experiences to speak of the first few days, I was convinced that there was something around the Mountain, because I never felt alone. But it wasn't the nicest type of feeling. I felt as though I were being watched. The second day there, I stumbled accidentally on a beautiful meadow. It was so perfect, I wouldn't have been surprised to see fairies dance. I just lay face downwards on the earth and tried to relax, but I had to look around every so often. The stillness was unpleasant. It was too full of something unseen. You can walk all day long up there and not see a soul. And I constantly lost my way. I'm a good hiker and I have a good sense of direction, but it seemed as though something were deliberately trying to confuse me. It's a very unpleasant feeling to realize that you are lost in a strange place. Each time this happened, I refused to become panicky and simply allowed myself to be led according to my lights.

I think there may be peculiar forces in the ground, because I saw a dog act very strangely. I was walking at sundown, and passed a cottage with a large red dog in front of it. I've been raised in the country with dogs, and I think I know their habits fairly well. Many times they roll over and over on the earth, seeming to enjoy the fragrance, etc., but this dog had all the appearance of a dead animal. His legs were straight up in the air, paws hanging rigidly and even his mouth was fixed in a stiff position. I watched him for some time, then started for the cottage door to tell the occupants they had a dead dog. Just to be sure, I spoke to the dog first. This seemed to rouse him from his trance. He slithered through the half open gate and came over to where I stood. I patted his head and started on my way, but he put a paw on my arm. He didn't seem to want me to go, and he didn't look like an ordinary dog at all. He watched me all the way down the road, with the strangest expression in his eyes. I only mention this incident to bring out the fact that I think there may be certain currents in the earth.

I wouldn't lay too much stock in this next incident, but I'll give it to you anyway. I'm a very practical person, and I always tear everything apart in analyzing it. I eliminate every

material factor, and what is left, I consider the truth. At least I'm able to know which experiences are fancied, and which are not.

I was awakened from sleep, by a peculiar scale which seemed to come from under the bed. At first I thought it might just be the pounding of my heart. You know how you sometimes hear it in the pillow? But this was different. It sounded like a cross between the plucking of harp strings, and a very delicate anvil chorus. It sounded exactly like some sort of mechanism within the earth. I got it only once again some nights later, but much fainter.

But here are the three experiences which I know to be true. Each happened when I least expected it.

I had been there over a week and never walked at night. This particular evening, I was very tired, but had the urge to go for a stroll. I took my flashlight and smokes, and sauntered down the highway towards the Mountain. It was that peculiar half light between day and night. There was only an egg shaped moon, and about three planets. As I neared a certain hill, I happened to glance upwards, and saw a rocket like affair heading towards a hill. It happened so quickly, that I wasn't able to digest it until afterwards. But it didn't travel too quickly for me to observe. I've seen Halley's comet twice, and I've seen shooting stars, and it was neither. The nearest resemblance, though not exactly, was to a torch which might have been hurled from a plane. I thought, "That's funny. Now who would want to set fire to the woods?" And then I realized that the mark would be missed anyway, because this rocket affair disappeared over the hill. If it had gone down behind this swell, I'd have thought it landed on the other side, but it just dissolved in midair. According to my scale of measurement, from where I was, this thing was visible for about three feet, appearing to come from the evening star, or whatever that first big planet is, going towards the moon which was nearer the hill, and then disappearing. I figure the disappearing doesn't mean it was no longer in flight. It just disappeared from my sight because there was no longer any visible propulsion. The head of this rocket was brighter than the tail, and the tail was composed of bright lines such as a jet propelled machine might leave in its wake. The hill over which it disappeared is just east of Mt. Shasta. If this is what I think it was, I believe it kept going and landed right in the Mountain, much as a plane might fly into a hangar. Harder who went on a geologists' expedition up the mountain, says there are caves in the glacier big enough to throw Weed into! And I thought it very funny when I related this experience to Young. He looked at me very queerly and asked me which side of the mountain this occurred. When I said the east side, he smiled even more queerly. He said most everything occurred on that side.

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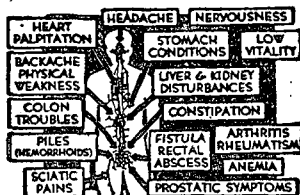
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But here's the payoff. I came home immediately, and wrote the experience to my sister. Wrote 'till nearly midnight; sealed the letter, and retired. I arose in order to adjust a blind, and rested my hand on the bedstead for support. I got such an electric shock, that when I pulled my hand away, I saw the sparks and heard them. I went over the floor for any exposed wires and found none. Tried to repeat the occurrence, but no soap.

And here's the *piece de resistance*. I'll remember it much longer than the rest. I get goose pimples even now, when I relate it.

A couple of days later, just before returning to San Francisco, Young was telling me about a voice he used to hear across the way from the hotel. It seems he used to walk about six o'clock every evening. This spot is called Pilgrim's Rest, and is in a direct line with the room I occupied. There's a clean sweep of the mountain here. I could see it from my window. He said it was the anguished cry of a woman. I determined to explore this very evening. Along about three thirty in the afternoon, I became very drowsy and lay down for a nap. I dozed until five, and awakened. I lay with my eyes closed, in that relaxed state where you can't exactly collect your wits. Suddenly I was aware of voices. Women's voices. They seemed to be faintly yelling. In my half stupor, I thought there were young people playing outside. Then I remembered there were no young people here. Now, one voice was predominant. It was a woman's voice. Rather thin and pathetic. It was more of an anguished call, than the type of scream accompanying a murder or such. It called, "Hel . . . hel . . . help!" It was such an anguished cry for aid, that I turned icy cold, and the minute I became taut, it ceased. I was out of the bed like a shot out of a cannon. To be truthful, I don't know whether the voice came from the ground under the bed, or across the way from the mountain. I'm inclined to think it came from the mountain.

But here's the difference between these last two experiences: The rocket incident was objective, and the voice, subjective. In other words, I know that anyone with me would have seen the flare. I'm not sure that anyone with me would have heard the voice, and Young says the same. He says no one ever seemed to hear what he heard.

And last of all, I'm curious to know if I was supposed to see this flare, or if it was an accident?

There you have the works, Mr. Palmer. As much as I can give you. I tried my darndest to climb that mountain, but no marked trails, and they simply wouldn't let me go alone. They said I'd make trouble for them if I got lost; and that I'd freeze to death in the night, etc., and to tell you the truth, I'm glad I *couldn't* go. I'm not ashamed to be afraid of such things. I figure I didn't do too badly for a newcomer. The geol-

ogists' expedition found nothing at all. They had University of California men with them and all the necessary equipment. Tapped all over the mountain and explored thoroughly. I think this proves that only those who are ready for such experiences, have them. It's not so much a case of being equipped materially, but being equipped psychically. Of course I'm in favor of an armed expedition to clean out dero, but I don't think any but righteously advanced people can contact the good forces.

In signing off, I'm here to tell you that you have a jewel in Shaver. What he doesn't know— isn't worth knowing. Let those who want to laugh, laugh. I'll take vanilla.

Emma Martinelli
1040 Leavenworth St.
San Francisco 9, Calif.

Well, here's one more report on Shasta—and one on a space ship? Or some sort of rocket craft? Or was it a meteor? Like the meteor over Finland that was so vigorously depicted as a space ship at first, then repeatedly denied? We confess we don't know, but we print this letter because we do know it is sincere, and that means something.—Ed.

HE'S BEEN IN CAVES TOO!

Sirs:

Your issue of AMAZING STORIES for August has been brought to my attention and as there are several items that evidently refer to myself and my teachings I believe it well to clarify a number of points mentioned in the article on the Shaver Mystery as well as in some of the letters.

Like Mr. Shaver, I have had personal contact with the Dero and even visited their underground caverns. In the outer world they are represented by an organization known loosely as the "Black Brotherhood," whose purpose is the destruction of the good principle in man.

As to the machinery which I have described in various booklets, it is the remnants of a lost age of science that has been preserved through the ages. Some of it is potentially of more destructive power than the atom bomb and is restrained from man because falling into the wrong hands, as it inevitably would, it could destroy the world. The machines of the Dero are destructive enough, but they are only the ones manufactured by a race which had lost most of its once great knowledge and who had turned their effort solely to destruction. Atlantis was destroyed lest the ancient wisdom fall into the hands of the debased race which became the Dero. Tremendous upheavals on the surface drove the races underground. Another point: The underground cities and caverns are, in most part, protected by space-warps, a science known to the ancients, but only touched on by modern science. Earthquakes or even upheavals of mountain chains in no way affect them.

In your answer to the letter of Edward R.

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Walker, you speak of the 144 masters who "Rule the Earth." This is an incorrect quotation if it refers to material rule. The masters or adepts do not rule; they guide and direct man in his spiritual evolution. The White Lodge never interferes between man and the effects of the causes he has set up. Spiritually and mentally man was not ready for the discovery of atomic power, yet the White Lodge could and would not interfere. They could only work to make man capable of handling it wisely.

Because so many have tried to make the White Lodge a supernatural thing rather than what it is, a group of persons who have evolved mentally, physically and spiritually ahead of the mass of mankind, much misconception has arisen. It is the most coldly logical group I have ever contacted.

Personally, I have no superstition, am not a spiritualist or believer in the supernatural. I know that everything exists because of definite law. There is no supernatural or miracles. However—I do know that the race Mr. Shaver calls, "Dero" exists, though I know them under another name.

I note that many are wanting to enter these caves. For one who has not developed a protective screen this would be suicide and one who revealed their location would be a murderer.

Among my students are members of the Quiché and Mayan tribes of Guatemala, Ecuador and Yucatan. It is interesting to note that they know of both the good and bad underworld dwellers.

In closing, let me say that I have delved deeply into these things for a lifetime, both in person and in books, having some 10,000 volumes of related subjects in my private library and can definitely say that between the lines of the Shaver stories one can find a vast amount of truth.

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Here you are, readers—one of the White Brothers. HE says the dero are real. We wish he'd prove it to us—but strangely enough human beings aren't spiritually "ready" to have it proved. Aren't we?—Ed.

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and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

"Don't do it, John!" she said. "Please don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's wonderful to know that every single payday we have *more* money put aside! John, if we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!"

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots, now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor, and—we didn't touch the Bonds.

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